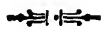


THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
ROBERT BURNS.

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OF
ROBERT BURNS



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PREFATORY NOTICE.

THE name of Robert Burns is a well-understood signal for an overflow of all sorts of commonplaces from the right-minded critic. These commonplaces run mainly in three channels ;—ecstatic astonishment at finding that a ploughman was also a poet ; winging of hands over the admission that the ploughman and poet was likewise a drunkard, and a somewhat miscellaneous lover ; and caustic severity upon the lionizers and “ admirers of native genius ” who could find no employment more appropriate than that of exercise-officer for the brightest and finest mind of their country and generation. All these commonplaces must stand confessed as warranted by the facts : they are truths, but they are also truisms. We have heard them very often, and have always sat in meek acquiescence and unfeigned concurrence. But the time comes when they have been repeated frequently enough to make the enlarging upon them a weariness, and the profuse and argumentative re-enforcement of them a superfluity. The reader of the following

few observations will, I dare say, consent to unde- stand once for all that Burns really was a ploughman—his own plough- driver on his father's or his own small farm ; and became in due course of time a great poet, and in undue course a toper ; and was fit for much loftier occupation than the gauging of ale-barrels, and seizing of illicit stills. The reader and I may start from these facts as rather elementary data ; and he will perhaps not resent my stating them in such reasonable brevity as consists with my plan, and with- out much “improving” of the occasion. There are plenty of other books concerning Burns where powerful fountain- heads of morality, and of ardent but deprecatory enthusiasm, are kept continually on tap.

Robert Burness (or Burnes)—~~so~~ such was his inherited patronymic, though in after years he thought fit to con- dense it into Burns—was born on the 25th of January* 1759, at a small cottage in the parish of Alloway, about two miles south-west of the town of Ayr. His father, William Burness, was son of a farmer in Kincardineshire. Owing to the poverty of his family, he had in youth come south, and had served as a gardener in various families. In December 1757 he had married Agnes Brown, who sur- vived by many years her illustrious son : she was still living in 1813, and perhaps some years afterwards, as well. The father, a man of superior understanding, and of the strong, upright, self-respecting character so honourably distinctive of the better Scotch peasantry, took, when he married, a perpetual lease of seven acres of land, which he cultivated as a nurseryman : here he personally built his own cottage. Robert was the eldest son of the union. His father had a

* Some authorities say the 29th ; but I believe the earlier day is the correct

dire struggle to maintain for a decent subsistence, and to educate his family. Robert was sent to a neighbouring school in the sixth year of his age, and soon showed some bookish likings: afterwards he received a little instruction at home, partly from his father. He managed to pick up a smattering of French (which he was not averse to airing in after years), and had a quarter of a year's practice in land-surveying, which has been dignified with the name of "practical mathematics." The whole amount of his tutoring, however, was inconsiderable. He read with interest and attention, as the scanty chance offered, the works of some poets—Pope and Ramsay, for instance,—the *Spectator*, and a volume of letters by good writers.

Toil and moil was the early life of Burns—hard labour, and what is worse, anxious labour: the wolf was always at the door. A depression of spirits took possession of him, spite of a very ample share of youthful mirth and buoyancy, and darkened many hours of his later life. The family was very economical, and Burns, being as yet both thrifty and strictly temperate, in no way derogated from this creditable standard: there was no hired servant, and for years no butcher's meat in the house. Some time before the father's death, which occurred in February 1784, Robert and his brother Gilbert took another sum, stocked from the hard-wrung savings of the household—the labour of the brothers was remunerated at the rate of £7 per annum, each, and this plan continued for about four years. At another time Robert, loth to drudge on for ever as a mere labourer, tried a flax-dressing scheme in partnership at Irvine; but this soon proved abortive. When the father died, there remained, along with his widow, five children younger than Robert and Gilbert: the failure of a lawsuit with his landlord was just bringing a crash of ruin upon honest hardworking

William Burness, when death stepped in, and for him trouble was no more.

Robert was now full twenty-five years of age, and a man of great local popularity, and some note. He had shown an early susceptibility to the amorous passion. His first love, worth so calling, was at the age of fourteen : love summoned poetry to its aid, and he became a versifier. He was besides a fluent and vigorous talker ; and his gifts were too bright and attractive to allow of his remaining long unknown in his own neighbourhood. Furiously loving the women, and loved by them in return (though it would appear that of real *de facto* amours he had no experience until his twenty-third year), received with acclaim wherever the men wanted to be lively, he took his fill of facile and unsettling pleasures. His habits became convivial, and all the more so after he had joined a society of freemasons. Still, he seems for a while to have exercised a tolerable amount of self-control as far as drinking is concerned. His brother, indeed, has left it on record that he did not remember in Robert any instance of positive intoxication until at a late date of his poetical career ; and some other authorities will have it that, up to within the last few years of his life, when he had removed to Dumfries, he preserved a fair character for sobriety. His poetizing for some years made no very noticeable progression : its more important developments are to be dated from about his twenty-fourth year.

Diffusive love-making has its mischances. One day Burns found himself the prospective father of a brace of twins by his sweetheart Jean Armour, the daughter of a respectable master-mason. Roused to a lively sense of his responsibilities, he agreed with Jean that they should make a legal profession of antecedent marriage, thus legitimising the infants ; and that he himself should then go off to

Jamaica to try his fortune in the character of assistant overseer to a planter, seeing that nothing but penury appeared to be his destined lot in Scotland. He paid nine guineas for a steerage passage; and was indeed in a fever to be off, as he had been called upon to give security for the maintenance of his offspring, and was in dread of imprisonment. He wrote a farewell poem to Ayrshire and to Scotland—"The gloomy night is gathering fast." However, the tardy compensation which he was hoping to make to Jean, for the imprudence and trouble into which he had betrayed her was not at present allowed to take effect. Her parents were so indignant at the affair that they absolutely refused to hear of matrimony; and Jean consented to relinquish her lover's written declaration of marriage, and himself along with it. Burns meanwhile, regarding her as having flinched in love and faith before adverse circumstances, denounced and abjured her, and indemnified himself by making love to Mary Campbell, his "Highland Mary." The poet and his Mary plighted their troth with much fervour: but this episode in the history of his loves came to nothing, the damsel having very soon afterwards died of a fever at Greenock.

With everything prepared for his start to Jamaica, and expecting to remain away from Scotland for years, if not for the remainder of his life, the consciousness of his poetic gift worked upon the mind of Burns: he resolved to leave behind him some record that the fields and streams, the lasses and humours, of Ayrshire, had been all-sufficient and immortal inspiration to a quenchless genius. Encouraged by his landlord, Mr. Gavin Hamilton, he determined to publish a small volume of his verses. This came out accordingly in the autumn of 1786. The edition, printed at Kilmarnock, was of 600 copies, of which about 350 were subscribed for: *Hallowe'en, the Cotter's Saturday Night,*

and several other of his now celebrated productions, were included in the volume. The reader should refer to the preface, at once modest and distinct in self-assertion, with which the ploughman-poet introduced his verses. While indulging in gratuitous self-depreciation as compared with Allan Ramsay or Fergusson, "the author tells him [the possible critic] once for all that he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities."

This was the crisis of Burns's life. The book was well received from the first, and cleared for its writer the small but acceptable sum of nearly £50. A letter came from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of Burns, which entirely overthrew the poet's Jamaican scheme, enlarged his practical views, and encouraged him to try his opportunities in Edinburgh. He arrived in the Scottish capital in November 1786, without either acquaintances there or letters of introduction, but he soon got to know all sorts of leading people, whether in literature or in fashion and social rank, and surprised all by his brilliant conversational powers, though he was not forward in talking unless he had something substantial to say. His demeanour was worthy of his exceptional position in its complicated bearings; and he was above all the tricks of a man who is showing off, or allowing others to show him off. He spent two winters in Edinburgh, leaving the city finally in February 1788, meanwhile he had been visiting various other parts of Scotland, and had crossed the English Border to Newcastle and Carlisle. A new edition of his poems, under the patronage of Dugald Stewart and many other celebrities, had been published in Edinburgh in April 1787; it consisted of 2800 copies, for which a subscription-list of 1500 names had been obtained, and it brought in nearly £600 to the poet. So far all was well. But Burns, already too convivial as an Ayrshire peasant,

naturally grew still more convivial as the cynosure of social gatherings in Edinburgh ; and the *éclat* and excitement of this episode in his history were not the natural precursors and props for a retired laborious country-life, in which hard field-work was again to be his means of subsistence, and the alleviator of his load was to be the rustic Jean Armour. The latter, it should be mentioned, presented her lover, in the spring of 1778, with a second pair of twins, who died almost immediately ; for she and Burns had met again during one of the intervals of his Edinburgh sojourn, when her parents naturally courted his return. Her second frailty caused her exclusion from the paternal home ; but some degree of reconciliation had been attained by the time of her delivery. Burns's enamoured correspondence with Mrs. McLehose (the "Clarinda" of his letters) was going on at its hottest about the same period.

In the early summer of 1788 Burns returned to Ayrshire. He espoused Jean by making a public declaration of marriage ; liberally advanced £180 to his brother Gilbert, to give him a start in life ; and took for himself a somewhat considerable farm at Ellisland in Dumfriesshire. Here he was domiciled before the end of June ; and resumed, among other rural occupations, the exercise of his skill as a ploughman, at which (it is pleasant to learn) he was a capital hand. Soon, however, he found that his income needed ekking out ; and, as nothing more congenial offered as an outlet for his energies, he applied to be appointed excise-officer for his own vicinity, and obtained this post through the interest of Mr. Graham of Fintray. His pay was at first the pittance of £50 per annum, increased after a time to £70.

Burns an exciseman is a rather dejecting picture to contemplate. Still, if we exclude idealisms and prejudices, and take a plain common-sense view of the practicalities of

the case, it might seem that the peasant poet, married to his early sweetheart who proved an affectionate wife ; settled on a farm of his own, the management of which he understood ; enthusiastically admired for his genius by his countrymen, from the noblest duke to the most tattered gaberlunzie ; habitually writing short pieces which he could throw off rapidly athwart a pressure of occupations, and which he could readily get published at once in some form or other, thereby keeping his name and fame in ever-fresh remembrance ; and having a small settled income, from a government post, to fall back upon — was not, as human lots go, a person worthy of more commiseration, and altogether battered by the Fates. We hear of his having two men and two women servants ; nine or ten milch-cows ; some young cattle ; four horses ; and several pet sheep, of which he was fond. The position looks like an endurable one to begin with, and likely to continue in a steady course of quiet progressive improvement. Unfortunately this was not to be. The centre of Burns's hopes of material comfort and independence was his farm : but, after he had been there about three years and a half, he found that his duties in the excise interfered with the satisfactory conduct of agricultural operations, and he gave the farm up. It may indeed be surmised that, if his habits had been steadier, and himself more faithful to the severe traditions of his father's life, if he had not allowed the jolly dogs and loose fishes of his neighbourhood to prey upon his leisure, and if he had not grown a more and more helpless slave of the devil of drink, he might have sufficed for both occupations. However that may be, he did not thus suffice : and we may well infer that things had come to a bad pass with the farm when Burns, having to make his option between that and a government stipend of £70 a year, chose the latter as the

mainstay of his household. About the end of 1791, he removed to a small house in the town of Dumfries (how many thousands of people have looked since then with reverence on its mean outside!) and here he remained for the brief residue of his life.

Burns had a certain Jacobite and tory tone of political sentiment; but every great and unprosperous genius, born in the lower ranks of society, is a potential democrat; and the era of the French Revolution was not one to leave the secret places of such a soul unstirred. More than once Burns used some expressions regarding the Revolution not strictly befitting an officer in the excise service of King George the Third—rather suitable to a man of genius and insight: this spoiled his prospects in the excise, and very nearly resulted in his dismissal. The chances open to his aspirations were that he might within a moderate number of years rise to the position of supervisor, with about £200 a year, any amount of hard work, and no leisure—and then, after another interval of years, to the post of collector at about £300 to £400. This latter promotion would have relieved him from the severer toils of business, and would have satisfied his desires. “A life of literary leisure, with a decent competence, is the summit of my wishes,” he said in one of his letters. In fact, however, he never rose out of the ranks in the excise service.

The majority of the songs which Burns wrote subsequently to his first Edinburgh edition were sent to *Johnson's Scots Musical Museum*, published in that city, and at a later date, to the *Collection of Original Scottish Airs* edited and published by Mr. George Thomson. In this work he wrote the words for many long-popular melodies—a field for the exercise of his genius which roused his heartiest and most generous sympathies. His first letter reply-

ing to Mr. Thomson's application is dated 16th September 1792, and absolutely declines the offered payment. It gives one a salutary thrill to think of this great poet, oppressed with the cares of a family, drudging through a hard, uncongenial, and most scantily paid employment, the fineness of his nature obfuscated by drink, his strong frame beginning to feel the inroads of disease, yet rising superior to all low-hearted suggestions, and even to the perfectly reasonable and fair promptings of his position, and with a glorious burst of patriotic love refusing to be a penny the richer in pocket for the purchase of everlasting song with which he again and again dowered his country. For about four years he adhered to his self-denying ordinance; and, in one instance when Mr. Thomson had of his own accord sent him a small sum, Burns—although, out of consideration for his correspondent, he did not send the money back—warned him never to repeat the experiment. At last, however, he was compelled to give in. After being seriously ill for about a year, and thus almost prevented from contributing to Thomson's publication, he was obliged, on the 12th of July 1796, to ask for a payment of £5 to meet a haberdasher's bill.

Ill health, mental dejection, and pecuniary straits, had indeed now encompassed Burns round on every side. He had sunk into a habitual tippler—not a contented one. Remorse was gnawing at him continually. He had always had and still retained a strong tincture of religious feeling, though not of what passes for orthodoxy: he could hardly be regarded as a believer in revelation, but clung hard to the idea of a future life. In money matters he continued honourable, and at his decease he left no debts. Rheumatic pains, and other maladies consequent upon his irregularities, assailed him; he became captious with his wife

whose affection had nevertheless worn well ; then fever supervened, closing in delirium. The poet lay on his death-bed, while his wife, expecting another confinement, was incapable of tending him ; harassed also by the pertinacity of some lawyer, on whom one of his latest utterances bestowed a curse.

The end came on the 21st of July 1796. Burns died, aged thirty-seven years and a half. The nation which had afforded him the post and the annual £70 of an excise officer did not cease to remember him in death. A public funeral was accorded to his remains, and was attended by vast multitudes. He left behind him, with his widow, four sons ; a fifth had died in infancy. A considerable sum was raised for their benefit. Soon also an edition of Burns's poems—complete so far as the then known materials allowed—was brought out under the editorship of a cordial admirer, Dr. Currie, an eminent physician in Liverpool. It fostered the poet's fame, but was not needed to establish this : for in fact there is hardly in all literature an instance of such immediate and immense popularity—permeating the whole body politic of his countrymen—as that of Burns's poems. Everybody understood them, everybody enjoyed them : all were proud that Scotland should have produced a Burns, that he should reflect so much and so expressly national a renown on his country, and that themselves should be the sons of such a land, and compatriots of such a man. This enthusiastic acceptance of their native poet is certainly a great glory to Scotchmen : and any one who is bent upon remembering to their discredit that they left the man Burns to live and die an exciseman should bear in mind also that they had already reposed the poet Burns in their heart of hearts, and that at this day there are probably ten Scotchmen to whom Burns and his

work are breathing and potent realities, for one Englishman to whom Shakspeare is any more than a name. It may certainly be said that the more they admired the poet, the less willing should his countrymen have been to leave the man huddled in obscurity : this (as I said at starting) is a point already more than sufficiently debated elsewhere.

At the present time of day it would be almost a futility to analyse, in such space and in such method as I have at my disposal, the individual or characteristic merits of the poems of Burns. Every Scotchman is born to an intuition of them : which is as much as saying that whatever is strongest, deepest, broadest, and finest, in that remarkable concrete the Scotch national character, finds its euthanasia in these immortal verses. The ideal Scotchman is the man to whom Burns's poems most come home. They give all his distinctive faculties and foibles ; only with this modification necessary to the excellence of the poetic result : that the prudential and prosaic attributes—what one might call the minus quantities—of the Scotch character are left in proportion less than the reality, while the plus quantities—the geniality, fervency, and even rampancy, of whatever kind—are thrown in with a prodigal and affectionate exuberance. But all are there—the less as well as the more kindly excesses. Burns is in fact the demigod—the prophet, priest, and king—of Scotland : the Scotchman who, more than any other man or men, knits together at the present moment Scotchmen all over the globe, and may prolong and intensify for ages the nationalising work in which the Battle of Bannockburn and the anti-prelatical reformation under Knox were earlier yet it may be hardly so powerful coefficients. This is after all the greatest of Burns's many and great poetic merits—that he has Scoti-

cised poetry,* has established an unbounded ascendant over the Scottish mind, and has drawn to him all hearts of his countrymen like the draught of a roaring fiery furnace. The merit is one not so easily assessable by criticism as by history : but, where it exists, as here, in pre-eminent degree, criticism has pretty well to abdicate her functions, and confess that a greater than herself is the arbiter. But, beyond this (and excluding all minor considerations), we have to recognise in especial three superb gifts in Burns's poetry:—a power of clear piercing expression ; a perfect soul of singable, or declamable song ; and above all, a sympathy so vivid and intimate as to pass continually into the domain of imagination, and give forth imaginative results and potencies. Of defects or inequalities of value in various poems or classes of poems by Burns, I need not here say a word.

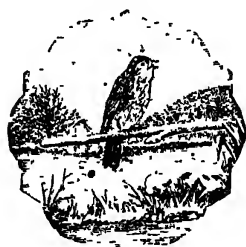
Burns was nearly five feet ten in height, with black curly hair and dark eyes : every one knows the general look of his portraits. He was quick-tempered—sudden and voluble in resentments. Though he wrote so many poems for musical airs, he had little or no technical knowledge of music : he even had no ear for tunes, and his voice was unmelodious, at any rate in his earlier youth. At one time he meditated writing a national drama. Of the works which he actually executed, he regarded *Tam O' Shanter*, the product of a single day, with most predilection. This masterpiece was written at Ellisland, and was first published in 1793.

W. M. ROSETTI.

* In saying this, we are of course not to forget the precursors of Burns's poetry—the glorious old Scottish Ballads, and more recently Allan Ramsay, &c

I have been able to avail myself, in this edition, of the substance of the apposite illustrative notes appended by Mr. J. S. Roberts to a previous issue of Burns's Poems; and have to acknowledge the aid of that gentleman in some further respects.

W. M. R.





BURNS'S POETICAL WORKS.

P O E M S.

TRAGIC FRAGMENT.

THE Poet says, regarding the following -- "In my early years nothing less would serve me than courting the tragic muse. I was, I think, about eighteen or nineteen when I sketched the outlines of a tragedy, forsooth, but the bursting of a cloud of family misfortunes, which had for some time threatened us, prevented my further progress. In those days I never wrote down anything, so except a speech or two, the whole has escaped my memory. The above, which I most distinctly remember, was an exclamation from a great character -- great in occasional instances of generosity, and daring at times in villainies. He is supposed to meet with a child of misery, and exclaims to himself, as in the words of the fragment" --

ALL devil as I am, a damnèd wretch,
A harden'd, stubborn, unrepenting villain,
Still my heart melts at human wretchedness;
And with sincere, though unavailing, sighs,
I view the helpless children of distress.
With tears indignant I behold the oppressor
Rejoicing in the honest man's destruction,
Whose unsubmitting heart was all his crime.
Even you, ye helpless crew, I pity you;
Ye, whom the seeming good think sin to pity;
Ye poor, despis'd, abandon'd vagabonds,
Whom vice, as usual, has turn'd o'er to ruin.
— Oh, but for kind, though ill-requited, friends,
I had been driven forth like you forlorn,
The most detested, worthless wretch among you!
O injured God! Thy goodness has endow'd me

POEMS.

With talents passing most of my compeers,
Which I in just proportion have abused
As far surpassing other common villains
As Thou in nat'ral parts hadst given me more.

THE FORBOLTON LASSIES

THE two pieces following, written at different times, give a list of the marriageable duns¹ in the poet's neighbourhood. According to Mr Chambers, the poet's brother, Gilbert, had made advances to one of the daughters at "the Benruds," and had been repulsed. The poet takes the opportunity of hinting that he was too proud to risk a like fate.

Hae ye gae up to yon hill-top,
Ye'll there see bonny Peggy,
She kens her father's a land,
And she forsooth's a laddy.

There Sophy ticht, a risse bricht,
Besides a kind some fortune.
Wha cumm' wi' her in a night,
Hae little airt in counting.

Gae down by Faule, an' taste the a'c,²
And tak a look o' Mysel,
She's doun and doun, a dail within,
But ablin's she may please ye.

If she be shy, her sister try
Ye'll maybe fancy Jemmy,
If ye'll dispense wi' want o' sense--
She kens her-sel she's bonny.

As ye gae up by yon hill-side,
Spect³ in for bonny Bessy;
She'll gie ye a beck,⁴ and bid ye licht,
And handsomely address ye.

There's few sirs for me, nae sac guid,
As a' King George's dominion,
If ye should doubt the truth o' this--
It's Bessy's ain opinion.

In Forbolton, ye ken, there are proper young men,
And proper young lasses and a' man;
But ken ye the Benruds that live in the Benruds,
They carry the gree⁵ frae them a' man.
Then father's a land, and weel he can spare't,
Brand money to tocher⁶ them a' man,
To proper young men, he'll clink in the hand
Gowd gumeas a hunder or twa, man.

¹ Salky and dun = complexion
perhaps

³ Call
⁴ Low

⁵ Palm
⁶ Portion

POEMS.

There's ane they ca' Jean, I'll warrant ye've seen
As bonny a lass or as braw, man ;
But for sense and guid taste she'll vie wi' the best,
And a conduct that beautilifies a', man.

The charms o' the min', the langer they shine,
The mair admiration they draw, man ;
While peaches and cherries, and roses and lilies,
They fade and they wither awa, man

If ye be for Miss Jean, tak this frae a frien',
A hint o' a rival or twa, man,
The Laird o' Blackbyre wad gang through the fire,
If that wad entice her awa, man.

The Laird o' Blackhead has been on his speed,
For man than a towmond¹ or twa, man ;
The Land o' the Ford wad strait on a board,²
If he canna get her at a', man

Then Anna comes in, the rife o' her kin,
The boast o' our fae elor³ a', man,
Sae sonsy⁴ and sweet, so fully complete,
She steals our affections awa, man

If I should detail the pick and the wale⁵
O' lasses that live here awa, man,
The fault wad be mine, if they didna shine,
The sweetest and best o' them a', man.

I lo'e her mysel, but daurna weel tell,
My poverty keeps me in awe, man,
For making o' rhymes, and working at times,
Does little or naething at a', man.

Yet I wadna choose to let her refuse,
Nor ha'e't in her power to say na, man ;
For though I be poor, unnoticed, obscure,
My stomach's as proud as them a', man.

Though I canna ride in weel-booted pride,
And flee o'er the hills like a crow, man,
I can laud up my head with the best o' the breed,
Though fluttering ever so braw, man.

My coat and my vest, they are Scotch o' the best,
O' pairs o' guid breeks I hae twa, man,
And stockings and pumps to put on my stumps,
And ne'er a wrang steek in them a', man.

My sarks⁶ they are few, but five o' them I w, •
Twal' hundred,⁶ as white as the snaw, man, •
A ten-shilling hat, a Holland cravat ;
There are no mony poets sae braw, man. •

¹ Twelve months

² Die and be stricken on a board.

³ Comely.

⁴ Cheerful

⁵ Suits

⁶ A quality of cloth

I never had fien's weel stockit in means,¹
 To leave me a hundred or twa, man;
 Nae weel-tocher'd aunts, to wait on their druids,
 And wish them in hell for it a', man.

I never was cannie² for hoarding o' money,
 Or claughtin'³ together at a', man,
 I've little to spend, and naething to lend,
 But deevil a shilling I awe,⁴ man.

WINTER.

A DIRGE.

This poem was copied into Burns's Commonplace Book, with the remarks appended:—"As I am what the men of the world, if they knew such a man, would call a whimsical mortal, I have various sources of pleasure and enjoyment which are in a manner peculiar to myself, or some here and there such out-of-the-way person. Such is the peculiar pleasure I take in the season of Winter more than the rest of the year. This, I believe, may be partly owing to my misfortunes giving my mind a ^{very} holy cast, but there is something even in the

'Mighty tempest, and the heavy waste,
 Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,'

which raises the mind to a serious sublimity favourable to everything great and noble. There is scarcely any earthly object gives me mort, - I do not know if I should call it pleasure—but something which exalts me—something which enraptures me—than to walk in the sheltered side of a wood, or high plantation, in a cloudy winter-day, and hear the stormy wind howling among the trees and raving over the plain. It is my best season for devotion—my mind is rapt up in a kind of enthusiasm to Him, who, in the pompous language of the Hebrew bard, 'walks on the wings of the wind.' In one of these seasons, just after a 'rain of misfortunes,' I composed the following."

THE wintry west extends his blast,
 And hail and rain does blow;
 Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
 The blinding sleet and snaw:
 While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
 And roars frae bank to brae;
 And bird and beast in covert rest,
 And pass the heartless day.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast,"*

The joyless winter-day,
 Let others fear, to me more-dear
 Than all the pride of May:
 The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul;
 My griefs it seems to join;
 The leafless trees my fancy please,
 Their fate resembles mine¹

Thou Power Supreme, whose mighty scheme
 These woes of mine fulfil,

¹ Humours.² Careful.³ Gathering it.⁴ Owns.

* Dr. Young.

POEMS.

Here, firm, I rest, they must be best,
Because they are Thy will !
Then all I want (oh, do Thou grant
This one request of mine !)
Since to enjoy Thou dost deny,
Assist me to resign. •

A PRAYER,

UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

IN the Commonplace Book these lines are introduced by the following note :—
“There was a certain period of my life that my spirit was broken by repeated losses and disasters, which threatened, and indeed effected, the utter ruin of my fortune. My body, too, was attacked by that most dreadful distemper, a hypochondria, or confirmed melancholy. In this wretched state, the recollection of which makes me yet shudder, I hung my harp on the willow trees, except in some lucid intervals, in one of which I composed this Prayer :”—

O Thou great Being ! what Thou art
Surpasses me to know :
Yet sure I am, that known to Thee
Are all Thy works below.

Thy creature here before Thee stands,
All wretched and distrust,
Yet sure those ills that wing my soul
Obey Thy high behest.

Sure Thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath !
Oh, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death !

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design ;
Then man my soul with firm resolves,
To bear and not repine !

THE DEATH AND DYING WORDS OF POOR MABLE,

THE AUTHOR'S ONLY PET YOWER.

(*An Unco Mournfu' Tale*)

“THE circumstances of the poor sheep,” says Gilbert Burns, “were pretty much as Robert has described them. He had, partly by way of frolic, bought a ewe and two lamb, from a neighbour, and she was tethered in a field adjoining the house at Louthlea. He and I were going out with our teams, and our two younger brothers to drive for us, at mid-day, when Hugh Wilson, a curious-looking, awkward boy, clad in plaiding, came to us with much anxiety in his face, with the information that the ewe had entangled herself in the tether, and was lying in the ditch. Robert was much tickled with Hugh's appearance and postures on the occasion. Poor Mable was set to rights, and when we returned from the plough in the evening, he repeated to me her ‘Death and Dying Words,’ pretty much in the way they now stand.”

As Mailie and her lambs thegither
Was ae day nibbling on the tether,
Upon her cloot she coost a hitch,
And owie she warsled¹ in the ditch:
Ther², groaning, dying, she did lie,
When Hughoe he cam doytin'³ by,
Wi' glowing een, and lifted han's,
Poor Hughoe like a statue stan's;
He saw her days were near-hand ended,
But, wae's my heart! he couldna mend it;
He gapèd wide, but naething spak—
At length poor Mailie silence brak—

"O thou, whose lamentable face
Appears to me in my w'esu' case!
My dying words attentive bear,
And bear them to my ma— dear.

"Tell him, if e'er he gam he keep
As muckle gear as buy a sheep,
Oh, bid him never tie them mair
Wi' wicked stungs o' ¹ ~~hemp~~ or hair!
But ca' them out to park or hill,
And let them wander at their will;
So may his flock increase, and grow
To scores o' lambs, and packs o' woo' to

"Tell him he was a master kin',
And aye was guid to me and mine;
And now my dying charge I gie him—
My helpless lambs I trust them wi' him.

"Oh, bid him save their harmless lives
Frae dogs, and tod, and butchers' knives
But gie them guid coo-milk then fill,
Till they be fit to fend themsel'
And tent them duly, e'en and morn,
Wi' teats o' hry, an' lippis o' corn

"And may they never learn the gae's³
Of ither vile, wamestfu'⁴ pe's!

To slink through slaps, and reave and steal
At stacks o' peas or stocks o' kail,
So may they, like their great forbears,
For mony a year come through the shears:
So wives will gie them bits o' bread,
And hauns greet⁵ for them when they're dead

"My poor loop-lamb, my son and heir,
Oh, bid him breed him up wi' care!
And if he live to be a beast,
To pit some hawins⁶ in his breast!
And warn him what I winna name,
To stay content wi' yowes at hame:

¹ Struggled
² Walking clumsily.

³ Habits
⁴ Restless.

⁵ Weep.
⁶ Good sense

And no to um and wear his clouts,*
Like ither menseless,¹ graceless brutes.

"And neist my yowie, silly thing,
Gaud keep thee frae a tether string!
Oh, may thou ne'er forgather up
Wi' ony blastit,[†] moorland toop,
But aye keep mind to moop and mull
Wi' sheep o' credit like thyself!"

"And now, my bairns, wi' my last breath
I lea'e my blessin' wi' yon houth:
And when you think upo' your mither,
Mind to be kin' to ane anither.

"Now, hangst Hughoe, danna fail
To tell my master a' my tale;
And bid him burn this cursed tether,
And, for thy pains, thou's get my blether."²
Thi's said, poor Mahe turn'd her head,
And clos'd her een awang the dead.

THE FAIRY.

LAMENT in rhyme, lament in prose,
Wi' saut tears trickling down your nose;
On bairdie's fate is at a close,
Past a' remead,
The last sad cape-stane of his woe;
Poor Mahe's dead!

It's no the loss o' wail's gear,
That could sic bitter draw the tear,
On mak our bairdie, dowie,³ wear
The mourning weed:
He's lo't a friend and neighbor dea
In Mahe dead.

Though a' the town[‡] she trotted by him;
A lang half-mile she could descry him;
Wi' kindly bleat, when she did spy him,
She ran wi' speed.
A fickle mair faithfu' ne'er can'ough him
Than Mahe dead

I wat she was a sheep o' sense,
And could behave hersel wi' mense.⁴

¹ Unmannerly.

² Bladder.

³ Exhausted

⁴ Decorum

* Mr. Roberts, in his edition of Burns's Works, attaches, right or wrongly, a meaning to this word not hitherto adopted by the various annotators of the poet's works. He says:—"Clouts, clothes or rags, with reference to a piece of clothing with which rams are cumbered at certain seasons, for a purpose which will hardly bear full explanation." Nothing but ignorance of this custom, as tells us, has led to the word being supposed to mean the feet of the animal.

† A contemptuous term

‡ The farm buildings are spoken of as the town in Scotland.

I'll say't, she never brak a fenge
 Through thievish glee.
 Our bardie, lanely, keeps the spence*
 Sin' Mailie's dead.

Or, if he wanders up the howe,¹
 Her living image in her yowe
 Comes bleating to him, owre the knowe,²
 For bits o' bread;
 And down the biny pearls 10we
 For Mailie dead.

She was nae get o' moorland tips,
 Wi' tawted ket,³ and hairy clips;
 For her forbes were brought in ships
 Frae yont the Tweed:
 A bonnier fleesh ne'er cros'd the clip
 Than Mailie dead.

Wae worth the man wha first did shape
 That vile, wanchancie⁴ thing—a rape!⁵
 It maks gud fellows giff an' gape,[†]
 Wi' cheekin' dread;
 And Robin's bonnet wave wi' crape,
 For Mailie dead.

Oh, a' ye hards'on bonny Doon!
 And wha on Ayr your chanter's tune!
 Come, join the melancholous croon
 O' Robin's reed!
 His heart will never get aboon
 His Mailie dead.

OH WHY THE DEUCE SHOULD I REPINE?

The following is an impromptu:—

Oh why the deuce should I repine,
 And be an ill foreboder?
 I'm twenty-three, and five feet nine—
 I'll go and be a sodger.

I gat some gear wi' meikle care,
 I held it weel thegither;
 But now it's gane, and something mair—
 I'll go and be a sodger.

THE BELLES OF MAUCHLINE.

* THE Six Belles of Mauchline were Miss Helen Miller, who became the wife of the poet's friend, Dr. Mackenzie; Miss Markland, who became the wife of another friend, Mr. Finlay, a brother Excise officer; Miss Jean Smith, who

¹ Dell

² Knoll.

³ Matted fleece.

⁴ Unlucky.

⁵ Rape

* Shuts himself up in his parlour.

† Giff and gasp—the allusion here is to hanging.

married a third friend of the poet, Mr. Candlish, and was mother of the well-known Edinburgh divine, Dr. Candlish; Miss Betty, a sister of Miss Helen Miller, became Mrs. Templeton. Miss Morton married Mr. Paterson, a merchant in Mauchline; and we need hardly say that Belle Number Six became the poet's wife, making what, in a worldly sense, may have been the poorest match of all, although she had for her husband the most notable Scotchman of his generation.

IN Mauchline there dwells six proper young belles,
The pride o' the place and its neighbourhood a';
Their carriage and dress, a stranger would guess,
In Lon'on or Paris they'd gotten it a.

Miss Mille. is fine, Miss Markland's divine,
Miss Smith she has wit, and Miss Betty is braw;
There's beauty and fortune to get wi' Miss Morton,
But Armour's the jewel for me o' them a'.

A PRAYER

IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH

THE poet tells us that the two pieces, which follow "were composed when fainting fits, and other alarming symptoms of pleurisy, or some other dangerous disorder, which indeed still threatens me, first put nature on the alarm. The stanzas are misgivings in the hour of despondency and prospect of death. The grand end of human life is to cultivate an intercourse with that Being to whom we owe life with every enjoyment that renders life delightful."

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an-hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As something, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

Thou know'st that Thou hast form'd me
With passions wild and strong,
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-good! for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

Where with intention I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, Thou art good; and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

STANZAS

ON THE SAME OCCASION.

WHY am I loath to leave this earthly scene?
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?

Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.
 Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
 Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
 For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms:
 I tremble to approach an angry God,
 And justly smart beneath His sin-avenging rod.
 Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
 E'en promise never more to disobey;
 But should my Author health again dispense,
 Again I might desert fair virtue's way:
 Again in folly's path might go astray;
 Again exalt the brute and sink the man:
 Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
 Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
 Who sin so oft have spurn'd, yet to temptation ran?
 O Thou great Giver of all below!
 If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
 Thy nod can make the furthest cease to blow,
 Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
 With that controlling power assist even me,
 Those headlong furious passions to confine,
 For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
 To rule then torrent in the allowed line:
 Oh, aid me with Thy help, Omnipotence Divine!

THE FIRST PSALM

THE man, in life wherever placed,
 Hath happiness in store,
 Who walks not in the wicked's way,
 Nor learns their guilty lore.
 Nor from the seat of scornful pride
 Casts forth his eyes abroad,
 But with humility and awe
 Still walks before his God.
 That man shall flourish like the trees,
 Which by the streamlets grow;
 The fruitful top is spread on high,
 And firm the root below.
 But he whose blossom buds in guilt
 Shall to the ground be cast,
 And, like the rootless stubble, tost
 Before the sweeping blast.
 For why? that God the good adore
 Hath given them peace and rest,
 But hath decreed that wicked men
 Shall ne'er be truly blest.

THE FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETEENTH PSALM.

O Thou, the first, the greatest friend
 Of all the human race !
 Whose strong right hand has ever been
 Their stay and dwelling-place !
 Before the mountains heaved their heads
 Beneath Thy forming hand,
 Before this ponderous globe itself
 Arose at Thy command ,
 That Power which raised and still upholds
 This universal frame,
 From countless, unbeginning time
 Was ever still the same .
 Those mighty periods of years
 Which seem to us so vast
 Appear no more before Thy sight
 Than yesterday, that's past
 Thou givest the void, Thy creature, man,
 Is to existence brought ;
 Again Thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,
 Return ye into nought !"
 Thou layest them with all their cares,
 In everlasting sleep ;
 As with a flood Thou takest them off
 With overwhelming sweep
 They flourish like the morning flower,
 In beauty's pride array'd ;
 But long ere night cut down, it lies
 All wither'd and decay'd.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT RUISSEAU

CROMBIE found the following among the poet's papers after his death. RUISS-
 SEAU--a translation of his own name--is French for red dirt.

Now Robin lies in his last lan,
 He'll gabble rhyme nor sing nae mair,
 Child poverty, wi' hungry stae,
 Nae mair shall fear him ;
 Nor anxious fear, nor canker care
 E'er mair come near him .
 To tell the truth, they seldom fasht him,
 Except the moment that they crusht him :
 For 'une as chance or fate had husht 'em,
 Though e'er sae shou'd,
 Then wi' a rhyme or song he lasht 'em,
 And thought it sport,

POEMS

Though he was bled to kintra wark,
And counted was bairn wight and stirk,
Yet that was never Robin's mark
To mak a man,
But tell him he was leir'd and clark,
Ye roosed him thair!

MARSHLINE BELLES

OF seven novels, ye Marshline belles!
Ye are safer at your spinning wheel,
Such witching books are baited hooks,
For rankish colts like Rob Mossiel!
Four fine Tom Jones and Randolphs,
They make your youthful fancies reel;
They heat your veins and ne your brains,
And then ye're prey for Rob Mossiel.
Beware a tongue that smoothly hung,
A heart that wumly seems to feel,
That feeling heart but acts a part—
Is rankish ut in Rob Mossiel
The frank address, the soft cues
Are worse than poisoned darts of steel,
The frugal address and a hint
Are all success in Rob Mossiel

DEATH AND DR HORNBOOK

A TRUE STORY

"DEATH and Dr Hornbook" says Collin Clark Burns "though not published in the *Kilmarnock Advertiser* was produced early in the year 1785. The schoolmaster of Lorbolton purchased the only subscription allowed to that useful class of men set up a shop of grocery goods. Having accidentally fallen in with some medical books and become in a hobby horsically attached to the study of medicine he had added to the sale of a few medicines to his little trade. He had got a shop bill printed at the bottom of which, overlooking his own incapacity he had advertised that advice would be given, in common disorders at the shop gratis. Robert was at a mason meeting in Lorbolton, when the domineer made too ostentatious a display of his medical skill. As he parted in the evening from this mixture of peasantry and physic, at the place where he describes his meeting with Death, one of those floating ideas of apparitions mentioned in his letter to Dr Moore crossed his mind this for him to work for the rest of his way home. These circumstances he related when he repeated the verses to me the next afternoon as I was holding the plough, and he was letting the water off the field beside me."

Cromek says of the hero of this poem, "At Glasgow I heard that the hero of this exquisite satire was living. Hamilton managed to introduce me to him—we talked of almost all subjects, save the poem of Burns. Dr Hornbook is above the middle size, stout made, and inclining to corpulency. His complexion is earthy, his eye black and expressive. He wears a brown wig, and dresses in black. There is little or nothing of the pedant about him. I think a man who had never read the poem would scarcely discover any. Burns, I am told, had no personal enmity to Wilson."

* Rob Mossiel—Robert Burns of Mossiel—the name of his farm

The mirth and ridicule which this exquisite piece of satire excited drove Wilson out of the district. He got the appointment of session-clerk of the parish of Corbals, in Glasgow, and died there in 1829.

• SOME books are lies fra end to end,
And some great lies were never penn'd :
E'en ministers, they hac been kenn'd,
In holy rapture,
A rousing whid¹ at times to vend,
And nail't wi' Scripture.

• But this that I am gaun to tell,
• Which lately on a night befell,
Is just as true's the deil's in hell
Or Dublin city :
That e'er he nearer comes oursel
'S a muckle pity.

• The clachan yill² had made me canty,
I wasna fou, but just had plenty ;
I stacher'd whylo³,⁴ but yet took tent aye
To free the ditches ;
And hillocks, stanes, and bushes kenn'd aye
Frae ghaists and witches.

The rising moon began to glow ;
The distant Cumnock hills out-owre :
• To count her horns, wi' a' my power,
I set mysel ;
But whether she had three or four,
I couldna tell.

I was come round about the hill,
And toddlin' down on Wddie's mill,*
Setting my staff wi' a' my skill,
To keep me sicker :
Though leeward while, aganst my will,
I took a bricker.⁵

I there wi' some'hing did forgetter,
That put me in an eerie swither ;⁶
An awfu' scythe, out-owre ae shoutner,
Clear-dangling, hang ;
A three-taed leister⁷ on the ither
Lay large aye lang.

Its stature seem'd lang Scotch ells twa,
The queerest shape that e'er I saw,

¹ Lie.

² Village ale.

³ Sometimes

⁴ Steady

⁵ A staggering run.

⁶ Fearful uncertainty.

⁷ A fish-spear.

* Torbolton Mill, then occupied by William Muir—hence called *Wddie's mill*.

For fient a wame¹ it had ava²
 And then its shanks,
 They were as thin, as sharp and sma',
 As cheeks o' blanks.*

"Guid-e'en," quo' I; "friend, hae ye been mawin',
 When ither folk are busy sawin'?"[†]
 It seem'd to mak a kind o' stan',
 But naething spak;
 At lei gth, says I, "Friend, whare ye gaun?
 Will ye go back?"

It spak right howe,[‡]—"My name is Death;
 But be na fley'd"—Quoth I, "Guid faith,
 Ye're maybe come to stap my breath;
 But tent na e. billie;
 I red⁴ ye weel, tak care o' slath,⁵
 See, there's a gally!"⁶

"Gudman," quo' he, "put up your whittle,
 I'm no design'd to try it nettle;
 But if I did, I wad be kittle⁶
 To be mislan'd,⁷
 I wad na muid it, no that spittle
 Out-owie my beard."

"Weel, weel!" says I, "a bargain be't;
 Come, gies your hand, and sae we're greet;
 We'll ease our shanks⁸ and tak a seat—
 Come, gies you naws;
 This while⁹ ye hae been mony a gate,⁹
 At mony a house."

"Ay, ay!" quo' he, and shook his head,
 "It's een a lang, lang time indeed
 Sin' I began to nick the thread
 And chole the breath:
 Folk maun do something for their bread,
 And sae maun Death."

"Sax thousand years are near hand fled
 Sin' I was to the butchering baid,
 And mony a scheme in vein's been laid,
 To stap or scau me,
 Till ane Hornbook's ta'en up the trade,
 And faith he'll wau me."

¹ Belly.

² Hollow.

³ Frightened.

⁴ Warn.

⁵ Clasp-knife.

⁶ I would be tempted.

⁷ Mischievous.

⁸ Limbs.

⁹ Road.

[†] A kind of bridle.

[‡] This rencontre happened in seed-time of 1785 - -

[§] An epidemic fever was then raging in that country - -

"Ye ken Jock Hornbook i' the clachan,
 Deil mak his king's-hood in a spreuchan!¹
 He's grown sae weel acquaint wi' Buchan²
 And itner chaps,
 The weans³ naud out their fingers laughin',
 And pouk my hips.⁴
 "See, here's a scythe, and there's a dart,
 They hae pierced mony a gallant heart;
 But Doctor Hornbook, wi' his art
 And cursèd skill,
 Has made them both no worth a f—t,
 Damn'd haet they'll kill
 "I was but yestreen, nae finthe gaen,
 I threw a noble throw at ane;
 Wi' less, I'm sure, I've hundres slain;
 But deil ma care,
 If just play'd dirl on the lark,
 But deil nae mair.
 "Hornbook was by, wi' ready art,
 And had sae fortified the part,
 That when I look'd to my dart,
 It was sae blunt,
 Fient haet o't wad hae pierced the heart
 O' a kail-runt.
 "I drew my scythe in sic a fury,
 I near-hand cowpit⁵ wi' my hurry,
 But yet the bauld apothecary
 Withstood the shock;
 I might as weel hae tried a quarry
 O' hard whin rock
 "Even them he canna get attenderl,
 Although then face he ne'er had kenn'd it,
 Just sh—e in a kail-blade and send it,
 As soon's he smell's t,
 Baith then disease and what will mear⁶ it
 At ane he telis't.
 "And then a' doctor's saws and whittles,
 Of a' dimensions, shapes, and metals,
 A' kinds o' boxes, mugs, and bottles
 He's sure to hae;
 Their Latin names as fast he rattles
 As, A B C.
 "Calces o' fossils, earths, and trees;
 True salmianum o' the seas,

¹ Tobacco-pouch
² Children

³ Pluck at my hams.
⁴ Cabbage (Colewort) stalk

⁵ Tumbled

'The farina of beans and peas,
 He has't in plenty;
 Aquafontis, what you please,
 He can content ye.

"Forbye some new, uncommon weapons,
 Urinus spiritus of capons;
 Or mite-horn shavings, filings, scrapings,
 Distill'd *per se*;
 Salalkali o' midge-tail clippings,
 And mony mae."

"Waes me for Johnnie Ged's* hole noo!"
 Quo' I, "if that thae news be true!
 His braw calf-ward† whare gowans grey,
 Sae white and bonny,
 Nae doubt they'll giv it wi' the plew;
 They'll run Johnnie!"

The creature grai'd an eldritch¹ laugh
 And says, "Ye needna yoke the pleugh,
 Kirk-yards will soon be fill'd eneugh,
 Tak ye nae fear;
 They'll a' be trench'd wi' mony a shengh²
 In twa or three year."

"Whare I kill'd ane a fair strae death,"
 By loss o' blood or want o' breath,
 This night I'm free to tak my aith,
 That Hornbook's skill
 Has clad a score i' then last clath,
 By diap and pill.

"An honest wabster to his trade,
 Whase wife's twa nieves were scarce weel-bred,
 Gat tippence-worth to mend her head
 When it was sair;
 The wife slade cannie to her bed,
 But ne'er spak mair.

"A country laird had ta'en the batts,
 Or sonie curmuzzing in his guts,
 His only son for Hornbook sets;
 And pays him well;

"The lad, for twa guid gimmer-pets,³
 Was laird himsel.

"A bonny lass, ye kenn'd her name,
 Some ill-brewn drink had hov'd her wame:
 She trusts hersel, to hick the shame,
 In Hornbook's care;
 Horn sent her aff to her lang hame,
 To hide it there.

¹ Uncarthy.

² Furrow.

³ Ewe lams.

* The grave-digger.

† The church-yard had been used as pasture-ground for calves.

"That's just a swatch o' Hornbook's way;
 Thus goes he on from day to day,
 Thus does he poison, kill, and slay,
 An's weel paid for't;
 Yet stops me o' my lawfu' prey,
 Wi' his damn'd dirt:
 "But, hark! I'll tell you of a plot,
 Though dinna ye be speaking o't;
 I'll nail the self-conceited sot,
 As dead's a herrin';
 Neist time we meet, I'll wad a groat,
 He's got his fairin'!"¹
 But just as he began to tell,
 The auld kirk-hammer strak the bell
 Some wee short hour ayont the twal,
 Which raised us baith:
 I took the way that pleased mysel,
 And sae did Death.

THE TWA HERDS, OR, THE HOLY TUI ZIE.

In a MS. now in the British Museum Burns gives an account of the origin of this piece.—"The following was the first of my Poetical productions that saw the light. I gave a copy of it to a particular friend of mine who was very fond of these things, and told him 'I did not know who was the Author, but that I had got a copy of it by accident.' The occasion was a bitter and shameless quarrel between the two Rev. gentlemen, Mr Moodie of Riccarton and Mr Russell of Kilmarnock. It was at the time when the hue and cry against Patronage was at the worst."

"Blockheads with reason wicked with abber;
 But fool with fool is barbarous civil war."—POPE.

Oor, a' ye pious godly flock,
 Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
 Wha now will keep you frae the fox,
 Or worrying tykes,²
 Or wha will tent the waifs and clocks,³
 About the dikes?
 The twa best herds in a' the wast,
 That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
 These five and twenty simmers past,
 Oh! dool to teil,
 Hae had a bitter black outcast
 Aween themsel.
 O Moodie, man, and wordly Russell,
 How could you raise so vile a bustle,
 Ye'll see how New-Light herds will whistle
 And think it fine:
 The Lord's cause ne'er gat sic a twistle
 Sin' I hae min'.

¹ Deserts.

² Dogs.

³ Stray sheep and old ewes.

O sirs ! whae'er wad hae expectit,
 Your duty ye wad sae negleckit,
 Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
 To wear the plaid,
 But by the brutes themselves electit,
 To be their guide.

What flock wi' Moodie's flock could rank,
 Sae hale and hearty every shank ?
 Nae poison'd sour Arminian stank
 He let them taste.
 Frae Calvin's well, aye clear, they drank,—
 Oh, sie a feast !

The thummar,¹ wi'-cat, ² 'nock, and tod,³
 Weel kenn'd his voice through a' the wood,
 He smelt their ilka hole an' road,
 Bath out and in,
 And weel he lik'd to shed them blind,
 And sell them skin.

What herd like Russell tell'd his tale,
 His voice was heard through mair and dale,
 He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
 O'er a' the height,
 And saw gin they were sick or hale,
 At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
 Or nobly swing the gospel-club,
 And New-Light herds could nicely dub,
 Or pay their skin,
 Could shake them owie the burning dub,
 Or heave them in.

Sie twa — oh ! do I live to see't,
 Sic famous twa should disagree't,
 And names like "villain," "hypocrite,"
 Ikither g'ven,
 While New-Light herds, wi' laughin' spite,
 Say neither's kin !

A' ye wha tent the gospel auld,
 There's Duncan,⁴ deep, and Peebles,[†] shrewd,[‡]
 But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,[‡]
 We trust in thee,
 That thou wilt work them, het and cauld,
 Till they agree.

Consider, sir, how we're beset,
 There's scarce a new herd that we get

¹ Pe-e-cat² Badger.³ Fox⁴ Shallow.

Dr. Robert Duncan, minister of Duadonald
 † Rev. William Peebles, of Newton-upon-Ayr
 ‡ Rev. William Auld, minister of Mauchline

But comes frae 'mang that cursèd set
 I winna name;
 I hope frae heaven to see them yet
 In fiery flame.

Dalrymple* has been lang our fae,
 M'Gill† has wrought us meikle wae,
 And that cursèd rascal ca'd M'Quhae,‡
 And bath the Shaws,§
 That aft hae made us black and blae,
 Wi' vengefu' paws.

Auld Weddow || lang has hatch'd mischief,
 We thought aye death wad bring relief,
 But he has gotten, to our grief,
 Ane to succeed him,
 A chieftain shall counsellily butt our beef;
 I meikle dread him.

And mair a' ane that I could tell,
 Wha fain wou'd openly rebel,
 Forbye turn-coats amang onsel;
 There's Smith for aye,
 I doubt he's but a gray-neck quill,
 And that ye'll fin'.

Oh! a' ye flocks o'er a' the hills,
 By mosses, meadows, moors, and fells,
 Come, join your counsel and your skills,
 To cowe the lands,
 And get the brutes the powers themsel's
 To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
 And Learning in a woody dance,
 And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
 That bites sae sair,
 Be banish'd o'er the sea to France:
 Let him hark there!

Then Shaw's and Dalrymple's eloquence,
 M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
 M'Quhae's pathetic manly sense,
 And guid M'Nath,
 Wi' Smith, wha through the heart can glance,
 May a' pack aif.

† Halter

* Rev. Dr. Dalrymple, one of the ministers of Ayr.

† Rev. William M'Gill, one of the ministers of Ayr.

‡ Minister of St. Quivox.

§ Dr. Andrew Shaw of Craigie, and Dr. David Shaw of Coynton.

|| Dr. Peter Wodrow, Torbolton.

HOLY WILLIE'S PRAYER.

THIS is the most terrible commentary on the Calvinistic doctrine of Election ever written. The origin of the lines may be briefly told. Burns's friend, Gavin Hamerton, had been refused the ordinances of the Church, because he was believed to have made a journey on the Sabbath, and because one of his servants by his orders had brought in some potatoes from the garden on another Sunday, hence the allusion to the "kail and potatoes" in the piece.

William Fisher, one of the Rev. Mr. Auld's elders, made himself very conspicuous in the case. He was a great pretender to sanctity—and only a pretender. Afterwards he fell into drunken habits, and died in a ditch while in a helpless state of intoxication.

O THOU, wha in the heavens dost dwell,
Wha, as it pleases best thyself,
Sends ane to heaven, and ten to hell,
A' for thy glory,
And no for ony guid or ill
They've done afore thee!

I bless and praise thy matchless might,
Whan thou and thou hast left in night,
That I am here, afore thy sight,
For gifts and grace,
A burnin' and a shinin' light
To a' this place.

What was I, or my generation,
That I should get sic exaltation?
I, wha deserve sic just damnation
For broken laws,
Five thousand years' fore my creation,
'Through Adam's cause.

When frae my mither's womb I fell,
Thou might hae plunged me into hell,
To gnash my gums, to weep and wail,
In burnin' lake,
Whare damnèd devils roar and yell,
Cham'd to a stake.

"Yet I am here a chosen sample,
To show thy grace is great and ample;
I'm here a pillar in thy temple,
Strong as a rock,
A guide, a buckler, an example,
To a' thy flock.

O Lord, thou kens what zeal I bear,
When drinkers drink, and swearers swear,
And singing there, and dancing here,
Wi' great and sma';
For I am kelpit, by thy fear,
Free frae them a'.

But yet, O Lord! confess I must,
At times I'm fash'd¹ wi' fleshly lust;

¹ Troubled.

And sometimes, too, wi' worldly trust,
Vile self gets in ;
But thou remembers we are dust,
Defiled in sin.

O Lord ! yestreen, thou kens, wi' Meg—
Thy pardon I sincerely beg,
Oh, may it ne'er be a livin' plague,
To my dishonour,
And I'll ne'er lift a lawless leg
Again upon her.

Besides, I farther maun avow,
Wi' Lizzie's lass, thrice times I trow—
But, Lord, that Friday I was fou'
When I came near her,
Or else, thou kens, thy servant true
Wad ene'er hae steer'd her.

Maybe thou lets this fleshy thorn
Beset thy servant e'en and morn,
Lest he owfe high and proud should turn,
Cause he's sae gifted ;
If sae, thy han' maun e'en be borne
Until thou lift it.

Lord, bless thy chosen in this place,
For here thou hast a chosen race :
But God confound their stubborn face,
And blast their name,
Wha bring thy elders to disgrace
And public shame.

Lord, mind Gawn Hamilton's deserts,
He drinks, and swears, and : ays at cartes,
Yet has sae mony takin' arts,
Wi' grit and sma',
Frae God's ain priests the people's hearts .
He steals awa'.

And whan we chasten'd him therefore,
Thou kens how he bred sic a splore,¹
As set the world in a roar
O' laughin' at us ;—
Curse thou his basket and his store,
Kail and potatoes.

Lord, hear my earnest cry and prayer
Against the presbyt'ry of Ayr ;
Thy strong right hand, Lord, mak it bare
Upo' their heads,
Lord, weigh it down, and dinna spare,
For their misdeeds.

¹ Disturbance.

O Lord, my God, that glib-tongued Aiken,¹
 My very heart and saul are quakin',
 To think how we stood growin', shakin',
 And swat wi' deat,
 While he, wi' hingin' lip and snakin',²
 Held up his head.

Lord, in the day of vengeance try him,
 Lord, visit them wha did employ him,
 And pass not in thy mercy by 'em,
 Nor hear their prayer;
 But for thy people's sake destroy 'em,
 And dinna spare

But, Lord, remember me and mine,
 Wi' mercies temp'ral an' divine,
 That I for gear and grace may shine,
 For I'll'd be nane,
 And a' the glory shall be thine,
 Amen, Amen!

EPITAPH ON HOLY WILLIE.

HERE Holy Willie's saul worn clay
 Taks up its last abode;
 His saul has ta'en some other way,
 I fear the left-hand road

Stop! there he is, as sure's a gun,
 Poor silly body, see him;
 Nae wonder he's as black's the gun,
 Observe wha's standing wi' him!

Your bun-staife devilship, I see,
 Has got him there before ye;
 But haud your nine-tail cat a wee,
 Till ance ye've heard my story.

Your pity I will not implore,
 For pity ye hae nane!
 Justice, alas! has gien him o'er,
 And mercy's day is gane.

But hear me, sir, deil as ye are,
 Look something to your credit;
 A coof² like him wad stain your name,
 If it were kent ye did it.

TO A MOUSE,

ON TURNING UP HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH, NOVEMBER 1785.

GILBERT BURNS SAYS, "The verses to the 'Mouse' and 'Mountain Daisy' were composed on the occasions mentioned, and while the author was holding

¹ Sneering.

² Fool

* William Aiken, a solicitor, a special friend of the poet's.

the plough. I could point out the particular spot where each was composed. Holding the plough was a favourite situation with Robert for poetic compositions, and some of his best verses were produced while he was at that exercise.

"John Mure," says Mr Chambers, "who was farm-servant at Mossiel at the time of its composition, still (1838) lives at Kilmarnock. He stated to me that he recollected the incident perfectly. Burns was holding the plough, with Blane for his driver, when the little creature was observed running off across the field. Blane, having the *pettle*, or plough-cleaning utensil, in his hand at the moment, was thoughtlessly running after it, to kill it, when Burns checked him, but not angrily, asking what ill the poor mouse had ever done him. The poet then seemed to his driver to grow very thoughtful, and, during the remainder of the afternoon, he spoke not. In the night time he awoke Blane, who slept with him, and, reading the poem which had in the meantime been composed, asked what he thought of the *mouse* now."

WIE, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie.
 Oh, what a panic's in thy braestic!
 Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle!¹
 I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
 Wi' mird'ring pattle!²
 I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 And justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 And fellow-mortal!
 I doubt na, whyles,³ but thou mayst thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
 A daimen icker in a thrave⁴
 'S a sma' request:
 I'll get a blessing wi' the lave,
 And never miss't!
 Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 And naething now to big a new ane
 O' faggage green!
 And bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Bath snell⁵ and keen!
 Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 And weary winter comin' fast,
 And cozie⁶ here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought'st to dwell
 Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.
 That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!

¹ Hurrying run.

² Sometimes.

³ Pattle or pettle, the plough spade.

⁴ Sharp.

⁵ Comfortable.

⁶ An ear of corn in a thrave—that is, twenty-four sheaves.

New thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hauld,
 To thole¹ the winter's sleety drizzle,
 And cranieuch² could !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
 In proving foresight may be vain :
 The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
 Gang aft a-gley,
 And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
 For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee :
 But, och ! I backward cast my ee
 On prospects drear !
 And forward, though I cunna see,
 I guess and fear.

HAI LGWTFEN

THE following poem will, by many readers, be well enough understood, but for the sake of those who are unacquainted with the manners and traditions of the country where the scene is laid, notes are added, to give some account of the principal charms and spells of that night, so big with prophecy to the peasantry in the west of Scotland. The passion of prying into futurity makes a striking part of the history of human nature in its rude state in all ages and nations, and it may be some entertainment to a philosophical mind, if any such should honour the author with a perusal, to see the remains of tampering the more unenlightened in our own days.

' Yes ! let the rich deride the proud disdain,
 The simple pleasures of the lowly train
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art "
 —GOLDSMITH.

Upon that night, when fairies light
 On Cassilis Downins* dance,
 On owie the lrys,† in splendid blaze,
 On sprightly couriers piance;
 On for Coleraine the route is ta'en,
 Beneath the moon's pale beams ;
 There, up the cove,‡ to stray and rove,
 Among the rocks and streams
 To sport that night.
 Among the bonny winding banks
 Where Doon runs, wimplin', clear,
 Where Bruce§ once ruled the martial ranks,
 And shook his Carrick spear,

¹ Endure.

² How frost

³ Fields.

* Certain little, romantic, rocky, green hills, in the neighbourhood of the ancient seat of the Earls of Cassilis.—B.

† A noted cavern near Coleraine house, called the Cove of Coleraine, which, as well as Cassilis Doonings, is famed in country story for being a favourite haunt of faeries.—B.

‡ The famous family of that name, the ancestors of Robert Bruce, the great deliverer of his country, were Earls of Carrick.—B.

Some merry, stendly, country-folks
 Together did convene,
 To burn their nits, and pou¹ their stocks,
 And haud their Halloween
 Fu² blithe that night.

The lasses feat,³ and cleanly neat,
 Mair braw than when they re fine,
 Their faces blithe fu⁴ sweetly kythe,⁵
 Hearts leal, and warm, and kin'
 The lads sae trig,⁶ wi' womei babs,⁷
 Weel knotted on their garten,
 Some unco blate,⁸ and some wi' gab,⁹
 Gar lasses' hearts gang startin'
 Whiles fast at night

Then, first and foremost, through the kail,
 Their stocks¹⁰ maun¹¹ be sought and
 They steek¹² their een, and grasp and wale,¹³
 For muckle anes and straught anes.
 Poor havers¹⁴ will sell¹⁵ aff the drift,
 And wander'd through the bow kail,
 And pou¹⁶ t, for want o' better shift,
 A runt was lae a sow trol,
 Sae bow t that night.

Then, straught or crooked, ynd or nane,
 They roat and cry a throu ther,
 The very wee things, toddlin' in,
 Wi' stocks cut owie their shoulther,
 And gif the custoc¹⁷ is sweet or sour,
 Wi' joctels¹⁸ they taste them,
 Syne cozily, aboon the door,
 Wi' crinnie caie, they've placed them
 To lie that night

The lasses stave¹⁹ frae²⁰ mang them
 In pou their stalks o' corn †

¹ Pull

² Trim

³ Mouths, here spoken²¹ of in connection with talk

⁴ Close

⁵ Grope and choose

⁶ Show

⁷ Spruce

⁸ Half witted

⁹ Lasp knives

¹⁰ Double loops

¹¹ Pashail

¹² power

¹³ Stole

* The first ceremony of Halloween, is pulling ewe a stock or plant of kail. They must go out hand in hand with eyes shut and pull the first they meet with its being big or little straight or crooked is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells, the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, stick to the root that is to clear or fortune and the taste of the custoc, that is, the heart of the stem is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems, or, to give them their ordinary appellation the runts, are placed somewhere above the head of the door and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house, are, according to the propriety of placing the runts, the names in question — B

† They go to the barn-yard and pull each, at three several times a stalk of oats. If the third stalk wants the top pickle that is, the grain at the top of the stalk, the party in question will come to the marriage bed anything but a maid — B

But Rab slips out, and jink's about,
 Behint the muckle thorn :
 He grippit Nelly hard and fast ;
 Loud skinked¹ a' the lasses ;
 But her tap-pickle maist was lost,
 When kiltin'² in the fause-house,
 Wi' him that night.

The auld guidwife's weel-hoordit nut,[†]
 Aie round and round divided,
 And mony lads' and lasses' fates
 Are there that night decided :
 Some kindle coothie,³ sae by side,
 And burn thegither 'rimly ;
 Some start awa' wi' sawy pride,
 And jump out-owre the chimnie
 Ke' high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie ee ;
 Wha 'twas she wadna tell ;
 But this is Jock, and this is me,
 She says in to hersel :
 He bleezed owie her, and she owre him,
 As they wad never mair part ;
 Till, fuff ! he started up the lum,⁴
 And Jean had e'en a sair heart
 To see't that right.

Poor Willie, wi' his bow-kail nut,
 Was burnt wi' primsie Mallie,
 And Mallie, nae doubt, took the dunt,⁵
 To be compared to Willie,
 Mall's nut lap out wi' pudesu' sling,
 And her ain fit it burnt it ;
 While Willie lap, and swore, by jing,
 'Twas just the way he wanted
 To be that night.

Nell had the fause-house⁶ in her min'
 She pits her-el and Rob in ;
 In loving bleeze they sweetly join,
 Till white in ase they're sobbin' ;
 Nell's heart was dancin' at the view,

¹ Skinked² Cuddling.³ Agreeably⁴ Chimney⁵ Dunt

[†] When the corn is in a doubtful state, by being too green or wet, the stack-buider, by means of old timber, &c., makes a large apartment in his stack, with an opening in the side which is fairest exposed to the wind. this he calls a fause-house -- B.

[†] Burning the nuts is a famous charm. They name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and, accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courts'hip will be -- B.

She whisper'd Rob to leuk for't:
 Rob, stowlin, pree'd¹ her bonny mou',
 Fu' cozie² in the neuk for't,
 Unseen that night.

But Merran sat behind their backs,
 Her thoughts on Andrew Bell.
 She lea'es them gashin' at their cracks,*
 And slips out by hersel:
 She through the yaid the nearest tak's,
 And to the kiln she goes then,
 And darklins graipit for the bauks,³
 And in the blue-clue† throws then,
 Right fean't that night.

And aye she win't,⁴ and aye she swat,
 I wat she made nae jaukin',⁵
 Till something held within the pat,
 Gud Lord! but she was makin'!
 But whether 'twas the deil himsel,
 Or whether 'twas a bauk-en,
 Or whether it was Andrew Bell,
 She didna wait on talkin'
 To spier⁶ that night.

Wee Jenny to her grannie says,
 "Will ye go wi' me, grannie?
 I'll eat the apple ‡ at the glass
 I gat frae Uncle Johnnie:"
 She full't her pipe wi' sic a hint,⁷
 In wrath she was sae vap'rin',
 She notice't na, an aize⁸ brunt
 Her braw new worst ap'ron
 Out through that night.

"Ye little skelpie-limmer's face!
 I daur you try sic sportin'
 As seek the foul thief ony place,
 For him to spae your fortune;
 Nae doubt but ye may get a sight!

¹ Stealthily kissed

⁴ Wound.

⁷ Cloud of smoke.

² Snuggly

⁵ Tallying

⁸ Under

³ Cross-beam

⁶ Ask.

* A purely literal rendering here is of no use. "She leaves them in the full idle of confident talk" may nearly convey the poet's meaning.
 † Whoever would, with success, try this spell, must strictly observe these directions. — Steal out, all alone, to the kiln, and darkling, throw into the pot a blue of blue yarn, wind it off a new clue off the old one, and, to the end, something will hold the thread. Demand "Wha hauds?" — "He who holds." An answer will be returned from the kiln-pot, by naming the Christian and surname of your future spouse. — B.

‡ Take a candle, and go alone to a looking-glass. Eat an apple before it, and some traditions say, you should comb your hair all the time, the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder. — B.

Great cause ye hae to fear it;
For mony a ane has gotten a fright,
And lived and died deleeret
On sic a night.

"Ae hairst afore the Sherramoon,—
I mind't as weel's yestreen,
I was a gilpey¹ then, I'm sure
I wisna past fifteen;
The simmer had been cauld and wae,
And stuff was unco green,
And aye a rantin' kirk² we gat,
And just on Halloween
It fell that night

"Our stibble-rig was kye M'Giac,
A clever, sturdy fallow
His son was Eppie³ him wae,
That lived in Achmacalla:
He gat hemp-seed,⁴ I mind it weel,
And he made unco light o't;
But mony a day was by himsel,
He was sic surly fightin'
That very night."

'Then up gat scutin' Jamie Fleck,
And he swore by his conscience,
That he could sow hemp seed a peck;
For it was a' but nonsense
The auld gundman rought⁵ down the peck,
And out a handfu' gied him;
Syne bade him slip frae 'mang the folk,
Some time when nae ane see'd him,
And try't that night.

He marches through 'mang the stacks,
Though he was something stutin';
The gaup⁶ he for a harrow tak,
And hauls⁷ it at his curpin;
And every now and then he says,
"Hemp-seed, I saw thee,
And he that is to be my lass,
Come after me, and draw thee
As fast this night."

¹ Young girl

² Harvest home

³ Reached

⁴ Timorous

⁵ Diving fork

⁶ Drags

⁷ Rear

* Steal out unperceived, and sow a handful of hemp-seed, harrowing it with anything you can conveniently draw after you. Repeat now and then, "Hemp-seed, I saw thee, I saw thee, and him (or her) that is to be my true love, come after me and pou thee." Look over your left shoulder, and you will see the appearance of the person invoked, in the attitude of pulling hemp. Some traditions say, "Come after me and shaw thee," that is, show thyself. In which case it simply appears. Others omit the harrowing, and say, "Come after me, and harrow thee."—S.

He whistled up Lord Lennox' march
 To keep his courage cheery;
 Although his hair began to aich,
 He was sae slei'd¹ and eerie:
 Till presently he hear a squeak,
 And then a grane and gruntle;
 He by his shouther gae a keek,
 And tumbled wi' a winkle²
 Out-owre that night.

He roar'd a horrid murder-shout,
 In dreadfu' desperation;
 And young and auld cam rinnin' out
 To hear the sad³ narration:
 He swore 'twas hulchun's⁴ Jean M'Craw,
 Or crouchie⁵ Meiran Humphie,
 Till, stop! she trotted through them a'--
 And wha was it but gounplie⁶
 Asteer that night!

Mcg faun wad to the barn hae gaen,
 To win three wechts⁷ o' naething;
 But for to meet the deil hei lane,
 Sic pat but little faith in.
 She gies the heid a pickle⁸ nit,
 And twa red-heekit apples,
 To watch, while for the bun she sets,
 In hopes to see 'I am hipples
 That very night.

She turns the key wi' cunning thaw.
 And owre the threshold ventures.
 But first on 'Sannie gies a ca',
 Syne haudly in she enters:
 A ratton rattled up the wa',
 And she cried, I ord, preserve he. !
 And ran through midden hole and a',
 And pray'd wi' zeal and fervour,
 Fu' fast that night.

They hoy't⁹ out Will, wi' sair advice,
 They hecht¹⁰ him some fine bran and;

¹ Frightened.

² Staggering.

³ Halting.

⁴ Crook-backed.

⁵ The pig.

⁶ Corn-baskets.

⁷ Few.

⁸ Upped.

⁹ Promised.

¹⁰ This charm must likewise be performed unperceived and alone. You go to the barn, and open both doors, taking them off the hinges, if possible, for there is danger that the being about to appear may shut the doors, and do you some mischief. Then take that instrument used in winnowing the corn, which in our country dialect we call a wecht, and go through all the attitudes of letting down contragast the wind. Repeat it three times, and the third time an apparition will pass through the barn, in at the windy door, and out at the other, having both the figure in question, and the appearance or retinue marking the employment or station in life.—B.

It chanced the stack he faddom't three¹;
 Was timber-propt for thrawin';
 He tak's a swulke,² auld moss-oak,
 For some black, grousome³ carlin;
 And loot a winze,⁴ and drew a stroke,
 Till skin in blypes⁵ cam hairlin'
 Aff's meves⁶ that night.

A wanton widow Leezie was,
 As canty as a kittlin',
 Lat, oon⁷ that night, among the shaws,
 She got a fearfu' settlin'⁸;
 She through the whins,⁹ and by the cairn,
 And owie the hail-ach-scurvin,
 Whare three lands' lands met at a burn,¹⁰
 To dip her left sark-sleeve in,
 Was bent that night.

Whyles owie a lion the bunnie plays,
 As through the glen it wimpl't,
 Whyles round a rocky cairn it strays;
 Whyles in a wiel⁷ it dumpt⁸;
 Whyles glitter'd to the nighty rays,
 Wi' bickering, dancing dazle,
 Whyles cookit underneath the bracs,
 Below the speuling hazel,
 Unseen that night.

Among the brackens on the brae,
 Between her and the moon,
 The deil, or else an outler quey,³
 Gat up and gae a croon.⁹
 Poor Leezie's heart maist lap the hool!¹⁰
 Near lav-rock-height she jumpit;
 But mist a fit, and in the pool
 Out-owie the lugs she plumpit,
 Wi' a plunge that night.

In order, on the clean hearth stane,
 The huggies three⁴ are hang'd,

¹ Knots.

² Hudcots.

³ An oath.

⁴ Sheds.

⁵ Hinds.

⁶ Course.

⁷ Lady.

⁸ Unhoused by her.

⁹ Moan.

¹⁰ Burst its case.

¹ Take an opportunity of going unnoticed to a heath-stack, and fathom it three times round. The last fathom of the last time, you will catch in your arms the appearance of your future conjugal yoke-fellow. — B.

² You go out, one or more, for this is a social spell, to a south-running spring or rivulet, where "three lands' lands meet," and dip your left shirt-sleeve. Go to bed on sight of a fire, and hang your wet sleeve before it to dry. Lie awake, and, some time near midnight, in apparition, having the exact figure of the grand object in question, will come and turn the sleeve, as if to dry the other side of it. — B.

³ Take three dishes — put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty. blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the

• And every time great care is ta'en
 • To see them duly changed :
 • Auld Uncle John, wha wedlock's joys
 • Sin' Mar's year did desne,
 Because he gat the toom¹ dish thrice,
 He heaved them on the fire
 • In wrath that night.

Wi' merry sangs, and friendly cracks,
 I wat they didna weary;
 And unco tales, and funny jokes,
 Thea sports were cheap and cheery;
 T'd butter'd soons,* wi' fragrant hunt,²
 Set a' their gabs³ a-steem,
 Syne, wi' a social glass o' strunt,⁴
 They partit a' careerim'
 • • Fu' blythe that night.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

A DINKI

GUTHRIE BURN. It is that "Several of the poems were produced for the purpose of bringing forward some favourite sentiment of the author's. He used to remark to me that he could not well conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. In casting about in his mind how this sentiment might be brought forward, the dinky, 'Man was Made to Mourn,' is composed.

An old Scottish ballad had suggested the poem. "I had an old grand-mule," says the poet to Mrs. Damiop, "with whom my mother lived a while in her girlish years. The good old man was long blind ere he died, during which time his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry while my mother would sing the simple old song of 'The Life and Age of Man.'" From the poet's mother, Mr. Cromek procured a copy of this composition, it commences thus:—

"Upon the sixteen hundred year
 Of God and fifty-three
 Thine Christ was born, who bought us dear,
 As writings testify,
 On January the sixteenth day,
 As I do lie alone,
 With many a sigh and sob did cry
 Al! man was made to mourn!"

When chill November's sultry blast
 Made fields and forests bare,
 One evening, as I wander'd forth
 Along the banks of Ayr,

1 Empty

2 Smoke

3 Mouths

4 Spirits

dishes are ranged, he or she dips the left hand, if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid, if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish, it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered.—B

* *Sowens*—The shell of the corn (called shellings) is left in water until the fine meal particles are extracted. the liquid, when strained off, is boiled with butter

I spied a man whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care ;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?"
Began the reverend sage,

"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?

Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast begun

To wander forth with me to mourn
The miseries of man.

"The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Outspreading far and wide,

Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride.

I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return,

And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man ! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time !

Misspending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime !

Alternate follies take the sway ;

Licentious passions burn ;

Which tenfold force gives nature's law,

That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might ;

Man then is useful to his kind,

Supported is his right :

But see him on the edge of life,

With cares and sorrows worn,

Then age and want—oh ! all-match'd pair !—

Show, man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of fate,

In pleasure's lap carest ;

Yet think not all the rich and great

Are likewise truly blest.

But, oh ! what crowds in every land

Are wretched and forlorn !

Through weary life this lesson learn—

That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the numerous ills

Inwoven with our frame !

More pointed still we make ourselves—

Regret, remorse, and shame !

And man, whose heaven-elected face
 The smiles of love adorn,
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

" See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil ;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful, though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn

' If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave--
 By nature's law design'd--
 Why was an independent wretch
 E'er planted in my mind ?
 If not, why am I subject to
 His cruelty or scorn ?
 Or why has man the will and power
 To make his fellow mourn ?

" Yet let not this too much, my son,
 Disturb thy youthful breast ;
 This partial view of humankind
 Is surely not the last !
 The poor, oppressed, honest man,
 Had never, sure, been born
 Had there not been some recompense
 To comfort those that mourn

" O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend -
 The kindest and the best !
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid with thee at rest !
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn ;
 But, oh ! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn !"

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

GILBERT BURNS says, " regard to this fine poem -- " Robert had frequently remarked to me that nothing peculiarly venerable in the phrase, ' Let us join God ! ' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author, the world is indebted for ' The Cotter's Saturday Night.' When Robert had not some pleasure in view in which I was not thought fit to participate, we used frequently to walk together, when the weather was favourable, on the Sunday afternoons -- those precious breathing times to the labouring part of the community -- and enjoyed such Sundays as would make one regret to see their number abridged. It was in one of these walks that I first had the pleasure of hearing the author repeat ' The Cotter's Saturday Night.' I do not recollect to have read or heard anything by which I was more highly electrified. The fifth and sixth stanzas,

and the eighteenth, thrilled with peculiar ecstasy through my soul.* The cotter, in the 'Saturday Night,' is an exact copy of my father in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations, yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were 'at service out among the farmers roun'.¹ Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny-fee' with our parents, my father laboured hard, and lived with the most rigid economy, that he might be able to keep his children at home, thereby having an opportunity of watching the progress of our young minds, and forming in them early habits of piety and virtue, and from this motive alone did he engage in farming, the source of all his difficulties and distresses."

"Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur heat, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor."—GRAY.

My loved, my honour'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary hard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways.
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sigh;¹
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The mny beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' crows to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly toil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And, weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree,
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichtern' noise and glee.
Hie, wee bit mgle, blinking bonnily,
His clea' hearthstane, his thinsty wife's smile,
The lispin' infant pnatling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toi

Belyve,² the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, among the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some kentle rin
A canny errand to a neiber town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' blöom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

¹ Moan

² By and by.

"Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers;¹
 The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed, fleet;
 Each tells the uncoss² that he sees or hears;
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view.
 The mother sits her needle and her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amais³ as weel's the new---
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition duc.

Their master's and their mistress's command
 The younkens a' are warn'd to obey;
 And mind their labours wi' an eydent⁴ hand,
 And ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk⁵ or play:
 "And oh! be sure to see the Lord alway!"
 And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might:
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But, hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neighbor lad cam o'er the moon,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek;
 Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hasslins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild, worthless tale.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
 A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye,
 Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en,
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate⁶ and lathfu'⁷, scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
 Weel pleas'd to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O happy love!--where love like this is found!--
 O heart-felt raptures!--bliss beyond compare!
 I've paced much this weary mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare--
 "If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
 In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

¹ Inquires.
² Strange things.
³ Diligent.

⁴ Dully.
⁵ Bashful.

⁶ Hesitating
⁷ Other people

Is there in human form, that bears a heart,
 A wretch, a villain, lost to love and truth,
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
 Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth:
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
 Points to the parents' fondling o'er their child?
 Then paints the rum'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
 The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food:
 The soupe¹ their only hawkie² does afford,
 • That 'yont the burn³ and singly chaws her coof⁴:
 The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
 To grace the lad, her wee' hame'd kebbuck,⁵ fell,⁶
 And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it gude,
 The fugal wife, gamut⁷ons, will tell,
 How 'twas a townmoud⁸ auld, sin lint was i' the bell

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
 His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets⁷ wearing thin and bare;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
 He wales⁸ a portion with judicious care,
 And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
 Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
 Or noble "Psalm" beats⁹ the heaven-ward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
 The tickle⁸ ear no heartfelt raptures raise,
 Nae mason hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's sanguacious progeny:
 Or how the royal bard dæd groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

¹ Milk.² Cow.³ Porch.⁴ Well-saved cheer⁵ Biting⁶ Twelvemonth.⁷ Gray temples⁸ Selects.⁹ Nourishes.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How HE, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head:
 How His first followers and servants sped,
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land.
 How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand:
 And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's com-
 mand.

• Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
 The saint, the father, and the husband pray:
 Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
 That thus they all shall meet in future days:
 There ever last in increased days,
 No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling time moves round in æternal sphere.

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
 In all the pomp of method, and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole.
 But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
 And in His book of life the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their several way,
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
 The parent-priest then accret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
 That HE, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery shade,
 Would, in the way His wisdom see the best,
 Feed them and for their little ones provide,
 But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine provide!

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
 And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
 What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent

Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content !
 And, oh ! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile !
 Then, howe'er crown and coronets be lent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou ! who pour'd the patriotic tide
 That stream'd through Wallace's unlaunted heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
 The patriot's God, peculiarly Thine art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward !
 Oh never, never Scotia's realm desert ;
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-hard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard !

ADDRESS TO THE DEIL

GILBERT BURNS SAYS - "It was, I think, in the winter of 1784, as we were going with carts for coals to the family fire, (and I could yet point out the particular spot, that Robert first repeated to me the 'Address to the Deil' The curious idea of such an address was suggested to him by running over in his mind the many ludicrous accounts, and representations we have from various quarters of this august personage."

"Burns," says Carlyle, "even pities the very devil, without knowing, I am sure, that my uncle Toby had been beforehand here with him." "He is the father of curses and lies," said Dr. Smollett, "and is cursed and damned already." "I am sorry for it," said my uncle Toby. "A poet without love were a physical and metaphysical impossibility."

"O prince ! O chief of many thron'd powers,
 That led th' embattled seraphim to war !"—MILTON.

O THOU ! whatever title suit thee,
 Auld Hame, Satan, Nick, or Clootie,*
 Wha in yon cavern grim and sootie,
 Closed under hatches,
 Spunges† aboot the brum-stane cootie †
 * To scaud poor wretches!

Hear me auld Hangie, for a wee,
 And let joo damn'd bodies be;
 I'm sure sm' pleasure it can gie
 Een to a deil,
 To skelp and scaud poor dogs like me,
 And hear us squeel!

* Called Clootie on account of his hoofs (*Scottice*, clootie).

† *Spunges* is the best Scots word in its place I ever met with. The deil is not standing flinging the liquid brimstone on his friends with a ladle, but we see him standing at a large boiling vat, with something like a golf-bat, striking the liquid this way and that way adant, with all his might, making it fly through the whole apartment while the inmates are winking and holding up their arms to defend their faces. This is precisely the idea conveyed by *sparging*; flinging it in any other way would be *laving* or *splashing*—THE FREDERICK SHEPHERD.

‡ Literally, a small wooden tub. Here the poet means both the utensil and its contents.

Great is thy power, and great thy fame;
 Far kenn'd and noted is thy name;
 And though yon lowin' heugh's¹ thy hame,
 Thou travels far;
 And, faith! thou's neither lag nor lame,
 Nor blate nor scaur.²

Whyles raunging like a roaring lion,
 For prey a' holes and corners tryin':
 Whyles on the strong-wing'd tempest flyin',
 Til' in³ the kirk;
 Whyles in the human bosom pryin',
 Unseen thou licks,

I've heard my reverend grannie say,
 In lanely glens ye like to stray:
 Or where auld min'd castles gray,
 Nod to the moon,
 Ye fright the nightly wanderer's way
 Wi' eldritch cioon.⁴

When twilight did my grannie summon,
 To say her prayers, douce, honest woman
 As yont the dike he's heard you hummin',
 Wi' eenie drone;
 Or, rustlin, through the boortries⁵ comin',
 Wi' heavy groan.

Ac dreary, windy, winter night,
 The stars shot down wi' sklentim'⁶ hight,
 Wi' you, mysel, I gat a fright
 Ayont the lough;
 Ye, like a rash-bush, stood in sight,
 Wi' waving cough.

The cudgel in my nieve⁷ did shake,
 Each bristled hair stood like a stake,
 When wi' an eldritch stoor quack, quack,
 Amang the springs,
 Awa' ye squatter'd, like a drake,
 On whistling wings.

Let warlocks grim, and wither'd hags,
 Tell how wi' yon, on ragweed nags,
 They skim the muls and dizzy crags,
 Wi' wicked speed;
 And in kirk-yards renew their leagues
 Ower howkit⁸ dead.

Thence countra wives, wi' toil and pain,
 May plunge and plunge the kirk in vain:

¹ Flaming pit.

² Nor bashful nor likely
 to be frightened

³ Shaking

⁴ Unearthly moan

⁵ Elder-trees

⁶ Slanting.

⁷ First.

⁸ Disinterred

For, oh ! the yellow treasure's taen
 By witching skill ;
 And dawtit ¹ twal-pint hawkie's gaen
 As yell's the bill.²

Thence mystic knots mak great abuse
 On young gudmen, fond, keen, and louse ;
 When the best wark-lume i' the house,
 By canting wit,
 Is instant made no worth a louse,
 Just at the bit.

When throwes dissolve the snawy hoord,
 And float the jinglin' icy-boord,
 Then water-kelpie hant the foord,
 By your direct on,
 And 'nighted travellers are alured
 To then destruct on.

And aft your moss-travelling spunkies³
 Decoy the wight that lute and drunk is,
 The bleezin', crust, mischevous monkeys
 Delude his eyes,
 Till in some mny slough he sunk is,
 Ne'er mair to use.

When mason's mystic word and grip
 In storms and tempests raise you up,
 Some cock or cat your rage mair stop
 Oh, strange to tell !
 The youngest brother ye wad whip
 Aff straught to hell !

Lang sync, in Eden's bonny yard,
 When youthfu' lovers first were pair'd,
 And all the soul of love they shared,
 The raptur'd hour,
 Sweet on the fragrant flowery sward,
 In shady bowers,†

Then you, ye auld sneck-driving dog††
 Ye came to Paradise uncog,
 And play'd on man a cursed bogue,
 (Black be ye at fa' !)
 And giv'd the infant waird a shog,[‡]
 Mair maird a'.

Petted

² As milkies, v the bull

† shade

• The will o' the wisp

† This verse was originally thus --

Lang sync in Eden's happy scene,
 When stricken Adam's crys were green,

• And Eve wad be my bonny Jean,

My dearest part,

• A dancin', weel young handsome quean,

Wi' guileless heart

† Literally, withdrawing a belt for a dishonest purpose—here the poet says
 to mean that he got into Paradise on a false pretence.

D'ye mind that day, when in a bizz,¹
 Wi' reekit duds,² and reestit gizz,³
 Ye did present your smautie⁴ phiz
 And sklentet⁵ on the man of Uzz
 Your spitefu' joke?
 And how ye gat him i' your thrall,
 And brak him out o' house and hall,
 While scabs and blotches did him gall,
 Wi' bitter claw,
 And lowsed his ill-tongued, wicked scawl,⁶
 Was warst ava?
 But⁷ your domgs to rehearse,
 Your wily snare, and fechtin' fierce,
 Sim' that day Michael did you pierce,
 Down to this time,
 Wad ding a Lallan⁷ tongue o' Eise,⁸
 In prose or rhyme.
 And now, auld Cloots, I len ye're thinkl'm',
 A certain Baidie's rantin', drinkin',
 Some luckless hour will send him hinkin'
 To yom black pit,
 But, faith, he'll turn a corner jinkin',⁹
 And cheat you yet.
 Put, fire you weel, auld Nickie-ben!
 Oh, wae ye tik a thought and men!
 Ye ablus¹⁰ might I dnm ken--
 Still hae a stake--
 I, a wae to think upo' yon den,
 Even for tom sake!

THE JOEY BEGGARS

A CANZATA

THIS, the most dramatic effort of the poet's muse, was composed in 1785, and was suggested by a scene actually witnessed by Tom M^r. Gibson (Poosie Nanie) kept a public house in Macclesfield, frequented by all the vagrant fraternity of the district. Burns, passing the house one night in the company of his friends James Smith and John Richmond, was attracted by the sounds of mirth and revelry proceeding from the interior, entered, and was made heartily welcome by the motley crew assembled, who did not allow his presence to interrupt their enjoyment.

So little did Burns think of the performance that he forgot all about it, and but for the fact that one of his friends had a copy of it, it would have been lost. It was printed as a chap-book in Glasgow in 1798.

Sir Walter Scott says, "The Jolly Beggars," for humorous description and nice discrimination of character, is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry. The scene, indeed, is laid in the very lowest department of low life, the actors, being a set of strolling vagabonds, met to carouse and barter their rags and plunder for liquor in a hedge alehouse.

1 Hurry
 2 Smoking clothes,
 3 Singed hair
 4 Smutty

5 Glueed
 6 Scolding wife
 7 Lowland

8 Celtic
 9 Dodging
 10 Perhaps

Yet, even in describing the movements of such a group, the native taste of the poet has never suffered his pen to slide into any thing coarse or disgusting. The extravagant glee and outrageous frolic of the beggars are ridiculously contrasted with their maimed limbs, rags, and crutches, the sordid and squalid circumstances of their appearance are judiciously thrown into the shade. The group, it must be observed, is of Scottish character, yet the distinctions are too well marked to escape even the southron. The most prominent persons are a maimed soldier and his female companion, a halckneyed follower of the camp, a stroller, late the consort of a Highland ketterer or sturdy beggar,—‘but weary fa’ the waefu’ woodie!’ Being now at liberty, she becomes an object of rivalry between a ‘pigmy scraper with his fiddle,’ and a strolling tinker. The latter, a desperate bandit, like most of his profession, terrifies the musician out of the field, and is preferred by the damsel of course. A wandering ballad-singer, with a brace of doxies, is last introduced upon the stage. Each of these mendicants sings a song in character, and such a collection of humorous lyrics, connected with vivid poetical description, is not, perhaps, to be paralleled in the English language. The concluding ditty, chanted by the ballad-singer at the request of the company, whose ‘mirth and fun’ have now grown fast and furious, and set them above all sublunary terrors of jails and whipping-posts, is certainly far superior to an ‘sing in the ‘Beggars Opera,’ where alone we could expect to find its parallel. In one or two passages of ‘The Jolly Beggars,’ the music has lightly trespassed on decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song,*

‘High kilted was she,
As she gaed owre the lea’

Something, however, is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet, and if, from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one, and the imbecility of the other, the respect due to that of Burns may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humour.”

RECITATIVO.

WHEN lyart¹ leaves bestrew the yind,²
Or, waving like the hawkie-bu l,³
Bedm could Boreas’ blast;
When hailstones drive wi’ bitter skyte,⁴
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch⁵ drest;
Ae night at e’en a merry core
O’ randie, gangrel⁶ bodies,
In Poosie Nansie’s held the splore,⁷
To drink their orra duddies:⁸
Wi’ quaffing and laughing,
They ranted and they sang;
Wi’ jumping and thumping,
The vera girle⁹ rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld red rags,
Ane sal, weel braced wi’ mealy bags,
And knapsack a’ in order;
His doxy lay within his arm;
Wi’ usquebae and blankets warm—
She lilinket on her soldier:

¹ Gray.

² Earth.

³ The bat.

⁴ Dash.

⁵ Thin white frost.

⁶ Vagrant.

⁷ Merry meeting.

⁸ Odd pieces of raiment.

* The iron plate on which oat cakes were baked vibrated with the noise.

And aye he gied the touste drab
 The tither skelpin' kiss,
 While she held up her greedy gab,
 Just like an aumos dish.*
 Ilk smack still did crack still,
 Just like a cadger's† whup,
 Then staggering and swaggeeing
 He roai'd this ditty up —

AIR.

Tune — "Soldiers' Joy"

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
 And show my cuts and scars wherever I come :
 This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
 When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

My 'prenticeship I past whera my leader breathed his last,
 When the bloody die was cast on the heights of Abiam ;‡
 I served out my trade when the gallant game was play'd,
 And the Moro§ low was laid at the sound of the drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the floating batteries,||
 And there I left for witness an arm and a limb ;
 Yet let my country need me, with Elliot¶ to head me,
 I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of the drum
 Lal de daudle, &c.

And now though I must beg with a wooden arm and leg.
 And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,
 I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle, and my callet,
 As when I used in scarlet to follow a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

What though with hoary locks I must stand the winter shocks,
 Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,.
 When the t'other bag I sell, and the t'other bottle tell,
 I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a drum.
 Lal de daudle, &c.

* The aumos, or beggar's dish, a wooden platter carried by every mendicant for the purpose of receiving the alms, whether in the shape of money or eatables.

† An itinerant vendor of fish or miscellaneous goods, which he purveyed from a cart.

‡ The battle-field near Quebec, where General Wolfe fell in 1759.

§ El Moro, a strong castle defending Havannah, which was gallantly stormed when the city was taken by the British in 1762.

|| The destruction of the Spanish floating batteries, during the famous siege of Gibraltar in 1782, on which occasion the gallant Captain Curtis rendered the most signal service.

¶ George Augustus Elliot, created Lord Heathfield, for his memorable defence of Gibraltar, during the siege of three years. He died in 1790.

RECITATIVO.

He ended ; and the kebars¹ shook
 Aboon the chorns roar ,
 While frighted rations² backward leuk,
 And seek the benmost bore ;³
 A fany fiddler frae the neuk,
 He skiled out " Encore !"
 But up arose the martial chuck,
 And laid the loud uproar.

Tune- " Soldier Laddie "

I once was a maid, though I cannot tell when,
 And still my delight is in proper young men ;
 Some one of a troop of dragoon - was any laddie,
 No wonder I'm fond of a sodger laddie,
 Sing, Lal de la, &c.

The first of my loves was a swaggering blade,
 To rattle the thundering drum was his trade ;
 His leg was so tight, and his cheek was so ruddy,
 Transported I was with my sodger laddie
 Sing, Lal de la, &c.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
 The sword I forsook for the sake of the church,
 He ventured the soul, and I risk'd the body,
 'Twas then I proved false to my sodger laddie.
 Sing, Lal de la, &c.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified sot,
 The regiment at large for a husband I got,
 From the gilded spontoon to the fife I was ready,
 I asked no more but a sodger laddie.
 Sing, Lal de la, &c.

But the peace it reduced me to beg in despair,
 Till I met my old boy at a Cunningham fair,
 His bags regimental they flutter'd so gaudy,
 My heart it rejoiced at a sodger laddie.
 Sing, Lal de la, &c.

And now I have lived - I know not how long,
 And still I can join in a cup or a song ;
 But whilst with both hands - I can hold the glass steady,
 Here's to thee, my hero, my sodger laddie.
 Sing, Lal de la, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew in the neuk
 Sat guzzling wi a tunkler lizzie

¹ Rosters² Rats.³ Innermost hole.

They mind'd na wha the chorus' tenk,
 Between themselves they were sae busy :
 At length wi' drink and counting dizzy,
 He stouter'd up and made a face ;
 Then turn'd, and laid a smack on Grizzie,
 Syne tuned his pipes wi' grave grimace :--

AIR.

Tune -- "Auld Sir Symon."

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's son,
 Sir Knave is a fool in a session,
 He's there but a 'prentice, I trow,
 But I am a fool by profession.

My grannie she bought me a huk,
 And I held awa' to the school ;
 I fear I my talent misteuk,
 But what will ye hae of a fool ?

For drink I would venture my neck,
 A hizzie's the half o' my craft,
 But what could ye other expect,
 Of ane that's avowedly daft ?

I ance was tied up like a stuk,¹
 For civilly swearing and quaffing !
 I ance was abused in the kirk,
 For touzling² a lass i' my daffin.³

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport
 Let naeboddy name wi' a jeer.
 There's even, I'm tauld, i' the court
 A tumbler ca'd the Premier.

Observe ye yon reverend laird
 Mak faces to tickle the mob ?
 He rails at our mountebank squad -
 It's rivalry just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
 For faith I'm confoundedly dny,
 The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
 Gude Lord ! he's far dafter than I.

REFRATIVO.

Then neist outspak a rancle carlin,¹
 Wha ken't fu' weel to cleck the striling,²
 For mony a purse she had hookit,
 And had in mony a well been cloukit.
 Her dove had been a Highland laddie,
 But weary fa' the waefu' woodie,³
 Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
 To wail her braw John Highlandman :--

¹ Bullock
² Rumpiling

³ Merriment
⁴ A sturdy old woman

⁵ The gallows.

AIR.

Tune—"Oh, an ye were Dead, Guidman!"
 A Highland lad my love was born,
 The Lawland laws he held in scorn;
 But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.

CHORUS.

Sing, hey my braw John Highlandman!
 Sing, ho my braw John Highlandman!
 There's not a lad in a' the lan'
 W's match for my John Highlandman.

With his philabeg and taitan plaid,
 And guid claymore down by his side,
 The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
 And lived like lords and ladies gay,
 For a Lawland face he feared none,
 My gallant braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
 But ere the bud was on the tree,
 Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
 Embracing my John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

But, oh! they catch'd him at the last,
 And bound him in a dungeon fast;
 My curse upon them every one,
 They've hang'd my braw John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

And now a widow, I must mourn
 The pleasures that will ne'er return,
 Nae comfort but a hearty can,
 When I think on John Highlandman.
 Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVE.

A pigny¹ scraper, wi' his fiddle,
 Wha used at trysts and fairs to driddle,²
 Her strappin' limb and gaucy³ middle
 (He reach'd nae higher)
 Had hol'd his heartie like a riddle,
 And blawn't on fire.

Wi' hand on haunch, and upward ee,
 He croon'd his gairut, one, two, three,⁴

¹ Play.² Puzom.

Then in an arioso Key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' allegretto glee
His giga solò.

AIR.

Tune—"Whistle owre the lave o't."
Let me ryke¹ up to dight² that tear,
And go wi' me and be my dear,
And then your cvery car; and fear
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
And a' the tunes that ere I play'd,
The syccetest still to wife or maid,
Was whistle owre the lave o't.

At kirms and weddings we'll be there,
And oh! sae nicely's we will fare;
We'll house about till Daddy Care
Sings whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

Sae merrily the banes we'll pyke,
And sun ourselves about the dike,
And at our leisure, when ye like,
We'll whistle owre the lave o't.

I am, &c.

But bless me wi' your heaven o' charms,
And while I kittle han on thaums,⁴
Hunger, cauld, and a' sic harms,
May whistle owre the lave o't
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturly card.⁴
As weel as popi gut-scaper,
He tak the fiddler by the beard,
And draws a roosty rapier—

He swore by a; was sweaning worth,
To speet him like a pliver,*
Unless he wad fròm that tunc forth
Reliaquish her for ever.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor Twcedle-dee
Upon his hunkers⁵ bended,
And pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
And sae the quarel ended.

¹ Reech.

² Wipe

³ Fiddlestrings

⁴ Tinker

⁵ Hams.

* To pit him like a plover.

But though his little heart did grieve
 When round the tinkler press'd her,
 He feign'd to snuggle¹ in his sleeve,
 When thus the caird address'd her:—

AIR.

Tune—"Clout the Caudron" •

My honny lass, I work in brass,
 A tinkler is my station •
 I've travell'd round all Christian ground
 In this my occupation.
 I've ta'en the gold, I've been emoll'd
 In many a noble squadron:
 But vain they search'd, when off I march'd •
 To go and clout the caudron.²
 I've ta'en the gold, &c
 Despise that shamp, that wither'd mup,
 Wi' a' his noise and captin',
 And tak a share wi' those that bear
 The budget and the apron
 And by that stoup, my faith and houp,
 And by that dear Killbegie,
 If e'er ye want, or meat wi' scant,
 May I ne'er weet my crangie³
 And by that stoup, &c. •

RECITATIVO.

The caird prevailed—the unblushing fair
 In his embraces sunk,
 Partly wi' love o'ercome sae san,
 And partly she was drunk
 Su' Violmo, with an air
 That show'd a man of spunk,
 Wi' h'd umson between the pair,
 And m'ie the bottle chunk
 To then health that night.
 • But urchin J'upid shot a shaft
 That play'd a dame a shavie,⁴
 The fiddler raked her fore and aft,
 About the chicken cawie.
 Her lord, a wight o' Homer's craft,⁵
 • Though limping wi' the spavie,
 He hurled up, and l'up like daff,
 And shored⁶ them Dainty Davie
 • O' boot that night.
 He was a care-defying blade
 • As ever Bacchus listid,

¹ I laugh

² Patch the pots or pans.

³ Thrut

⁴ A trick.

⁵ A ballad-singer

⁶ Offered.

Though fortune sair upon him laid,
 His heart she ever miss'd it.
 He had nae wish but—to be glad,
 Nor want but—when he thirsted ;
 He hated nought but—to be sad,
 And thus the muse suggested
 His sang that night :—

AIR

Tune--“ For a’ that, and a’ that ”

I am a bard of no regard,
 Wi’ gentle folks, and a’ that ;
 But Homer-like, the glowin’ hyke,¹
 • Frae town to town I draw that.

• For a’ that, and a’ that,
 And twice as muckle’s a’ that ;
 I’ve lost but ane, I’ve twa behind,
 I’ve wife enough for a’ that.

I never drank the Muses’ stank,²
 • Castalia’s burn, and a’ that ;
 But there it streams, and richly reams,
 My Helicon I ca’ that.
 • For a’ that, &c.

Great love I bear to a’ the fair,
 Their humble slave, and a’ that ;
 But lordly will, I hold it still
 A mortal sin to throw that.
 For a’ that, &c.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
 Wi’ mutual love, and a’ that ;
 But for how lang the flee may stang,
 Let inclination law that.
 • For a’ that, &c. •

Their tricks and craft hae put me daft,
 They’ve ta’en me in, and a’ that ;
 But clear your decks, and here’s the sea !
 I like the jads for a’ that.

For a’ that, and a’ that,
 And twice as muckle’s a’ that :
 My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
 They’re welcome till’t for a’ that.

¹ The staring crowd.

² Pool.

RECITATIVO.

So sang the baird—and Nansie's wa's
 Shook wi' a thunder of applause,
 Re-echoed from each mouth,
 They toom'd their pokes and pawn'd their duds,¹
 They scarcely left to co'er their fuds,²
 To quench their lowin' drouth.³
 Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
 The poet, did request,
 To loose his pack and wale³ a sang,
 A ballad o' the best,
 He, rising, rejoicing,
 Between his taa Deborahs,
 Looks round him and found them
 Impatient for the chorus.

THE AIR.

Tune—"Jolly Mortals, fill your Glasses"
 See! the smoking bowl before us,
 Mark our jovial ragged ring!
 Round and round take up the chorus,
 And in raptures let us sing.

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
 Liberty's a glorious feast
 Courts for cowards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

What is title? what is treasure?

What is reputation's care?

If we lead a life of pleasure,

'Tis no matter how or where!

A fig, &c.

With the gaily trick and fable,

Round we wander all the day;

And at night, in ban or stable,

Hug our doxies on the hay,

A fig, &c.

Does the train-attended carriage

Through the country light her way?

Does the sober bed of marriage

Witness brighter scenes of love?

A fig, &c.

Life is al' a variorum,

We regard not how it goes;

Let them caut about decorum

Who have characters to lose

A fig, &c.

¹ Tails.

² Burning thirst.

³ Choose.

Here's to budgets, bags, and wallets!
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged hats and callet!
One and all cry out - Amen!

A fig for those by law protected ¹
 Liberty's a glorious feast ¹
 Courts sit towards were erected,
 Churches built to please the priest.

THE VISION

IN consequence of his quarrel with the father of Jean Armour, and the unfortunate conduct of his love affairs, the allusion to Jean who appeared in the first edition

"Down flow'd her robe, & down she ran,
 Till half a leg was scann'd by Jan;
 And such a leg! my legs I fear
 Could only peer it.
 Sae straucht, sae taper, tight, and clean
 Name else can nae man see."

was removed in the next issue of his poems, the name of another charmer being introduced. When the course of his love is smoothed, for a time, with its introduction, never more to give way to another.

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, in alluding to the fact that one of our daughters was engaged on a picture representing one of the incidents in "The Vision," Burns says:—"I am highly flattered by the news you tell me of Conda. I wish to see the poor painter who does me so much honour, is Dr. Beattie says to Ross, the poet, of Mrs. Scott, from which, by the by, I took the idea of our little poem of Beattie in the Scottish ditty, which perhaps you have never seen. —

Ye shule yow heed, but o' my feegs,
Ye've set auld Scotia on her leg,
Lang hie she ben wi' brigs and flees,
Bambled and dreeze,
Her hiddle w'ud d' stroues an' pees,
W'es na' yow hizzie.

DUAN FIRST†

THE sun had closed the winter day,
The embers quit their roving jostle,
And hunger'd mankind ta'en her way
To kail-yards gath'ring round,
While faithless snows, all steep with joy
Where she had been

* Ross, the author of a popular poem in the Scotch dialect, entitled "Helenore; or, The Fortunate Shepherdess."

See his "Cathiloda," vol. II of MacGincheron's translation. *R*

1. *Curling* is a wintry game peculiar to the southern counties of Scotland. When the ice is sufficiently strong on the lochs, a number of individuals, each provided with a large stone of the shape of an oblate spheroid, smoothed at the bottom, range themselves on two sides, and being furnished with handles, play against each other. The game resembles bowls, but is much more animated, and keenly enjoyed. It is well that uttered by the poet as a *roaring play*.

The thrasher's weary flingin'-tree¹ ;
 The lee-lang day had tired me ;
 And when the day had closed his ee,
 Far i' the west,
 But i' the spence,² night pensivie,
 I gaed to rest.

There, lanely, by the ingle-cheek,³
 I sat and eyed the spewing reek,⁴
 That fill'd, wi' hoast-provoking smeck,⁵
 The auld clay biggin' ;
 And heard the restless rattons squeak
 About the riggin'.

All in this nootic,⁶ misty clime,
 I backward mused on wastel time,
 How I had spent my youth i' pume,
 And done naething,
 But stungin' bellicis⁷ up in rhyme,
 For fools to sing

Had I to gude advice but harkit,
 I might by this hae led a market,
 Or stutted in a bank, and seikit
 My cash-account
 While here, half nard, half-fed, half-sukit,
 Is a' the amount

I started, muttering, Blockhead ! coof !⁸
 And heaved on high my waukit loof,⁹
 'Tis swear by a' yon stairy roof,
 Or some rash aith,
 That I henceforth would be rhyme proof
 Till my last breath--

When, click ! the string the snick¹⁰ did draw
 And, jee ! the door gaed to the wa' ;
 And by my ingle-lowe I saw,
 Now beezin' bright,
 A tight, outlandish hizzie, braw,
 Come full in sight.

Ye needna flout, I held my whisht ;
 The infant aith, half-form'd, was crisht ;
 I glower'd as een's I'd been dusht¹¹
 In some wild glen ;
 When sweet, like modest Wouth, she blusht,
 And stepp'd ben.¹²

¹ The flail² The parlour³ Fireside⁴ Belching smoke⁵ Cough-provoking smoke.⁶ Hazy⁷ Nonsense.⁸ Fool⁹ Hardened palm.¹⁰ Latch¹¹ Frightened.¹² Into the room

Green, slender, leaf-clad holly-boughs
 Were twisted gracefu' round her brow—
 I took her for some Scottish Muse,
 By that same token;
 And come to stop those reckless vows,
 Would soon be broken.

A "hare-brain'd, sentimental trace"
 Was strongly mark'd in her face;
 A wildly-witty, rustic grace
 Shone full upon her;
 Her eye e'en turn'd on empty space,
 Beam'd keen with hono^r.

Down flow'd her robe, a tatar¹ sheen,
 Till half a leg was scrimply² seen;
 And such a leg! my bonny Jean
 Could only peer it;
 Sae straught, sae taper, tight, and clean,
 Nane else cam near it.

Her mantle large, of greenish hue,
 My gazing wonder chiefly drew;
 Deep lights and shades, bold-mingling threw
 A lustric grand;
 And seem'd, to my astonish'd view,
 A well-known land

Here, rivers in the sea were lost;
 There, mountains to the skies were tost:
 Here, tumbling billows mark'd the coast,
 With surging foam,
 There, distant shone Ait's lofty bo³ast,
 The lordly dome.

Here, Doon pou'd down his far fetch'd floods;
 There, well-fed Irvine stately thuds:
 Auld hermit Ayr staw'd through his woods,
 On to the shore;
 And many a lesser torrent sends,
 With seeming roar

Low, in a sandy valley spread,
 An ancient borough rear'd her head
 Still, as in Scottish story read,
 She boasts a race
 To every nobler virtue b⁴ef,
 And polish'd grace

By stately tower or palace fair,
 Or ruins pendent in the air,

¹ Scarf

² Scam'd

³ Stole

⁴ The town of Ayr.

Bold stems of heroes, here and there,[†]
 I could discern;
 Some seem'd to muse, some seem'd to dare,<
 With features stern.

My heart did glowing transport feel,
 To see a race^{*} heroic wheel,
 And brandish round the deep-dyed steel
 In sturdy blows;
 While back-recoiling seem'd to reel
 Their sathion foes.

His country's saviour, † mark him well!
 Bold Richardson,[‡] heroic swell;
 The chief on Sark § who glorious fell,
 In high command;
 And he whom ruthless fate[¶] expelled
 His native land.

There, where I[¶] accepted Pictish shade ||
 Stalk'd round in fashes slowly laid,
 I mark'd a martial race, portray'd
 In colours strong;
 Bold of her-featured, undim'd
 They stalk'd along.

Through many a wild romantic grove,^{¶¶}
 Near many a hermit-fenced cove,
 (I felt hands for hand hip or for love,
 In musing mood,
 An aged pulc, I saw him rove,
 Dispensing good.

With deep-stuff'd reverential awe
 The learned sire and son I saw,^{**}
 To nature's God and nature's law
 They gave their love,
 Thus, all its source and end to hew,
 That, to adore.

* The Wallace — B

† Sir William Wallace — B.

‡ Adam Wallace of Richardson, cousin to the immortal preserver of Scottish independence — B

§ Wallace, Lord of Craigh, who was second in command, under Douglas, Earl of Ormond, at the famous battle on the banks of Sark, fought in 1448. That glorious victory was principally owing to the judicious conduct and intrepid valour of the gallant Lord of Craigh, who died of his wounds after the action — B

¶ Colvis, king of the Picts, from whom the district of Kyle is said to take its name, lies buried, as tradition says, in the family seat of the Montgomeries of Coilsfield, where his burial-place is still shown — B

¶¶ Birkmuning, the seat of the late Lord Justice-Clerk — B (Sir Thomas Miller of Glenlee, afterwards President of the Court of Session)

** The Rev Dr Matthew Stewart, the celebrated mathematician, and his son Mr Dugald Stewart, the elegant expositor of the Scottish school of metaphysics, are here meant, their villa of Catrine being situated on the Ayr.

Brydson's brave ward * I well could spy,
 Beneath old Scotia's smiling eye:
 Who call'd on Fame, low standing by,
 To hand him on,
 • Where many a patriot name on high
 And hero shone.

DUAN SECOND

With musing-deep, astonish'd stare,
 I view'd the heavenly seeming fair;
 A whispering throb did witness bear
 Of kindred sweet,
 When with an elder sister's air
 • She did me greet:—

“All hail! my own inspir'd bard!
 In me thy native Muse regard;
 Not longer mourn thy fate is hard,
 Thus poorly low!
 I come to give thee such reward
 • As we bestow.

“Know, the great genius of this land
 Was many a light, aerial band,
 Who, all beneath his high command,
 Harmoniously,
 As arts or arms they understand,
 • Then labours ply.

“They Scotia's race among them share;
 Some fire the soldier on to dare:
 Some rouse the patriot up to dare
 Corruption's care:
 Some teach the bard, a daring care,
 • The tuneful art

“'Mong swelling floods of recking gore,
 They ardent, kindling spirits pour,
 Oh, 'mid the venal senate's roar,
 • They, sightless, stand
 To mend the honest patriot-love,
 • And grace the land.

“And when the bard, on hoary stage,
 Charm or instruct the future age,
 They bind the wild, poetic rage,
 • In energy,
 Or point the inconclusive page
 • Full on the eye.

“Hence Fullarton, the brave and young;
 Hence Dempster's zeal-inspir'd tongue;
 •

* Colonel Fullarton.—B

Hence sweet harmonious Beattie sung
 His Minstrel lays;
 Or fore, with noble ardour stung,
 The sceptic's bays.

"To lower orders are assign'd
 The humbler ranks of humankind,
 The rustic bard, the labouring hind,
 The artisan;
 All choose, as various they're inclined,
 The various man.

"When yellow waves the heavy grain,
 The threatening storm some, strongly, rain;
 Some teach to meliorate the plain,
 With tillage skill;
 And some instruct the shepherd-ain,
 * Blithe o'er the hill.

"Some hint the lover's hymnless wife;
 Some grace the maiden's artless smile;
 Some soothe the labourer's weary toil.
 For humble gains,
 And make his cottage-scenes beguile
 His cares and pains.

"Some, bounded to a district-space,
 Explore at large man's infant race,
 To mark the embryotic trace
 Of rustic bard;
 And careful note each opening grace.
 A guide and guard.

"Of these am I—Coil, my name,
 And this district as mine I claim,
 Where once the Campbells,* chiefs of fame,
 Held ruling power,
 I mark'd thy embryotic twining flame,
 Thy natal hour.

"With future hope, I oft would gaze,
 Fond, on thy little early ways,
 Thy rudely-caroll'd, chiming phrase,
 In uncouth rhymes,
 Fied at the simple, artless lays
 Of other times.

"I saw thee seek the sounding shore,
 Delighted with the dashing roar;
 Or when the north his sleev store
 Drove through the sky
 I saw grim nature's visage hoar
 Struck thy young eye."

* The Loudoun branch of the Campbell family is here meant.

"Or when the deep green-mantled earth
Warm cherish'd every floweret's birth,
And joy and music pouring forth
In every grove,
I saw thee eye the general mirth
With boundless love.

"When open'd fields, and azure skies,
Call'd forth the reaper's rustling noise.
I saw thee leave their evening joys,
And lonely stalk,
To vent thy bosom's swelling rise
In pensive walk.

"When youthful love, warm-blushing, strong,
Keen-shivering shot thy nerves along,
Those accents, grateful to thy tongue,
Th' adored Name,
I taught thee how to pour in song,
To soothe thy flame.

"I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild, send thee Pleasure's devious way,
Mistled by Fancy's meteor-ray,
By passion driven ;
But yet the light that led astray
Was light from Heaven.

"I taught thy manners-painting strains,
The loves, the ways of simple swains,
Till now, o'er all my wide domains
Thy fame extends ;
And some, the pride of Coik's plains,
Become thy friends.

"Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow ;
Or wake the bosom-melting throng,
With Shenstone's song ;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.

"Yet all beneath the univall'd rose,
The lowly daisy sweetly blows ;
Though large the forest's monarch throws
His angry shade,
Yet green the juicy hawthorn grows
Adown the glade.

"Then never murmur nor repine ;
Strive in thy humble sphere to shine ;
And, trust me, not Potom's name,
Nor kings' regard,
Can give a bliss o'ermatching thine—
A rustic bard.

"To give my counsels all in one,
Thy tuneful flame still careful fan;
Preserve the dignity of man,
With soul erect;
And trust, the universal plan
Will all protect

"And wear thou this," she solemn said,
And bound the holly round my head.
The polish'd leaves, and berries red,
Did rustling play.
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away

'A WINTER NIGHT

CARYLE says of this Poem "How touching it, amid the gloom of personal misery that broods over and around him, that amid the storm, he still thinks of the cattle, the silly sheep, and the wee harmless birdies!—Yes, the tenant of the mean lowly hut has the heart to pity all these. This is worth a whole volume of homilies on mercy, for it is the voice of mercy itself. Burns lives in sympathy—his soul rushes forth into all the realms of being, nothing that has existence can be indifferent to him."

"Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm!
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you,
From seasons such as these?" SHAKESPEARE

WIND luting Boreas, fell¹ and donec,²
Sharp shivers through the leafless lower;
When Phoebus gives a short-lived glow³

Far south the lift,⁴
Dim-darkening through the flaky shower,
Or whirling dust.

As night the storm the steeples rocked,
Poor labour sweet in sleep was locked,
While burns, w⁵ snawy wreaths up-choked⁶,

Wild-calling swirl,
Or through the munning outlet locked,⁵
Down howling hurl.

I listening the doors and wainlocks⁶ rattle,
I thought me on the omie⁷ cattle,
Or silly sheep, wha bide this⁸ brattle⁸

O' w⁹ter war,
And through the dust, deep-luring sprattle.⁹
Beneath a scaut.¹⁰

Ilk happing¹¹ bird, wee, helpless thing,
That, in the hurny months o' spring,

¹ Keen.

² Stern.

³ Look.

⁴ Sky.

⁵ Belched.

⁶ Win taws

⁷ Shivering.

⁸ Dashing storm.

⁹ Struggle.

¹⁰ Chiff.

¹¹ Hopping.

Delighted me to hear thee sing,
 What comes o' thee?
 Where wilt thou cower thy chattering wing,
 And close thy ee!

Even you, on murdering errands toil'd,
 Lone from your savage homes exiled,
 The blood-stam'd roost, and sheep-cot spoil'd,
 My heart forgets,
 While pitiless the tempest wild
 Sore on you beats.

Now Phoebe, in her midnight reign,
 Dark muffled, view'd the dreary plain;
 Still crowding thoughts, a pensive train,
 Rose in my soul,
 When on my ear this plaintive strain,
 Slow, solemn, stole:—

“Blow, blow, ye winds, with heavier gust,
 And freeze, thou bitter-biting frost!
 Descend, ye chilly, smothering snows!
 Not all your rage, as now united, shows
 More hard and kindness, unrelenting,
 Vengeful malice unrepenting,
 Than heaven-illumined man on brother man bestows!

“See stern Oppression's iron grip,
 Or mad Ambition's gory hand,
 Sending, like blood-hounds from the clip,
 Woe, Want, and Murder o'er a land!
 Even in the peaceful rural vale,
 Truth, weeping, tells the mournful tale,
 How pamper'd Luxury, Flattery by her side,
 The parasiteempoisoning her ear,
 With all the servile wretches in the rear,
 Looks o'er proud Property, extended wide,
 And eyes the simple rustic hind,
 Whose toil upholds the glittering show,
 A creature of another kind,
 Some coarser substance unrefined,
 Placed for her lordly use thus far, thus vile, below.

Where, where is Love's fond, tender thro',
 With lordly Honour's lofty brow,
 The powers you proudly own?
 Is there, beneath Love's noble name,
 Can harbour dark the selfish aim,
 To bless himself alone!
 Mark maiden innocence a prey
 To love-pretending snares:
 This boasted Honour turns away,
 Shunning soft Pity's rising sway,

Regardless of the tears and unavailing prayers !
 Perhaps this hour, in misery's squalid nest,
 She strains your infant to her joyless breast,
 And with a mother's fears shrinks at the rocking blast !

"O ye who, sunk in beds of down,
 Feel not a want but what yourselves create,
 Think for a moment on his wretched fate
 Whose friends and fortune quite disown !
 Ill satisfied keen nature's clamorous call,
 Stretch'd on his straw he lays himself to sleep,
 While through the ragged roof and chunky wall,
 Chill o'er his slumbers piles the drifty heap !
 Think on the dungeon's grim confine,
 Where Guilt and poor Misfortune pine !
 Guilt, every man, relenting view !
 But shall thy legs' rage pursue
 The wretch, already crush'd low
 By cruel fortune's undecid'd blow ?
 Affliction's sons are brothers in distress,
 A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss !"

I heard na man, for clantie leer
 Stook off the pouthery snaw,
 And hail'd the morning with a cheer,
 A cottage-rousing claw.

But deep this truth impress'd my mind -
 Through all His works abroad,
 The heart benevolent and kind
 The most resembles God

SCOTCH DRINK.

DUNCAN FARMS of Culloden, who did so much to pacify the country after the defeat of Culloden, received from the government as a reward for his services the privilege of distilling whisky free of duty. So popular did his whisky become, that Ferintosh, the name of his barony in which his whisky was manufactured, became a recognised name or synonym throughout the country for all sorts of whisky.

When the privilege was withdrawn in 1785, his family received from the government compensation to the amount of £51,580.

In addition to this the public attention was further turned to "the national beverage," on account of the stringent way in which the excise laws were being enforced at the various distilleries. These circumstances gave the poet his cue.

Writing to Robert Muir, Kilmarlock, he says, "I here enclose you my 'Scotch Drink,' and may the devil follow with a blessing for your earnings. I hope some time before we hear the gowk, [cuckoo,] to have the pleasure of seeing you at Kilmarlock, when I trust we shall have a gill between us in a matchkin stoup, which will be a great comfort and consolation to your humble servant, R. B."

"Gie him strong drink, until he wink,
 That's sinkin' in despair,
 And liquor good to fire his blaw,
 That's prest wi' grief and care."

There let him bouse, and deep carouse,
Wi' bumpers flowing o'er,
Till he forgets his loves or debts,
And mends his griefs no more."

—SOLOMON'S PROVERBS xxxi 6, 7.

LET other poets raise a fracas
'Bout vines, and wines, and drunken Bacc'us,
And crabbit names and stories wack¹ us,
And grate our lug,²
I sing the juice Scotch beare can mak us,
In gla'sot jug.

O thou, my Muse! guid auld Scotch drink,
Whether through wimplin' worms thou jink,*
Or, richly brown, beam o'er the brink,
In glorious faim,
Inspire me, till I hup and wink,
• • • To sing thy name!

Let husky wheat the haughs adorn,
And aits set up their awnle horn,³
And peas and beans, at e'en or morn,
Perfume the plain,
Laeze me on thee, John Barleycorn,
Thou king o' grain!

On thee aft Scotland chow, her cood,
In souple scones,⁴ the wale o' food !
Or tumblin' in the boilin' flood
 Wi' kail and beef ;
But when thou pouis thy strong heart's blood,
 There thou shines chief.

Food fills the wame, and keeps us livin';
Though life's a gult no worth receivin'
Whin heavy dragg'd wi' pene and grievin';
But, oil'd by thee,
The wheels o' life gae down-hill, screevin',
Wi' rattlin' glee.

• Thou clears the head o' doted Lean ;
• Thou cheers the heart o' drooping Care ;
• Thou strings the nerves o' Labour - ur,
• At's weary toil ;
• Thou even brightens dark Despair
• W'r gloomy smile.

A't clad in massy siller weed,⁶
 Wi' gentles thou erects thy head.

1 Bother.
2 Ear.

³ Beard.
⁴ Casey.

8 Trippingly
6 Silverings

* Whether through winding pipes thou steal

Yet humbly kind in time o' need,
 The poor man's wine,
 His wee drap parritch, or his bread,
 Thou kitchens¹ fine.

Thou art the life o' public haunts;
 But thee, what were our fans and rants?
 Even godly meetings o' the saunt,
 By thee inspired,
 When gaping they besiege the tents,[†]
 Are doubly fired.

That merry night we get the corn in,
 Oh, sweetly then thou reams the horn in!
 Or reekin' on a new-year morning
 In cog or bucket,²
 And just a wee drap spiritus burra in,
 And gusty sucker³ is.

When Auld in girths bellows breath,
 And ploughmen gather wi' their graith,⁴
 Oh, rare! to see thee fizz and feath
 I' the lugget camp⁵ is
 Then Bunewm⁶ comes on like death,
 At every chap.

Nae mercy, then, for arm or steel;
 The bawmie, lammie, ploughman chiel,
 Bungs hard owelup, wi' sturdy wheel,
 The strong forehammer,
 Till black and studdie ring and reel,
 Wi' dinsome clamour.

When skuln' weanies⁷ see the light,
 Thou mak's the gossips clatter bright,
 How funblin' cuffs⁸ their dearies slight;
 Wae worth the name!
 Nae howly⁹ gets a social night,
 Or pluck hae them.

When neighbors anger at a plea,
 And just as wud as wud¹¹ can be,
 How easy can the barley-bree
 Cement the quarrel[†]
 It's aye the cheapest lawyer's fee
 To taste the barrel.

A'ake! that e'er my Muse has reason
 To wyte¹² her countrymen wi' treason.

¹ Relishest² Woodey vessels[†] Loosens me sugar[†] Implements³ Wooden cup with ears⁴ The blacksmith⁷ Shouting children⁸ Awkward fools⁹ Midwife¹⁰ Mid¹¹ Change

Ale is frequently taken with porridge instead of milk
 The refreshment at out-door communions (See "Holy Fair")

But mony daily weet their weason¹
 Wi' liquors nice,
 And hardly, in a winter's season,
 E'er spier² her price.

Wae worth that brandy, burning trash !
 Fell source o' mony a pain and biash !³
 'Twin's mony a poor, doylt, drucken hash
 (O' half his days ;
 And sends, beside, auld Scotland's cash
 To her worst fads.

Ye Scots, wha wish auld Scotland weel !
 Ye chief, to you my tale I tell,
 Poor plackless devils like mysel,
 It sets you ill,
 Wi' bitter, dearthfu' wines to mell,⁴
 O' foreign gill.

May gravels round his blether wretch,
 And gouts torment him mch by mch,
 Wha twists his gounth w' a glund,⁵
 (O' sou' disdam,
 Out-ow'e a glass o' whisky punch
 Wi' honest men.

O whisky ! soul o' plays and pranks !
 Accept a Baidie's gratefu' thanks !
 When wanting thee, what tuneless crank's
 Are my poor verscs !
 Thou comes— they rattle t' thg rank
 At ither's a—es.

Thee, Ferintosh ! oh, sadly lost !
 Scotland lament frae coast to coast !
 Now colic grips, and bairn' hoast,⁶
 May kill us a' ;
 For loyal Forbes's charter'd hoast,
 Is ta'en awa' !

Thae gurs' horse-léeche, o' th' Excise,
 Wha mak the whisky-sells then pryce !
 Haud up thy han', deil ! ance, twice, thirce,⁷
 There, seize the blinker,⁸
 And bake them up in brunstane pies
 For poor damn'd drinkers.

Fortune ! if thou'll but gie me still
 Hale brecks, a scone, and whisky gill,

¹ Throat² Ask³ Sickness.⁴ Rough fellow.⁵ Ucan⁶ Meddle⁷ I see with a grin.⁸ Cough.⁹ A term of contempt

And rowth¹ o' rhyme to rave at wi,²
 Tak a' the rest,
 And deal't about as thy blind skil
 Directs thee best.

REMORSE.

A FRAGMENT

THE following is from the commonplace-book of the poet, and is supposed to relate to his first serious error

Of all the numerous ills that hunt our peace,
 That press the soul, or wring the mind with anguish,
 Beyond comparison, the worst are those
 That to our folly or our guilt we owe.
 In every other circumstance, the mind
 Has this to say—"It was no deed of mine;"
 But when, to all the evil of misfortune,
 This sting is added—"Blame thy foolish self,"
 Or, worse far, the pangs of keen remorse—
 The torturing, gnawing consciousness of guilt—
 Of guilt perhaps where we've involved others,
 The young, the innocent, who fondly loved us,
 Nay, more—that very love their cause of ruin!
 O burning hell! in all thy store of torments,
 There's not a keener lash!
 I've seen there a man so him, who, while his heart
 Feels all the bitter horrors of his crime,
 Can reason down its agonising throbs;
 And, after proper purpose of amendment,
 Can firmly force his jarring thoughts to peace!
 Oh, happy, happy, enviable man!
 Oh, glorious magnanimity of soul!

ANSWER TO A POETICAL EPISTLE,

SENT TO THE AUTHOR BY A TAILOR

THE following is the poet's reply to a rhymed epistle from a tailor near Mauchline, censuring him for his irregular behaviour

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie bitch,
 To thrash my back at sic a pitch?
 Losh, man! hae mercy w' your natch,
 Your bodkin's bauld,
 I didna suffer half sae much
 Frae Daddie Auld.

What though at times, when I grow crouse,²
 I gie the flames a random pouce,
 Is that enough for you to souse³

Your servant sae?
 "Gae mind your seam, ye prick-the-louse
 And jag-the-flac.

¹ Abundance.

² Jolly

³ Scold.

King David, o' poetic brief,
 Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
 As nill'd his after life wi' grief
 And bludy rants,
 And yet he's rank'd among the chief
 O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
 My wicked rhymes, and drunken rants,
 I'll gie auld cloven Clootie's haunts
 An unco ship yet,
 And snugly sit among the saunts
 At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs,¹ the session says I mair
 Gae fa' upon anither plan,
 Than gairn' lasses cowp the cran
 Clean heels owie gowdy,
 And sairly thole² then mither³ ban
 Afore the howdy.³

This leads me on, to tell for sport,
 How I did at the session sort:
 Auld Clunkum at the inner port
 Cried three times—"Robin"
 Come hither, lad, and answer for't,
 Ye're blamed for joblin'.

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday's face on,
 And snooved⁴ awa' before the session;
 I made an open, fair confession—
 I scorn'd to lie;
 And sync Mess John, beyond⁵ expression,
 Fell foul o' me

A furnicator-toon he call'd me,
 And said my fault frae bliss expell'd me;
 I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me,
 "But what the matter?"
 Quo' I, "I fear unless ye geld me,
 I'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you?" quo' he, "and what for no?
 If that your right hand, leg, or toe,
 Should ever prove your spiritual foe,
 You should remember
 To cut it aff—and what for no
 Your dearest member?"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no for that,
 Gelding's nae better than 'tis ca't;

Faith.

² Bear.³ Midwife⁴ Snucked.

I'd rather suffer for my fault,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw't,
A hearty flewit,
Though I should rue :

"Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I've just aeither—
When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I'll frankly gie her't a' thegither,
" And let her guide it."

But, sir, this pleased them warst ava,
And therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said, "Gude night," and cam awa',
And left the session ;
I saw they were resolved .'
On my expression.

THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST CRY AND PRAYER

TO THE SCOTCH REPRESENTATIVES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SEE the introduction to the poem entitled "Scotch Drink," p. 60 for an account of the circumstances which induced the composition of the foregoing

"Dearest of distillations! last and best!
How art thou lost!"—*Parody on Milton.*

Ye Irish lords, ye knights and squires,
Wha represent our bueghs and slutes,
And doucely¹ manage our affairs
In parliament,
'To you a simple Bardie's prayers
Are humbly sent.

Alas ! my roofit * Muse is hearse !²
Your honour's heart wi' grief 'twad pierce,
To see her sittin' on her a—e
 Low i' the dust,
And scraichin' † out pious verse,
 And ake to burst !

Tell them wha hae the chief direction,
Scotland and me's in great affliction,
E'er sin' they laid that cūrst restriction
" Oh aqua vitæ ;
And rouse them up to strong conviction,
And move their pity.

1 Soberly

² Hoarse.

* A party suffering from hoarseness and a dry, tickling cough, is said to be roopy or roopit.

↑ The meaning of this phrase cannot possibly be conveyed by any single English equivalent. Fancy a person with a sore throat trying to screech, or the noise the common hen makes when she is enraged, and some idea may be found of the meaning of the verb

Stand forth and tell yon Premier youth,¹
 The honest, open, naked truth :
 Tell him o' mine and Scotland's drouth,²
 His servants humble :³
 The muckle devil blaw ye south,
 If ye dissemble !
 Does ony great man glunch⁴ and gloom ?
 Speak out, and never fash your thoom !⁵
 Let posts and pensions sink, or soom⁶
 Wi' them wha grant 'em :
 If honestly they canna come,
 Fa' better want 'em.
 In gath'rin' votes you werena slack ;
 Now stand as tightly by your tack ;
 Ne'er claw your lug,⁷ and sidge⁸ your back,
 And hup⁹ and haw ;
 But raise your arm, and tell yon crack¹⁰
 Before them a'.

Paint Scotland greetin'¹¹ owre her thrissle,
 Her nutchkin soup as toom's¹² a whussle ;
 A damn'd exciemen in a busle,
 Seczin' a stell,
 Triumphant crushin' t' like a mussle
 Or lampit shell.

Then on the tither hand present her,
 A blackguard smuggler, right behint her,
 And check-for-chow a chuffie¹³ vintner,
 Colleaguin' join,
 Picking her pouch as bare as winter
 Of a' kind corn.

Is there, that bears the name o' Scot,
 But feels his heart's-bluid rising hot,
 To see his poor auld mither's pot
 Thus dung in staves,
 And plunder'd o' her hindmost goat
 By gallows knaves ?

Alas ! I'm but a nameless wight,
 Trod o' the mire and out o' sight !
 But could I like Montgomerie's fight,¹⁴
 Or gab like Boswell, †

¹ Thirt² Froom.³ Trouble your thumb⁴ Swim.⁵ Far⁶ Shing.⁷ Tale.⁸ Weeping.⁹ Empty¹⁰ Fat-faced.

* William Pitt

† Colonel Hugh Montgomery, then representing Ayrshire, who had seen service in the American war.

‡ James Boswell of Auchinleck, the biographer of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

There's some sark-necks I wad draw tight,
And tie some hose well.

God bless your honours, can ye see't,
The kind, auld, cantie carlin greet,¹
And no get warmly to your feet,
And gar them hear it,
And tell them wi' a patriot heat,
Ye wuma bear it?

Some o' you neely ken the laws,
To round the period and pause,
And wi' rhetoric clause on clause
To make harangues;
Then echo thrum on St. Stephen's wa's
Auld Scotland's wrangs.

Dempster,* a true-blue S. t' I've warran';
Thae, auld, h. t. e. m. g., chaste Kilkerran;†
And that glib-gabber‡ Highland baron
The Land o' Graham,§
And aye, a chap that's damn'd auld-farian,¶
Dundas his name. §

Erskine,|| a spunkie⁴ Notland billie;
True Campbells, Frederick and Ilay;¶
And Livingstone, the bauld Sn Willie;
And mony others,
Whom auld Demosthenes or Tully
Might own for brothers.

Thee, Solger Hugh, my watchman stented,
If hardies c't are represented,
I ken if that your sword were wanted,
Ye'd lend your hand:
But when there's aught to say anent it,
Ye're at a stand.**

Arouse my boys, exert your mettle,
Ta get auld Scotland back her kettle;
Or, faith! I'll wad my new plough pettle,⁵
Ye'll see't or lang,
She'll teach you, wi' a rockin' whittle,⁶
Another sang.

¹ The cheerful old wife cry

(Scotland is personified)

² Ready-tongued

³ Knowing

⁴ Plucky

⁵ Plough-staff,

⁶ Knife.

* George Dempster of Dunning, Forfarshire.

† Sir Adam Ferguson of Kilkerran, then member for Edinburgh.

‡ The Marquis of Graham.

§ Henry Dundas, afterwards Viscount Melville.

|| Thomas Erskine, afterwards Lord Erskine.

¶ Lord Frederick Campbell, brother to the Duke of Argyll, and Ilay Campbell, then Lord Advocate.

** Colonel Hugh Montgomery, as member for Ayr, was looked upon with a poet's licence as his special watchman in the matter. The allusion at the end of the verse is to his imperfect or ineffective elocution.

This while she's been in crankous¹ mood,
 Her lost militia fired her bluid;
 (Deil na they never mair do good,
 Play'd her that phiskie!²)
 And now she's like to rin red-wind
 About her whisky.

And, Lord, if ance they put her till't,
 Her tartan petticoat she'll kilt,
 And dunk and pistol at her belt,
 She'll tak the streets,
 And rin her whistle to the hilt
 I th' inst she meets!

For God's sake, sus, then speak her fan,
 And stak her cannie wi' the hair,
 And to the muckle House repan
 Wi' m'out speed,
 And stive, wi' a' yon wi' m' leat,
 To get a meal.

You ill-tongued tinkler, Charlie Fox,
 May taunt you wi' his jects and mocks;
 Ye gie hunt's hee, my hearty cocks!³
 E'en cove the cadlie!⁴

And send him to his dung-box
 And spoutin' lady.

Tell you gud bluid o' auld Bocochnock's^{*}
 I'll be his debt twa mashum hannocks,[†]
 And dunk his health in auld Nause Linnock's[‡]
 Nine times a weel,

¹ Ill-tempered, restless.² Trick.³ Follow.^{*} William Pitt was the grandson of Robert Pitt of Bocochnock, in Cornwall.[†] A mixture of oats, beans, peas, and barley flour.

[‡] A worthy old hostess of the author's in Machline, where he sometimes studied politics over a glass of good mild Scotch drink.—B. "Nause Linnock is long deceased, and no one has caught up her mantle. She is described as having been a true *old wife*, in the proverbial sense of the word—close, discreet, civil, and no talker. When any neighbouring wife came, asking if her *John* was here, 'O no,' Nause would reply, 'taking money in her pocket as she spoke, 'he's no here,' implying to the inquirer that the husband was not in the house, while she meant to her self that he was not among her half penny—thus keeping the word of promise to the coin, but breaking it to the hope. Her house was one of two stories, and had a front towards the street, by which Burns must have entered Machline from Moss-gill. The door over the door is 1744. It is remembered, however, that Nause never could understand how the poet should have talked of enjoying himself in her house 'nine times a week.' 'The *old*,' she said, 'hardly ever drank three half-mutchkins under her roof in his life.' Nause, probably, had never heard of the *partial* licence. In truth, Nause's hostelry was not the only one in Machline which Burns resorted to: a rather better looking house, at the opening of the Cowgate, kept by a person named John Dove, and then and still bearing the arms of Sir John Whiteford of Ballochmyle, was also a haunt of the poet's, having this high recommendation, that its back windows surveyed those of the house in which his 'Jean' resided. The reader will find in its proper place a droll epitaph on John Dove, in which the honest landlord's religion is made out to be a mere comparative appreciation of his various liquors."—CHAMBERLAIN.

If he some scheme, like tea and winnocks,*
Wad kindly seek.

Could he some commutation broach,
I'll pledge my aith in guid braid Scotch,
He needna fear their foul reproach
Nor erudition,
Yon mixtie-maxtie, queer hotch-potch,
The coalition.†

Auld Scotland has a rauce¹ tongue;
She's just a devil wi' a rung;²
And if she promise auld or young
To tak their part,
Though by the neck she should be strung,
She'll no desert.

And now, ye chapsen Five-and-Forty,‡
May still your mother's heart support ye;
Then though a minister grow dooty,³
And kick your place,
Ye'll snap your fingers, poor and hearty,
Before his face.

God bless your honours a' your days,
Wi' sowps⁴ o' kail and hats o' claise,⁵
In spite o' a' the thievish kaes⁶
That haunt St. Jamie's!
Your humble poet sings and prays
While Rab his name is.

POSTSCRIPT.

Let half-starv'd slaves in warmer skies
See future wines, rich clust'ring, rise;
Their lot auld Scotland ne'er envies,
But blithe and fisky,
She eyes her free-born, martial boys
Tak aff their whisky.

What though their Phœbus kinder warms
While fragrance blooms and beauty charms!
When wretches range, in 'amish'd swarms,
The scented groves,
Or, hounded forth, di-honour arms
In hungry droves.

¹ Rough.

² Cudgel.

³ Sulky

⁴ Spoonfuls.

⁵ Rags o' clothes.

⁶ Jackdaws

* Light and air not being so highly valued then as now, Pitt had gained credit for a remission of a part of the duty on tea at the expense of the winnocks (windows)

† Mixtie-maxtie and Hotch-potch – Scotch phrases for a mixture of incongruous elements

‡ The number of Scotch representatives

Their gun's a burthen on their shouther ;²
 They downa bide¹ the stink o' pouther ;
 Their bauldest thought's a hank'ring swither³
 To stan' or rin,
 Till skelp—a shot—they're aff, a' throu'ther,³
 To save their skin.

But bring a Scotsman fra his bill;
 Clap in his cheek a Highland gill,
 Say, such is royal George's will,
 And there's the foe ;
 He has nae thought but how to kill
 Twa at a blow.

Nae cauld, faint-hearted doubtings tease him ;
 Death comes—wi' fearless eye he sees him ;
 Wi' bloody han' a welcome gies him ;
 And when he fa's,
 His latest draught o' breathin' tea'es him
 In faint huzzas !

Sages their solemn een may steek,⁴
 And raise a philosophic reek,⁵
 And physically causes seek
 In clime and season ;
 But tell me whisky's name in Greek,
 I'll tell the reason,

Scotland, my auld, respected mither !
 Though whiles ye moistify your leather,
 Till where ye sit, on craps o' heather,
 Ye tine⁶ your dam ;
 Freedom and whisky gang thegither !—
 Tak aff your diam !

THE AULD FARMER'S NEW-YEAR MORNING SALUTATION
 TO HIS AULD MARE MAGGIE,

ON GIVING HER THE ACCUSTOMED RIP OF CORN TO HANSEL IN
 THE NEW YEAR

A GUID New-Year I wish¹ thee, Maggie !
 Hae, there's a rip⁷ to thy auld haggie:
 Though thou's howe-backit now and knaggie,⁸
 I've seen the day

¹ They cannot stand
² Uncertainty.
³ Pell mell.

⁴ Eyes may shut.
⁵ Smoke
⁶ Lose.

⁷ A handful of corn in the stalk.
⁸ Bent-backed and ridged.

Thou could hae gaen like ony staggie
Out-owre the lay¹

Though now thou's dowie,² stiff, and crazy,
And thy anld hude's as white's a daisy,
I've seen thee dappl'd, sleek, and glazie,³
A bonny gray :

He should been tight that daunt to raise⁴ thee
Ance in a day

Thou ance was i' the foremost rank,
A fity burdly, steeve, and swank,⁵
And set weel down a shapely shank,
As e'er tread yud,⁶
And could hae down out-owrie a stank,⁷
Like ony bud.

It's now some nine-and-twenty year,
Sin' thou was my guid fathe's mair :
He guid me thee, o' tocher⁸ clear,
And tistly mark ;
Though it was sma', 'twas weel-won gear,
And thou was stak⁹

When first I gaed to woo thy Jenny,
Ye then was trottin' wi' your minnie :¹⁰
Though ye was 'uckie, slee, and funne,
Ye ne'er was donsie,¹¹
But hamely, towie, quat, and comie,¹²
An' unco some¹³

That day ye primed wi' muckle pride
When ye bare hame my bonny bride :
And sweet and gracifu' she did ride,
Wi' madden an' t'
Kyle-Stewart* I could hae buggèd¹⁴ wide,
For sic a pair

Though now ye dow but hoyte and hobie¹⁵
And wittle lile a sammont-coble,¹⁶
That day ye was a jinker¹⁷ noble,
For heels and wim' !
And ran them till they r'ld wauble,¹⁸
Far, far, behin' !

When thou and I we're young and skeigh,¹⁹
And stable-meals at fairs were dreach,²⁰

¹ Grass-field

² Low-spirited

³ Shining

⁴ To vote

⁵ Stately, strong, active

⁶ I wist about like the lumbering boat used in salmon fishing

¹⁴ Stagger—being done-up

⁶ T'uth

⁷ Ditch

⁸ Dowry

⁹ Sticking

¹⁰ Mother

¹⁹ Fettersome

¹¹ Mischievous

¹² Good-natured.

¹³ Engaging

¹⁴ Challenged

¹⁵ Can but limp and totter

¹⁷ Runner.

²⁰ Lengthy.

* The district between the Ayr and the Doon.

How thou would prance, and snore and skieigh,
 And tak the road!¹
 Town's bodies ran, and stood abeigh,¹
 And ca't thee mad. •

When thou was corn't, and I was mellow,
 We took the road aye like a swallow:
 At Brooses² thou had ne'er a fellow.
 For pith and speed;
 But every tail thou pay't them hollow,
 Where'er thou gae.

The sma' droop-rumpl't,³ hunter cattle,
 Might aiblins want thee for a brattle;⁴
 But sax Scotch mules thou try't then mettle,
 And ga't them whaurle⁵
 Nae whup nor spin, but just a wattle⁶
 O' saugh or hazle.

Thou was a noble fittie-lin',⁷
 As e'er in tug or tow was drawn!
 Aft thee and I, in anghin hours' gann,
 In good March weather,
 Hae turn'd sax road beside our han',
 For days thegither.

Thou never brandg't, and fecht't, and fliskit,⁸
 But thy auld tail thou wad hae whiskit,⁹
 And spread abreed thy well-fill'd basket,¹⁰
 Wi' pith and power,
 'Till spitty knowes wad ran't and risket,
 And slypet owie.*

When frosts lay lang, and snaws were deep,
 And threaten'd labour back to keep,
 I gied thy cog¹¹ a wee lut heap
 Aboon the timmer;
 I kenn'd my Maggie wadna sleep
 For that, or simmer.

In cart or car thou never reestit,¹²
 The steyest¹³ brace thou wad hae fect it;
 Thou never lap, and stent, and breastit,¹⁴
 Then stood to baw;
 But just thy step a wee thing hastit,
 Thou snooov't awa'. •

¹ Aside² Wedding races³ Sloping-backed⁴ Might perchance have beaten thee in a short run •⁵ Wheeze⁶ A wh⁷ The near horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.⁸ Never⁹ pulled by fits or starts, or fitted¹⁰ Shaker¹¹ Brea¹² Corn measure¹³ Stopped¹⁴ Sleep at¹⁵ Never leaped, reared, or started forward

* This is a magnificent description. Till hard knolls would open with a crackling sound, the earth falling gently over in the wake of the resistless ploughshare.

My pleugh is now thy bairn-time a';¹
 Four gallant brutes as e'er did draw;
 Forbye sax mac, I've sell't awa',
 That thou hast nurst;
 They drew me threiteen pund and twa,
 The veia waist.

Mony a sair dag² we twa hac wrought,
 And wi' the weary warl' fought!
 And mony an anxious day I thought
 We wad be beat!
 Yet here to crazy age we're brought,
 Wi' something yet.

And think na, iver auld trusty servan',
 That now perhaps thou's less deservin',
 And thy auld days may en- in starvin',
 For my l st for,
 A heapit stimparf,³ I'll reserve ane
 And by for you.

We've worn to crazy years thegither;
 We'll toyte⁴ about wi' ane anither;
 Wi' tentie care I'll sit thy tither
 To some ham'd rig,⁵
 Whate ye may nobly sax⁶ your leather,
 Wi' sma' fatigue.

THE TWA DOGS:

A BALLAD.

GILBERT BURNS SAYS:—"The tale of 'The Twa Dogs' was composed after the resolution of publishing was nearly taken. Robert had a dog, which he called Luath, that was a great favourite. The dog had been killed by the winton cruelty of some person, the night before my father's death. Robert said to me that he should like to confer such immortality as he could bestow on his old friend Luath, and that he had a great mind to introduce something into the book under the title of 'Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend.' But this plan was given up for the poem as it now stands. Caesar was merely the creature of the poet's imagination, created for the purpose of holding chat with his favourite Luath." The factor who stood for his portrait here was the same of whom he writes to Dr. Moore in 1787:—"My indignation yet boils at the scoldrel factor's insolent threatening letters, which used to set us all in tears."

'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle,
 That bears the name o' auld King Coil,
 Upon a bonny day in June,
 When wearing through the afternoon,
 Twa dogs that weienathrang⁷ at hame
 Forgather'd ance upon a time.

The first I'll name, they ca'd him Cæsar,
 Was keepit for his honour's pleasure;

¹ My plough team are all thy children.² Day's labour.³ A measure of corn.⁴ Tatter.⁵ Saved ridge of grass.⁶ Stretch.⁷ The nuddle district of Ayrshire.⁸ Busy.

His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,¹
Show'd he was nane o' Scotland's dogs;
But whalpit some place far abroad,
Where sailors gang to fish for cod.

His lock'd, letter'd, braw brass collar
Show'd him the gentleman and scholar;
But though he was o' high degré,
The fient² a pride—nae pride had he;
But wad hae spent an hour caressin',
Even wi' a tinkler-gypsy's messan:³
At kirk or market, mill or snuddie,
Nae tawted⁴ tyke, though e'er sae duddie,⁵
But he wad stan't, as glad to see him,
And stoan't⁶ on stanes and hillocks wi' him.

The tither was a ploughman's collie,
A rhyming, ranting, roving billie,
Wha for his friend and comrade had him,
And in his freaks had Leath ca'd him,
After some dog in Highland sang,*
Was made lang syne—I ord knows how lang;

He was a gash⁷ and faithfu' tyke,
As eyer lap a sheugh⁸ on dyke
His honest, sonste, baws'nt face,⁹
Aye gat him friends in ilka place.
His breast was white, his tonzie¹⁰ back
Weel clad wi' coat o' glossy black;
His gancie¹¹ tail, wi' upward curl,
Hung o'er his hudies¹² wi' a swirl.

Nae doubt but they were fain o' ither,¹³
And meo pack and thuck¹⁴ the ither,
Wi' social nose whyles snuff'd and snowkit,¹⁵
Whyles mice and mouchewort, they howkit;¹⁶
Whyles com'd awa' in lang exension,
And worried ither in diversion;
Until wi' daffin¹⁷ weary grown,
Upon a knowe¹⁸ they sat them down,
And there began a lang digestion
About the lords o' the creation.

CÆSAR

I've often wonder'd, honest Luath,
What sort o' life poor dogs like you have;

¹ Ears.² Cur.³ Matted and dirty⁴ His honest, comely,⁵ Bushy⁶ Hips⁷ Sometimes⁸ A petty oath—"the devil a bit o' "⁹ Ragged¹⁰ Pissed¹¹ Fond of each other¹² Very close and friendly¹³ Sometimes for mice and moles they scraped¹⁴ Knowing.¹⁵ Ditch¹⁶ Shaggy¹⁷ Scattered.¹⁸ Sportng.¹⁹ Knoll.

* Cuchullin's dog in Ossian's "Fingal"—B.

And when the gentry's life I saw,
 What way poor bodies lived ava
 Our laird gets in his racked rents,
 His coals, his kam, and a' his stents,¹
 He rises when he likes himsel,
 His flunkies answer at the bell,
 He ca's his coach, he ca's his horse;
 He draws a bonny silken paise
 As lang's my tail, whare, through the steeks,²
 The yellow-letter'd Geordie keeks³

Fræ morn to e'en it's nought but toiling,
 At baking, roasting, frying, boiling,
 And though the gentry fin' are steeking⁴
 Yet e'en the ha' folk fill the preehan⁵
 Wi' sauce, ragouts, and sic⁶ e trashitrie,
 That's little short o' downin' it wastrie.
 Our whippersn, &c., blasit wonner,⁷
 Poor worthless elf, it eats a dinner
 Better than ony tenant man
 His honon has in a' the lan';
 And what poor cot-folk put their painch in,
 I own it's past my comprehension

11-17th.

Trowth, Coson, whyles they're fight⁷ enough;⁸
 A cotter howkin' in a shough,⁸
 Wi' duty stanes biggin' a dike,
 Baring a quarry, and siclike;
 Himsel, a wife, he thus sustains,
 A syntrie o' wee diddie weans,⁹
 And nought but his han' daig¹⁰ to keep
 Them tight and tight in thack and rape.¹¹

And when they meet wi' sair disasters,
 Like loss o' health or want o' masters,
 Ye maist wad think, a wee touch langer,
 And they mair stave o' cold and hunger;
 But how it comes I never ken'd yet,
 They're mairly wonderfu' contented:
 And buntly chucks, and clever hizzies,¹²
 Are bled in sic a way as this is.

11-15th.

But then to see how ye're negleckit,
 How luff'd, and cuff'd, and disrespeckit!
 Lord, man, our gentry care as little
 For delver & ditchers, and sic cattie;

¹ His coin rents and assessments.

⁴ Glances

⁴ Stuffing

² Stitches.

⁵ Stomach.

⁶ Wonder, & contemptuous appellation

⁷ Troubled.

⁸ Digging in a ditch

⁹ A number of ragged children.

¹⁰ Day's work

¹¹ Under a roof-tree—literally, thatch and rope.

¹² Stalwart men and clever women.

They gang as saucy by poo' folk
As I wad by a stinkin' brock¹
I've noticed, on our land's court-day,
And mony a time my heart's been wae,
Pooi tenant bodies, scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's snash:²
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
He'll apprehend them, poud their gear,
While they maun stan', wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a', and fear and tremble!

I see how folk live that hae riches,
But surely poor folk maun be wretches!

IV. PAIR

They're no sae wretched's ane I'd think;
Though constantly on poverty's³ brink:
They're a' accustom'd wi' the sight,
The view o't gies them little flight
Then chance and fortune are sic guided,
They're a' in less or more provided;
And though fatigued wi' close employment,
A blink o' rest's a sweet enjoyment.

The dearest comfort o' their lives,
Then gins-lic⁴ weans and faithfu' wives,
The prattling things are just their pride
That sweetens a' their fire-side,
And whyles twalpenne worth o' nappy⁵
Can mak the bodies unco happy;
They lay aside their private cares,
To mind the kirk and State affairs;
They'll talk o' patronage and priests,
Wi' kindling fury in their breasts;
Or tell what new taxation's comin',
And scold⁶ at the folk in Lon'on.

As bleak-faced Hallowmas returns,
They get the jovial ranting kins,⁷
When rural life o' every station
Unites in common recreation,
Love blinks, Wit slaps, and social Mirth
Forgets their's Care upo' the earth.

That merry day the year begins⁸
They fling the door on frosty win's;
The nappy reeks wi' mantling steam,
And sheds a heav'-inspiring steam,
The huntin pipe and sneeshin mull⁹
A're handed round wi' right gud will;

¹ Badger

² Bear a factor's abuse

³ Poverty

⁴ Thuring.

⁵ Ale

⁶ Wonder, or talk about

⁷ H. vest-homes

⁸ The smoking pipe and
snuff-box

The cantie¹ auld folks crackin' crouse,²
 The young anes rantin' through the house,-
 My heart has been sae fain to see them,
 That I for joy hae barkit wi' them.

Still it's owre true that ye hae said,
 Sic game is now owre aften play'd.-
 There's mony a creditable stock
 O' decent, honest, fawsont³ folk,
 Are riven out baith root and banch,
 Some rascal's pridefu' greed to quench,
 Wha thinks to knit himsel the faster
 In favou' wi' some gentle master,
 Wha aibins⁴ the reg a parliament'
 For Britan's guld his saul indentin' - -⁵

C L S A K

Haith, lad, ye hittle ken about it ;⁶
 For Britan's guld⁷ guld faith, I doubt it.
 Say rather, gaud a⁸ Pierriers lead him,
 And saying Ay or No's they bid him.
 At operas and plays parading,
 Mortgaging, grumblin', in squerading ;
 Or maybe, in a frolic dast,
 To Hague or Calais tak a wast,⁵
 To mak a tou, and tak a whul,
 To learn *bon ton*, and see the woul'.

There, at Vienna or Versailles,
 He rives his father's auld entails,⁶
 Or by Madrid he takes the route,
 To thum gutas, and fecht wi' nowte,⁷
 Or down Italian vista startles,
 Whore-hunting among groves o' myrtles,
 Then houses dimly German water,
 To mak himsel look fair and fatter,
 And clear the onsequential sorrows,
 Love-gifts of Carnival signor is
 For Britan's guld⁸ - for her destruction !
 Wi' dissipation, feud, and faction !

L U V T H

Hech man ! dear sus ! is that the gate⁹
 They waste sae mony a biaw estate¹
 Are we sae foughten and harass'd
 For geu to gang that gate at last !
 Oh, would they stay aback fra coonts,
 And plesae² themselves wi' country sports,
 It wad for every ane be better,
 The Land, the Tenant, and the Cotter !

¹ Cheerful² Talking buskly³ Seemly⁴ Perhaps⁵ A trip⁶ Breaks the entail on his estate.⁷ See bull-fights, *nowts* meaning cattle

For thae frank, rantin', ramblin' billics,
Fient'haet o' them's ill-hearted fellows;
Except for breakin' o' their timmer,
Or speakin' lightly o' their limmer,¹
Or shootin' o' a hare or moorcock,
The ne'er a bit they're ill to poor folk.

But will ye tell me, Master Cæsar,
Sure great folk's life's a life o' pleasure?
Nae could nor hunger e'er can steer them,
The very thought o't needna fear them.

CÆSAR.

Lord, man, were ye but whyles whare I am,
The gentles ye wad ne'er envy 'em.
It's true they needna stave nor sweat,
Through winter's cauld, or simmer's heat;
They've nae san wark to graze their banes,
And fill auld age wi' grips and granes;²
But human bodies are sic fools,
For a' their collegies and schools,
That when mae real ills perplex them,
They mak enow themselves to vex them;
And aye the less they hae to stunt³ them,
In like proportion less will hurt them.

A country fellow at the plough,
His acres till'd, he's right enough;
A country gill at her wheel,
Her dizzens done, she's unco weel:
But Gentlemen, and Ladies warst,
Wi' evendown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank, and lazy,
Though deil hiet⁴ ails them, yet uneasy;
Their days insipid, dull, and tasteless;
Their nights unquiet, lang, and restless;
And e'er their sports, then balls and races,
Their galloping through public places,
There's sic parade, sic pomp and art,
The joy can scarcely reach the heart.

The men cast out in party matches,
Then sowther⁵ a' in deep debauches;
Ae night they're mad wi' drink and whoring,
Neist day their life is past enduring.
The Ladies arm-in-arm in clusters,
As great and gracious a' as sisters;
But hear their absent thoughts a' theer,
They're a' run' deils and jads⁶ thegither.
Whyles, owie the wee bit cap and platie,
They sip the scandal potion pretty:

¹ Concubine.² Pains and groans.³ Trouble⁴ Devil a thing⁵ Solder, wind up⁶ A giddy girl.

Or lee-lang nights, wi' crabbit leuks,
 Poie owie the devil's pictured benches;
 Stake on a chance a farmer's stackyard,
 And cheat like ony unhang'd blackguard,
 There's some exception, man and woman;
 But this is Gentry's life in common.

By this, the sun was out o' sight,
 And darker gloaming brought the night;
 The lum-clock¹ humm'd wi' lazy drone;
 The kye stood rowlin'² i' the loam
 When up they gat, and shook their lugs,
 Rejoiced they were na men, but dogs;
 And each took aff his several way,
 Resolved to meet some other day.

IQ A LOUSL,

ON SEEING ONE O'N A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH.

Ha! whare ye gaun, ye crowsin' ferlie!³
 Yon impudence protects you sairly.
 I canna say but ye strut⁴ sairly,
 Owie gairze and lace;
 Though, faith, I fear ye dune but spairly
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepan', blastit wammer,
 Detested, shunn'd, by saunt and sinner,
 How can ye set yon fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady?
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's halfet squattle;⁵
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle⁶
 Wi' thir knickerd, jumpin' cattle,
 In shoals and nations;
 Whare horn nor bane ne'er can unsettle*
 Your thick plantations.

Now haul you there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fattin's,⁷ snug and tight;
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The very rapmost, towering height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
 As plump and gray as ony crozet.⁸

¹ Beetle.

² Lowing

³ Crawling wonder

⁴ Strut

⁵ Swift crawl in some beggar's hair.

⁶ Scramble.

⁷ The ribbon-ends.

⁸ Gooseberry.

* Where no comb ever unsettles the hair.

Oh for some rank, mercurial rozet,¹
 Or fell, red smeddum,²
 I'd gie you sic a hearty dore o't,
 Wad dress your droddum !³

I wadna been surprised to spy
 You on an auld wife's flannen toy :⁴
 Or ablin's some bit duddie boy,
 On's wyhecoat ;⁵
 But Miss's fine Lunardi !⁶ sic !
 How daur ye do't ?

O Jenny, dunna toss your head,
 And set your beauties a' abreid !
 Ye little ken what curs'd speed
 The blastie's makin' !
 Thae winks and finger-end's, I dread,
 Are notie takin' !
 Oh wad some power the giltie gie us
 To see oursel's as others see us !
 It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
 And foolish notion :
 What airs in dress and gait wad lea'e us,
 And even devotion !

THE ORDINATION.

THE induction of the Rev James Mackinlay, as minister of the parochial or laigh (low) church of Kilmarnock in 1786, was the occasion which called forth the following poem. "There was a popular notion," says Mr. Chambers, "that Mr. Lindsay (a predecessor of Mr. Mackinlay in the pastorate of the laigh kirk) had been indebted for his presentation from the patron, Lord Glencoun, to his wife, Margaret Lauder, who was believed, but, I am assured erroneously, to have been his lordship's housekeeper. Mr. Lindsay's induction, in 1764, was so much in opposition to the sentiments of the people, that it produced a riot, attended by many outrages. Three young men who had distinguished themselves by their violence, were whipped through Ayr, and imprisoned a month. These circumstances evoked from a shoemaker named Hunter, a scoffing ballad, to which Burns alludes in the note marked thus †, p. 82, and which may be found in the 'History of Kilmainock,' by Archibald M'Kay: 1848." A third edition of Mr. M'Kay's very interesting work appeared in 1865, and an account of Mr. Lindsay's induction together with "The Scoffing Ballad," will be found at pp. 119-128.

"For sense they little owe to frugal Heaven—
 To please the mob, they hide the little given."

KILMARNOCK wabsters,⁶ sidge and slaw,
 And pour your creel-hie nations,⁷
 And ye wha leather ray⁸ and diaw,
 Of a' denominations,†

¹ Roan.

² Powder.

³ Breech

⁴ Flannel cap

⁵ Flannel waistcoat

⁶ Weavers.

⁷ Greasy crowds.

⁸ Stretch.

* A fashionable bonnet, so called after a celebrated Italian aeronaut.

† The inhabitants of Kilmarnock were then mainly engaged in the manufacture of coarse woollen goods and the tanning of leather

Swith to the Lugh Kuk, ane and a',
 And there tak up your stations ;
 Then aff to Begbie's¹ in a row,
 And pour divine libations
 For joy this day.

Curst Common Sense, that imp e' hell,
 Cam in wi' Maggie Lauder ; †
 But Oliphant aft made her yell,
 And Russell sair misca'd her, ‡
 This day Mackinlay takes the snail,
 And he's the boy will blaud⁴ her !
 He'll clip a shangan² on her tail,
 And set the bairns t' dand³ her
 Wi' cat this day.

Mak ha te and turn king¹ and owre,
 And hie wi' holy clange² e,
 O' double verse come gie us foun,
 And skul up the Bangor :
 This day the Kuk kicks up a stome,⁴
 Nae man the knaves shall wrang her,
 For heresy is in her power,
 And gloriously she'll whang⁵ her,
 Wi' pith this day.

Come, let a proper text be read,
 And touch it aff wi' vigour,
 How graceless Ham § lugh at his dad,
 Which made C'maan a nigger,
 Or Phinehas ¶ drove the murdering blads,
 Wi' whore-abhorring vigour :
 Or Zipporah ¶ the scauldin' jade,
 Was like a bloody tiger
 I' the inn that day.

There, try his mettle on the creed,
 And bin' him down wi' cantion,
 That stupend is a carnal weed
 He tak but for the fashion ;
 And gie him owre the flock to feed,
 And punish each transgression ;
 Especial, rams that cross the breed,
 Gie them sufficient threshin',
 Spae them nae day.

Now, auld Kilbrannock, cock thy tail
 And toss thy horns fu' canty ;⁶

¹ Sign.

² A cleft stick.

³ A sputter.

⁴ A dust.

⁵ Thrash.

⁶ Merrily.

* Begbie kept a tavern near the church.

† Alluding to a scoffing ballad which was made on the admission of the late
 reverend and worthy Mr. Lindsay to the Lugh Kuk — B.

‡ Oliphant and Russell, clergymen belonging to the Auld-Lacht party.

§ Genesis ix. 22

¶ Numbers xxv. 8.

¶ Exodus iv.

Nae mair thou'lt rowt* out-owre the dale.
 Because thy pasture's scanty;
 For lapsu's large o' gospel kail
 Shall fill thy crib in plenty,
 And runts¹ o' grace the pick and wale,
 No gien by way o' dainty,
 But ilka day.

Nae mair by Babel's streams we'll weep,
 To thunk upon our Zion;
 And hing our fiddles up to sleep,
 Like baby-clouts a-dryin'.
 Come, screw the pegs, wi' tunesu' cheep,
 And o'er the thannus² be tryin';
 Oh, rare³ to see our clucks wleep,³
 And a' like lumb-tails flyin'
 Fu' fast this day!

Lang, Patronage, wi' rod o' ainn,
 Has shored⁴ the Kirk's undoing,
 As lately Fenwick,† saw forlorn,⁵
 Has proven to its ruin:
 Our patron, honest man! Glenann,
 He saw mischief was brewin',
 And, like a godly elect hainn,
 He's waled⁶ us out a free ane
 And sound this day.

Now, Robin-son,‡ harangue nae mair,
 But steek your gab⁷ for ever:
 Or try the wicked town of Ayr,
 For there they'll think you clever
 Or, nae reflection on your fear,
 Ye may commence a shaver;
 Or to the Netherton § repair,
 And turn a carpet-weaver
 All-hand this day.

Mutrie || and you were just a match,
 We never had sic twa dioncs:

¹ Huge lumps.

² The thannet

³ Chosen

⁴ Strung

⁵ Wounded

⁷ Shut your mouth.

⁶ Elbows jerk.

* *Rowt* is a word which cannot easily be explained by a single phrase. Residents in the country must have seen the cattle in a poor pasture standing listlessly about and lowing as if to draw attention to their wants. The phrase is used in this sense in regard to the scanty spiritual pasturage of the district.

† Rev. William Boyd, minister of Fenwick, whose settlement had been disputed.

‡ The colleague of the newly-appointed clergyman—a moderate

§ A part of the town of Kilmarnock where carpet-weaving was carried on.

|| The deceased clergyman, whom Mr. Mackinlay succeeded

Auld Hornie did the Laigh Kirk watch,
 Just like a winkin' baudrons : *
 And aye he catch'd the tither wretch,
 'To fty them in his caudrons :
 But now his honour mann detach,
 Wi' a' his brimstone squadrons,
 Fast, fast this day.

See, see auld Orthodoxy's facs
 She's swingem' ¹ through the city ;
 Hark, how the nine-tail'd cat she plays !
 I vow its unco pretty :
 There, Learning, with his Greekin face,
 Grunts out some Latin ditty ;
 And Common Sense is garn, she says,
 To mak to Jamie Beattie †
 Her plant this day.

But there's Morality himsel,
 Embracing all opinions ;
 Hear how he gies the tither yell,
 Between his twa companions ;
 See how she peels the skin and fell, ²
 As ane were peelin' onions !
 Now there—they're pack'd aff to he' !,
 And banish'd our dommons
 Henceforth this day. —

O happy day ! rejoice, rejoice !
 Come bouse about the porter !
 Morality's demure decoys
 Shall here nae mair fild quarter :
 Mackmlay, Russel, are the boys,
 That Heresy can torture,
 They'll gie her on a rape a hoise, ³
 And cove ⁴ her measure shorter
 By the head some day.

Come, bring the tither mutchkin in,
 And here's, for a conclusion,
 To every New-Light ‡ mother's son,
 From this time forth, Confusion :
 If mair they deave ⁵ us wi' their din,
 Or patronage intrusion,
 We'll light a spunk, ⁶ and, every skin,
 We'll rin them aff in fusion,
 Like oil some day.

* Whipping

‡ The skin and flesh.

‡ A heist in a rope.

‡ Cut

‡ Deafen.

‡ A match.

* The devil in the good old times watched the Laigh Kirk like a half sleeping cat, there being no need for watchfulness. In the new regime he was altogether put to flight.

† Author of the "Essay on Truth."

‡ "New Light" is a cant phrase, in the west of Scotland, for those religious opinions which Dr. Johnson of Norwich has defended so strenuously.—B

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY
RIGHTEOUS

"My son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them aye thegither:
The rigid righteous is a fool,
The rigid wise anther;
The clearest corn that e'er was dight
May hae some pyles o' caff in,
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin."—SOLOMON.—Eccles. vii. 16.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
A' e've nought to do but nar* and tell
Your neighbour's faults and folly!
Whase life is like a well-gaun mill,
Supplied wi' store o' water,
The heaped happer's ebbing still,
And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass dounce¹ Wisdom's door
For glaukit² Folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donse³ tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compared,
And shudder at the niffer,⁴
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave
That puny ye pride in,
And (what's aft mair than a' the lave)
Your better art o' hiding.

Think, when your castigated pul:
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' bath to sail,
It makes an unco lee-way.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthanking,

¹ Sober.

² Senseless

³ Unlucky.

⁴ Comparison

Till, quite transmugified, they've grown
 Debauchery and drinking :
 Oh would they stay to calculate
 ' The eternal consequences :
 Or your more dreaded hell to state,
 Damnation of expenses !

Ye high exalted, virtuous dames,
 Tied up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor frailty names,
 & suppose a change o' cases ;
 A dear-loved lad, convenience smug,
 A treacherous inclination --
 But, let me whisp' a' your lug,¹
 Ye've glibba ' nae temptation.

Then gently scan your bairn's man,
 Still gentler sister won't ;
 Though they may gang a kenmin'² wairg,
 To step aside, 's human :
 One point must still be greatly dark --
 ' The moving *why* they do it :
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far perhaps they rae it

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us,
 He knows eich chord-- its various tone
 Each spring-- its various bias.
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it,
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.

THE INVENTORY.

IN ANSWER TO A MANDATE BY THE SURVEYOR OF TAXES.

MR CHAMBERS says -- "The 'Inventory' was written in answer to a mandate sent by Mr Aiken of Ayr, the surveyor of windows, carriages, &c. for the district, to each farmer, ordering him to send a signed list of his horses, servants, wheel-carriages, &c., and to state whether he was a married man or a bachelor, and also the number of his children. The poem is chiefly remarkable for the information it gives concerning the farm, the household, and the habits of Burns."

SIR, as your mandate did request,
 I send you here a faithful list
 O' gunds and gear, and a' my girth,
 To which I'm clean to gie my uth.

Imprimis, then, for carriage cattle,
 I hae four brutes o' gal'ant mettle,

¹ Ear,

² Perhaps.

³ A little bit.

As ever drew afore a pettle.¹
 My han'-afore's² a guid auld *has-been*,
 And wight and wilfu' a' his days been.
 My han'-ahin's³ a weel-gaun filly,
 That aft has borne me hame frae Killic,^{*}
 And your auld buro' mony a time,
 In days when ridin' was nae crime—
 But ance, when in my wooing pride,
 I, like a blockhead boost⁴ to ride,
 The wilfu' creature sae I pat to,
 (Lord, pardon a' my sins, and that too !)
 I play'd my filly sic a shavie,⁵
 She's a' bedevil'd w⁶ the spavie.
 My *fin-ahin's*⁶ a worthy beast,
 As e'er in tug or tow was traced.
 The fourth's a Highland Donald hastie,
 A damn'd *deed-wud* Kilburnie blastie !
 Forbye a cowte,⁷ o' cowtes the wale,⁸
 As ever ran afore a fail :
 If he be spared to be a beast,
 He'll draw me fifteen pun' at least.

Wheel-carriages I hae but few.
 Three carts, and twa are sickly⁹ new ;
 An auld wheelbarrow, man for token
 Ae leg and baith the trans are broken ;
 I made a poker o' the spinle,
 And my auld mither burnt the trimle.

For men, I've three mischievous boys,
 Run-dells for rantin' and for noise,
 A grandsman ane, a thrasher t'other,
 Wee Davoc hauds the nowt¹⁰ in fother.¹⁰
 I rule them, as I ought, discreetly,
 And aften labour them completely ;
 And aye on Sundays duly, mightly,
 I on the question targe¹¹ them mightly,
 Till, faith, wee Davoc's turn'd sae gleg,¹²
 Though scarcely langer than my leg,
 He'll screech you aff i' ffectual Callin' ⁴
 As fast as ony in the dwelling.

The nane in female servan' station,
 (Lord, keep me aye frae a' temptation !)

¹ A plough spide

² The foremost horse
on the left-hand in
the plough

³ The hindmost horse
on the left-hand in
the plough

⁴ Must needs

⁵ A trick

⁶ The hindmost horse
on the right-hand in
the plough

⁷ A colt

⁸ Choice

⁹ Nearly

¹⁰ Keeps the cattle in
fodder

¹¹ Task.

¹² So shap

* Kilmarnock

† The answer to a leading question in the Shorter Catechism

I hae nae wife,¹ and that my bliss is,
 And ye hae laid nae tax on misses;
 And then, if kirk folk's dinna clutch me,
 I ken the devils darena touch me.
 Wi' weans I'm mair than weel contented,
 Heaven sent me ane man than I wanted
 My sonsie,¹ smirking, deat-bought Bess,*
 She stares the daddy in her face,
 Enough of ought you like but grace;
 But her, my bonny sweet wee lady,
 I've paid enough for her aheady,
 And gin ye tax her or her mither,
 B' the Lord! ye've get them a' thegither.

And now, remember, Mr. Aiken,
 Nae kind of licence out I'm takin';
 Frae this time forth I do declare,
 I'se ne'er rid horse nor hizzie mair;
 Through dirt and dub for life I'll pailie,²
 Ere I see dear pay for a saddle;
 My travel a' on foot I'll shank³ it,
 I've sturdy bearers, Gude be thankit.
 The kirk and you may tak you that,
 It puts but little in your pat;
 Sae dinna put me in your buke,
 Nor for my ten white shillings luke.

This list wi' my ain hand I've wrote it,
 The day and date as under noted:
 Then know all ye whom it concerns,
Subscripsi huic, ROBERT BURNS.

MOSSGIEL, February 22, 1786.

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,

ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

MR. CHAMBERS says — "The 'Mountain Daisy' was composed as the poet has related, at the plough. The field where he crushed the 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower' lies next to that in which he turned up the nest of the mouse; and both are on the farm of Moss-giel, and still shown to anxious inquirers by the neighbouring peasantry."

WE'F, modest, crim-on-tipped flower,
 Thou's met me in an evil hour;
 For I maun crush amang the stoure⁴
 Thy slender stem:
 To spare thee now is past my power,
 Thou bonny gem.

Alas! it's no thy neibor sweet,
 The bonny lark, companion meet,

¹ Comely

² Tramp.

³ Walk.

⁴ Dust.

* An illegitimate child born to the poet by a female servant of his mother's.

Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
 Wi' speckled breast,
 When upward springing, blithe, to greet
 The purpling east.

Could blew the bitter-biting north
 Upon thy early, humble, birth,
 Yet cheerfully thou glinted¹ forth
 Amid the storm,
 Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
 Thy tender form.

The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
 High sheltering woods and wa's maun shield;
 But thou, beneath the random field²
 O' clod or stae,
 Adorns the hystic³ stubble-field,
 Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
 Thy snawie bosom sun ward spread,
 Thou lifts thy unassuming head
 In humble guise;
 But now the share uptears thy bed,
 And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless maid,
 Sweet floweret of the rural shade!
 By love's simplicity betray'd,
 And guileless trust,
 Till she, like thee, all soild, is laid
 Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple bard,
 On life's rough ocean suckless starr'd!
 Unskilful he to note the card
 Of prudent lore,
 Till billows rage, and gales blaw hard,
 And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is given,
 Who long with wants and woes has triven,
 By human pride or cunning driven
 To misery's brink,
 Till, wrench'd of every stay but Heaven,
 He, ruin'd, sink!

Even thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
 That fate is thine—no distant date;
 Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives, elate,
 Full on thy bloom,
 Till, crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
 Shall be thy doom!

¹ Peeped.² Shelter.

Barren.

LAMENT,

OCCASIONED BY THE UNFORTUNATE ISSUE OF A FRIEND'S AMOUR.

AFTER speaking of the uproar raised against him by the appearance of "Holy Willie's Prayer," when "*the over-righteous*," the over-righteous, were endeavouring to devise some means of prosecuting their daring assailant, his unfortunate worldly circumstances gave some of them an opportunity which he supposed they would not be slow to follow up of laying him by the heels in prison. He says "Unluckily for me, my wanderings led me on another side, within point-blank shot of their heaviest metal. This is the unfortunate story that gave rise to my printed poem 'The Lament.' This was a most melancholy affair, which I cannot yet bear to reflect on, and hail very nearly given me one or two of the principal qualifications for a place among those who have lost the chart, and mistaken the reckoning of navigation. I had been for some days sliding from covert to covert, under all the terrors of a jail, as some ill-advised people had multiplied the mercer's pack of the law at my heels. I had taken the last farewell of my few friends, my chest was on the road to Greenock, I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' when a letter from Dr Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes, I opening new prospects to my poetic ambition."

"It is entirely necessary," Gilbert Burns says, "to mention that 'The Lament' was composed on that unfortunate passage in his matrimonial history which I have mentioned in my letter to Mrs. Dunlop, [alluding to his connexion with Jean Armour]. After the first distraction of his feelings had subsided, that connexion *could no longer be concealed*. Robert durst not engage with a family in his poor uncultivated state, but was anxious to shield his partner by every means in his power, from the consequences of their impudence. It was agreed, therefore, between them, that they should make a legal acknowledgment of an irregular and private marriage—that he should go to Jamaica to *push his fortune*, and that she should remain with her father till it might please Providence to put the means of supporting a family in his power."

"Alas! how oft does goodness wound it self,
And sweet affection prove the spring of woe!"—Hous.

O THOU pale orb, that silent shines
While care-untroubled mortals sleep!
Thou seest a wretch that only pines,
And wanders here to wail and weep!
With woe I nightly vigils keep
Beneath thy wan, unwarming beam,
And mourn, in lamentation deep,
How life and love are all a dream.

I joyless view thy rays adorn
The faintly-mark'd distant hill.
I joyless view thy trembling horn,
Reflected in the gurgling rill:
My fondly-fluttering heart, be still!
Thou hazy power, remembrance, cease!
Ah! must the agonising thrill
For ever bar returning peace!

No idly-seign'd poetic pains
My sad, love-lorn lamenting claim;
No shepherd's pipe—Arcadian strains;
No fabled tortures, quaint and tame;
The plighted faith; the mutual flame;
The oft-attested Powers above;

The promised father's tender name ;
 These were the pledges of my love !

Encircled in her clasping arms,
 How have the raptured moments flown,
 How have I wish'd for fortune's charms,
 For her dear sake, and hers alone !
 And must I think it — is she gone,
 My secret heart's exulting boast ?
 And does she heedless hear my groan ?
 And is she ever, ever lost ?

Oh ! can she hear so base a heart,
 So lost to honour, lost to truth,
 As from the fondest lover part,
 The plighted husband of her youth ?
 Alas ! life's path may be unsmooth !
 Her way may lie through rough distress !
 Then, who her pangs and pains will soothe,
 Her sorrows share, and make them less ?

Ye wing'd hours that o'er us pass'd,
 Emaptured more, the more enjoy'd,
 Your dear remembrance in my breast
 My fondly-treasured thoughts employ'd.
 That breast, how dreary now, and void,
 For her too scanty once of room !
 Even every ray of hope destroy'd,
 And not a wish to gild the gloom !

The morn that warns th' approaching day
 Awakes me up to toil and woe :
 I see the hours in long array,
 That I must suffer, lingering, slow.
 Full many a pang and many a throe,
 Keen recollection's dre'ful train,
 Must wound my soul, ere Phœbus, low,
 Shall kiss the distant, western main.

And when my nightly couch I try,
 Soe harass'd out with care and grief,
 My toil-beat nerves, and tear-worn eye,
 Keep watchin' with the nightly thief :
 Or if I slumber, fancy, chief,
 Reigns haggard wild, in sore affright :
 Even day, all-bitter, brings relief
 From such a horror-breathing night.

O thou bright queen, who o'er th' expanse
 Now highest reign'st, with boundless sway !
 Oft has thy silent-marking glance
 Observed us, fondly wandering, stray !
 The time, unheeded, sped away,
 While love's luxurious pulse beat high,

Beneath thy silver-gleaming ray.
 To mark the mutual kindling eye.
 Oh ! scenes in strong remembrance set !
 Scenes never, never, to return !
 Scenes, if in stupor I forget,
 Again I feel, again I burn !
 From every joy and pleasure torn,
 Life's weary vale I'll wander through ;
 And hopeless, comfortless, I'll mourn
 A faithless woman's broken vow

DI SPONDENCY :

AN ODE

IN speaking of this poem, Burns says, " I think it is one of the greatest pleasures attending a poetic genius, that we can give our woes, cares, joys, and loves, an embodied form in verse, which to me is ever immediate ease."

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
 A burden more than I can bear,
 I set me down and sigh :
 O life ! thou art a galling load,
 Along a rough, a weary road,
 To wretches such as I !
 Dim, backward, as I cast my view,
 What sickening scenes appear !
 What sorrows yet may pierce me through,
 Too justly I may fear !
 Still caring, despairing,
 Must be my bitter doom :
 My woes here shall close ne'er,
 But with the closing tomb !

Happy, ye sons of busy life,
 Who, equal to the bustling strife,
 No other view regard !
 Even when the wish'd end's denied,
 Yet while the busy means are plac'd,
 They bring their own reward :
 Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
 Unfitted with an aim,
 Meet every sad returning night
 And joyless morn the same ;
 You, bustling, and justling,
 Forget each grief and pain ;
 I, listless, yet restless,
 Find every prospect vain.

How blest the solitary's lot,
 Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
 Within his humble cell,
 The cavern wild with tangling roots,
 Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,

Beside his crystal well !
 Or, haply, to his evening thought,
 By unfrequented stream,
 The ways of men are distant brought,
 A faint collected dream ;
 While praising, and raising
 His thoughts to Heaven on high
 As, wand'ring, meand'ring,
 He views the solemn sky.

Than I, no lonely hermit placed
 Where never human footstep traced,
 Less fit to play the part ;
 The lucky moment to improve,
 And just to stop, and just to move,
 With self-respecting art :
 But, ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys
 Which I too keenly taste,
 The solitary can despise,
 Can want, and yet be blest !
 He needs not, he heeds not,
 Or human love or hate,
 Whilst I here must cry here
 At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable, early days,
 When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
 To care, to guilt unknown !
 How ill exchanged for ripe times,
 To feel the follies, or the crimes,
 Of others, or my own !
 Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
 Like linnets in the bush,
 Ye little know the ills ye court,
 When manhood is your wish !
 The losses, the crosses,
 That active man engages !
 The tears all, the tears all,
 Of dim declining age !

ODE TO RUIN.

CURRIE says,—"It appears from internal evidence that the above lines were composed in 1786, when 'Hungry Ruin had him in the wind' The 'dart' that

'Cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart,'

is evidently an allusion to his separation from his 'bonny Jean' Burns seems to have glanced into futurity with a prophetic eye images of misery and woe darkened the distant vista and when he looked back on his career he saw little to console him—"I have been, this morning," he observes, "taking a peep through, as Young finely says, "the dark postern of time long elapsed." 'Twas a rueful prospect ! What a tissue of thoughtlessness, weakness, and folly ! My life reminded me of a ruined temple What strength, what proportion, in some parts ! What unsightly gaps, what prostrate ruins in others !

I kneeled down before the Father of mercies and said, "Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son" I rose, eased and strengthened "

ALL hail ! inexorable lord !
 At whose destruction-breathing word
 The mightiest empires fall !
 Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
 The ministers of grief and pain,
 A sullen welcome, all !
 With stern-resolved, despairing eye,
 I see each aimed dart ;
 For one has cut my dearest tie,
 And quivers in my heart.
 Then lowering and pouring,
 The storm no more I dread ;
 Though thick ruing and black'ning,
 I mind my devoted head !
 And thou gulf power, by life abhor'd,
 While life a pleasure can afford,
 Oh ! hear a wretch's prayer !
 No more I shrink appall'd, afraid ;
 I count, I beg thy friendly aid
 To close this scene of woe !
 When shall my soul, in silent peace,
 Resign life's joyless day,
 My weary heart its throbbings cease,
 Cold mouldering in the clay ?
 No fear more, no tear more,
 To stun my lifeless face,
 Enclasp'd, and enshad'd
 Within thy cold embrace !

ADDRESS OF BL FLEEBUB

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY

The history of this poem is as follows.—On Tuesday, May 4, there was a meeting of the Highland Society at London for the encouragement of the fisheries in the Highlands, &c. Three thousand pounds were immediately subscribed by eleven gentlemen present for this particular purpose. The Earl of Breadalbane informed the meeting that five hundred persons had agreed to emigrate from the estates of Mr. Macdonald of Glengarry, that they had subscribed money, purchased ship, &c., to carry their design into effect. The noblemen and gentlemen agreed to co-operate with Government to frustrate their design, and to recommend to the principal noblemen and gentlemen in the Highlands to enter it as far as to prevent emigration, by improving the fisheries, agriculture, and manufactures, and particularly to enter into a subscription for that purpose.—*Edinburgh Advertiser* of 3rd May 1786. In view of the indignity excited some fifteen or twenty years ago against the forcible eviction of poor people from estates in the Highlands of Scotland, the reader of to-day may be pardoned feeling some surprise at the expression of the poet's feelings against a laudible attempt to retain his countrymen in independence on their native soil. The Address first appeared in the *Scots Magazine* with the following heading:—"To the Right Honourable the Earl of Breadalbane, President of the Right Honourable and Honourable the Highland Society, which met on the 23d of May last, at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to

concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of five hundred Highlanders, who, as the Society were informed by Mr. M—— of A——s, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they were, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. Macdonald of Glengarry, to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing *LIBERTY*!"

LONG life, my lord, and health be yours,
Unscath'd by hunger'd Highland boors;
Lord, grant nae dudhie¹ desperate beggar,
Wi' dirk, claymore, or rusty tigger,
May twm auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as lambkins like a knife.
Faith, you and Applecross² were right
To keep the Highland hounds in sight;
I doubt na³ they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance out owre the water;
Then up among thae lakes and seas
They'll mak what rules and laws they please;
Some daffing Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set them Highland blaud a-rankin',
Some Washington gammonay head them,
Or some Montgomery, fearle's lead them,
Till God knows what may be effected
When by such heads and hearts directed—
Poor clungbush sons of dirt and mire
May o' Patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To witch and jockey o'er the pack yide,
And whare will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance,
To cow the rebel generation,
And save the honour o' the nation?
They and be damn'd! what right hae they
To meat or sleep, or light o' day?
Fair less to riches, power, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them?
But hear, my lord! Glengarry, hear!
Your hand's owre light on them, I fear!
Your factors, gnaes, tin tees, and bolyes,
I canna say but they do gylties,⁴
hey lay aside a' tender mercies,
and tirl the hallions to the birses;⁵
et while they is only pond't and harriet,⁶
hey'll keep their stubborn Highland spirit;
ut smash them ' crash them a' to spauls!⁷
nd not the dyvors⁸ i' the spauls!
he young dogs swinge⁹ them to the labour,
et wark and hunger mak them sober!
he lizzies, if they're aughtins fawson,¹⁰

¹ Ragged² Mackenzie of Applecross³ Pretty well⁴ And strip the clowns to the skin⁵ Sold out and despoiled⁶ Crops⁷ Bknrip's⁸ Whip⁹ The girls if they be at all handsome

Let them in Drury Lane be lesson d !
 And if the wives and dirty brats
 E'en thigger¹ at your doors and yetts,²
 Flaffan wi' duds and gray wi' beas',³
 Fighatin' awa' your deucks and geese,
 Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,⁴
 The langest thong, the fiercest growler,
 And gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
 Wi' a' their bastards on their back !
 Go on, my lord ! I lang to meet you,
 And in my house at hame to greet you ;
 Wi' common loids ye shanna mingle ;
 The benmost neuk⁵ beside the ingle,⁶
 At my right han' assign'd your seat,
 'Tween Herod's hip and Polycrate, -
 Or if you on your station tae row,⁷
 Between Almagro and Pizarro,
 A seat, I think ye're weel deservin't ;
 And till ye come—Your humble servant,

BELZERUB.

June 1st, Anno Mundi, 5790 [A.D. 1786]

A DREAM*

THE friends of the poet tried hard to prevent the publication of this poem without success, judging rightly that it would injure his prospects with the Government. He introduces it as follows. —

"Thoughts, words, and deeds, the statute blames with reason ;
 But surely dreams were ne'er indicted treason "

On reading in the public papers the Laureate's "Ode,"^{*} with the other parade of June 4, 1786, the author was no sooner dropt asleep than he imagined himself transported to the birthday levee ; and in his dreaming fancy made the following ADDRESS — BURNS :

GUID-MORNIN' to your Majesty !
 May Heaven augment your blisses,
 On every new birthday ye see,
 A humble poet wishes,
 My hardship here, at your levee,
 On sic a day as this is,

¹ Beg.² Gates.³ Fluttering in rags and
gray with veinwin.⁴ A dog⁵ The innermost cor
ner⁶ Fire-place.⁷ Complain.

* Thomas Warton then filled this office. His ode for June 4, 1786, begins as follows. —

"When Freedom nursed her native fire
 In ancient Greece, and ruled the lyre,
 Her bards disdainful, from the tyrant's brow,
 The tinsel gifts of flattery tore,
 But paid to guiltless power their willing vow
 And to the throne of virtuous kings," &c.

On these verses, the rhymes of the Ayrshire bard must be allowed to form an odd enough commentary — CHAMBERS

Is sue an uncouth sight to see,
Among thae birth-day dresses
Sae fine this day.

I see ye're complimented thrang,
By many a lord and lady;
"God save the king" 's a cuckoo sang,
That's unco easy said aye,
The poets, too, a venal gang,
Wi' rhymes weel-turn'd and ready,
Wad gar ye trow ye ne'er do wrang,
But aye unerring steady,
On sic a day

For me, before a monarch's face,
Even there I winna flatter,
For neither pension, post, nor place,
Am I your humble debtor.
So, nae reflection on your grace,
Your kingship to bespatter;
There's mony wair been o' the race,
And aiblins¹ aye been better
Than you this day.

'Tis very true, my sovereign king,
My skill may weel be doubted;
But facts are chieft that winna ding,²
And downa³ be disputed:
Your royal nest, beneath your wing,
Is e'en right rest and clouted,⁴
And now the third part of the string,
And less, will gang about it
Than did a day.*

Far be't frae me that I aspie
To blame your legislation,
Or say, ye wisdom want, or fire,
To rule this mighty nation.
But, faith! I muckle doubt, my sire,
Ye've trusted misistation
To chaps,⁵ wha, in a bairn or byre,
Wad better fill'd then station
Than courts yon day.

And now ye've gien auld Britain peace,
Her broken slims to plaister:
Your sair taxation does her fleece,
Till she has scarce a tester:
For me, thank God, my life's a lease,
Nae bargain wearing faster,

¹ Perhaps.² Dare not³ Follows.⁴ Beat.⁵ Broken and patched

* The poet alludes here to the great diminution of the king's territory by the disastrous issue of the American war

Or, faith! † fear that wi' the gaece,
I shortly boost¹ to pastime
I' the craft some day.

I'm no mistin'g Wilhe Pitt,
When taxes he enlarges,
(And Will's a true guid fellow's² get,*
A name not envy spanges,²)
That he intends to pay your debt,
And lessen a' yon charges;
But, God-sake! let nae saving fit
Abridge your bonny barges†
And boats this day.

Adieu, my hege! m'y Freedom geck³
Beneath your high protection,
And may you tax⁴ Corruption's neck,
Ane gie her for dis c'tion!¹
But since I'm here, I'll no neglect,
In loyal, true affection,
To pay your queen, with due respect,
My fealty and subjection
This great birthday.

Hail, Majesty Most Excellent!
While nobles strive to please ye,
Will ye accept a compliment
A simple poet gies ye?
Thae bonnie bairn-time‡ Heaven has lent,
St'll higher may they heeze⁵ ye
In bliss, till fate some day is sent,
For ever to release ye
Frae care that day.

For you, young potentate o' Wales,
I tell your Highness fairly,
Down pleasure's stream, wi' swelling sails,
I'm faul'd ye're driving rarely;
But some day ye may gnaw your nail
And curse your folly, sailly,
That e'er ye brak Diana's pales,
Or rattled dice wi' Charlie,§
By night or day.

Yet aft' a ragged rowt's⁶ been known
To mak a noble aver,⁷

¹ Behove

² Disputers

³ Lift her head

re

⁴ Strike

⁵ Raise

⁷ Horse

* A good fellow's getting This is not the only compliment Burns pays to the Earl of Chatham

† In allusion to an attempt to diminish the lowering of the strength of the navy

‡ Family of children

§ The Right Hon Charles James F

So, ye may doucely¹ fill a throne,
 For a' then clish-ma-claver,²
 Thin him at Agmcount³ wha shor,
 Few better were or braver:
 And yet, wi' funny, queer Sir John⁴
 He was an unco shaver⁵

• For mony a day
 For yon, right reverend Osnabing⁶
 Nane sets the lawn-sleeve sweeter,
 Although a ribbon at your lug
 Wad been a dress completer.
 As ye disown yon paughty⁷ dog
 That bears the keys o' Peter,
 Then, swith! and get a wife to hug,
 Or, tronth! ye'll stam the nait
 Some luckless day.

• Young loyal Tany Brecks,⁸ I learn,
 Ye've lately come athwart her,
 A glorious galley⁹ stiff and stern,
 Weel rigg'd for Venus' barten;
 But lust hang out, that she'll discern,
 Your hymeneal charter,
 Then heave aboard your grapple-arm,
 And, luge upon her quarter
 Come full that day.

Ye, lastly, bonny blossoms a',
 Ye royal lasses daunt,
 Heaven mak you guid as weel as braw,
 And gie you bairns a-plenty.
 But sneer na British boys awa',
 For kings are unco scant'ave;
 And German rickles are but sma',
 They're better just than want aye
 On any day.

God bless you a'! consider now
 Ye're unco muckle daunt;¹⁰
 But ere the course o' life be thro',
 It may be bitter sautit.¹¹
 And I hae seen, then coggie fu',¹²
 That yet hae tarow't¹³ at it;
 But on the day was done, I trow,¹⁴
 The daggen they hae clautit¹⁵
 Fu' cleath that day

¹ Wisely² Idle scum³ A wicked⁴ Haughty⁵ Too much flattered⁶ Silted⁷ Plated bill,⁸ Grumbled⁹ They have
out the dish¹⁰ King Henry V -- B¹¹ The Duke of York¹² Alluding to the newspaper account of the royal sailor's amour¹³ Sir John Falstaff -- *note* Shakesp¹⁴ William IV, then Duke of Clarence

THE HOLY FAIR

There is not once the heaviest and the ablest of the shafts Burns shot at the abuses of the Church of Scotland. No one who has not been present at one of these scenes of piety and revelry, can form any idea of the appetite the lower orders of the Scotch country people have for a strong dose of religious and rough excesses combined. The publication of "The Holy Fair" ¹ did much to mitigate the evil, although in outlying districts such scenes were to be witnessed up to a very recent period.

As many as half a dozen clergymen used to be engaged for the day's services, and amongst them there was a rivalry for the mastery, the mounting of the rostrum by a poor preacher being the signal for an adjournment to the refreshment tents, and the provision-baskets, while the appearance of a man of fluent speech and strong lungs would at once recall the errant crowd and subdue them to quietness and attention.

[Holy Fair is a common phrase in the west of Scotland for a sacramental occasion. —B.]

"A robe of scandal with a d trust
He crafty observation
And secret lying, with pen o'd crust,
The dirk o' De-famation
A mask that hie the gorgel show'd,
Dye-virring on the pigeon,
And for a mantle, laze and broad
He wrapt him in Religion." — *Hypocrite's Last Words*

Upon a summer Sunday morn,
When Nature's face is fair,
I walk'd forth to view the corn,
And snuff the caller¹ air,
The rising sun owre Galston² morn,
Wi' glorious light was glintin',
The haes were limplin' down the fairs,⁴
'The lav'rocks they were chantin'
Fu' sweet that day

As lightsomely I glower'd abroad,
'To see a scene sae gay,
Three lizzies,⁵ early at the road,
Cam skelpin' up the way,
Twa had manteeles o' delectu' black,
But ane wi' lyari⁶ lining;
The third, that gaed a wee a back,
Was in the fashion-shining
Fu' gay that day.

The twa spiecar'd like sisters twm,
In featne, form, and claes,
Their visage, wither'd lang, and thir,
And wae as ony slaes:
The third cam up, hap-step-and-lowp,
As light as ony kumbe,

¹ Fish
² Galston

³ Limping
⁴ Furrows.

⁵ Wenche
⁶ Gray.

* The adjoining parish to Mauchline.

And wi' a curchie low did stoop,
As soon as e'er she saw me,
Fu' kind that day.

Wi' bonnet aff, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
I think ye seem to ken me;
I'm sur¹ I've seen that bonny face,
But yet I canna name ye
Quo' she, and laughin' as she spak,
And taks me by the hands,
"Ye, for my sake, hae gien the feck²
Of a' the ten commands

A sceid some day.

"My name is Fun—your crony dear,
The nearest friend ye hae;
And this is Superstition here,
And that's Hypocrisy.
I'm goun to Mauchline holy fau,
To spend an hour in daffin';³
Gin ye'll go there, yon runkled pair,
We will get famous laughin',
At them this day."

Quoth I, "With a' my heart, I'll do't,
I'll get my Sunday's sark on,
And meet you on the holy spot,
Faith, we've hae fine remarkin'!"
Then I gaed hame at crowdie-time,³
And soon I made me ready;
For roads were clud, fine side to side,
Wi' mony a weary body,
In droves that day.

Here farmers ga J⁴, in irdm' graith,
Gaed hoddin' by their cotters,
'There, swaal ies⁵ young, in baw braid clath,
Are springin' owie the gutters,
The lasses, skelpin' barefit, thrang,
In silks and scarlets glitler;
Wi' sweet-milk cheese, in mony a whang,⁷
And fair,⁸ baked wi' butter,
Fu' crump that day

When by the plate we set our nose,⁹
Weel scrap'd up wi' ha'pence,
A grace ly glower Black-bonnet throws,

¹ Bilk.

² Sport.

³ Breakfast time.

⁴ Will to do.

⁵ Jockies.

⁶ Supplugs.

⁷ Cut.

⁸ Cakes.

* A colloquial appellation bestowed on the church elders or deacons, who in landward parishes in the olden time generally wore black bonnets on Sundays, when they officiated at "the plate" in making the usual collection for the poor.
—MOTHERWELL.

And we maun draw our tippence
 Then in we go to see the show,
 On every sile they're gath'rin',
 Some carrying dails,¹ some chains and stools,
 And some are busy bleth'in'²
 Right loud that day.

Here stands a shed to fend the showers,
 And screen our country gentry,
 There Racer Jess,³ and twa-three whores,
 Are blinkin' at the entry
 Here sits a row of tittlin'⁴ jades,
 Wi' heaving breast and bare neck,
 And there a batch o' wab'erin' lads,
 Blackguarding frae Kilmock,
 For fun this day.

Here, some are shinkin' on their sins,
 And some upo' their claes,
 Ane curses feet that fyl'd⁵ his slims,
 Anither sighs and plays
 On this hand sits a chosen swatch,⁶
 Wi' screw'd-up, grace-pupul faces;
 On that a set o' chaps at watch,
 'Thang winkin' on the lass,
 To chaus that day.

Oh, happy is that man and blest!
 Nae wonder that it prude him,
 Whase ain dear lass that he likes best,
 Comes clinkin' down beside him!
 Wi' arm reposed on the chan-back,
 He sweetly does compose him,
 Which, by degrees, slips round her neck,
 An's loof⁶ upon her bonny,
 Unkenn'd that day.

Now at the congregation o'er
 Is silent expectation,
 For Moodie⁷ speaks⁷ the holy doon,
 Wi' belings o' damnation
 Should Horney, as in ancient days,
 'Maun sons o' God present him,

¹ Planks, or boards, to
 screen

² Talking loudly,

³ Wh. spring.

⁴ Soiled

⁵ Sample.

⁶ A hind

⁷ Chubb.

⁸ The following notice of Racer Jess appeared in the newspapers of February 1843:—"Died at Murchline a few weeks since, Janet Gibson, consigned to immortality by Burns in his 'Holy Fair,' under the title of appellation of 'Racer Jess.' She was the daughter of 'Poosie Nansie' who figures in 'The Jolly Beggars.' She was remarkable for her pedestrian powers, and sometimes ran long distances for a wager."

⁹ Moodie was the minister of Raccuton, and one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds."

The very sight o' Moodie's face
To's an' het hame had sent him
Wi' fight that day.

Hear how ne clears the points o' faith
Wi' rattlin' and wi' thumpin' !
Now meekly calm, now wild in wrath,
He's stampin' and he's jumpin' !
His lengthen'd chin, his turn'd-up snout,
His eldritch¹ squeal, and gestures,
Oh, how they fire the heart devout,
Like cantharidian plasters,
On sic a day !

But, hark ! the tent has chang'd its voice !
'There's peace and rest nae langer :
For a' the real judges rise,
They canna sit for anger.
Smith^{*} opens out his cauld harangues
On practice and on morals ;
And aff the godly pour in thrangs,
To gie the jars and barrels
A lift that day.

What signifies his batten shine
Of moral powers and reason ?
His English style, and gossie fine,
Are a' clean out o' season.
Like Socrates or Antonine,
On some auld pagan heathen,
The moral man he does define,
But ne'er a word o' faith in
That's right that day

In guid time comes an antidote
Against sic poison'd no-stum ;
For Peebles, frae the Water-f[†],
Ascends the holy rostrum.
See, up he's got the Word o' God,
And meek and num[‡] has view'd it,
While Common Sense[§] has ta'en the road.
And's aff and up the Cowgate,
Fast, fast, that day.

¹ Urchinlike

² Primly

* Mr. (afterwards Dr.) George Smith, minister of Galston. Burns intended a compliment here on his unusual mode of preaching, but the reverend gentleman did not appreciate the allusion.

† The Rev. Mr. (afterwards Dr.) William Peebles, minister of Newton, upon Ave. sometimes named, from his situation, *the Water-fist*.

‡ Dr. Mackenzie, then of Manichline, afterwards of Irvine, had recently conducted some village controversy under the title of "Common Sense." Some local commentators are of opinion that he, and not the personified abstraction, is meant.

§ A street so called which faces the tent in Manichline.

‡ A street so called which faces the tent in Manichline. B

Wee Miller * nerst the guard relieves,
 And orthodoxy rables,¹
 Though in his heart he weel believes
 And thinks it auld wives' fables :
 But, faith ! the bukie wants a manse,
 So, cannyly he hums them ;
 Although his carnal wit and sense
 Like haffin'-ways² o'ercomes him
 At times that day.

Now ' ut and ben the change-house fills
 Wi' yill-cup commentators :
 Here's crying out for bakes³ and gills,
 And there the pint-stoup clatters ;
 While thick and thrang, a id loud and lang,
 Wi' logie and wi' Scripture,
 They raise a din, that, in the end,
 Is like to breed a rupture
 O' wraith that day.

Leeze me on drink ! it gies us mair
 Than either school or college :
 It killees wit, it waukens lair,
 It pangs us fou o' knowledge.
 Be't whisky gill, or penny wheep,
 Or ony stronger potion,
 It never fails, on drinking deep,
 To kittle⁴ up our notion
 By night or day.

The lads and lasses, blithely bent,
 To mind baith saul and'boddy,
 Sit round the table weel content,
 And steer about the toddy.
 On this ane's dress, and that ane's lunk,
 They're making observations,
 While some are cozie i' the cark,⁵
 And forming a signation
 To meet some day

But now the Lord's an trumpet touts,
 Till a' the hells are raim',
 an' echoes back return the shouts,
 Black Russell is in spaim' ;

¹ Rattles

² Half-way.

³ Cakes

⁴ Rouse

⁵ Snug in the corner

* The Rev. Mr. Miller, afterwards minister of Kilmours. He was of remarkably low stature, but enormous girth.

† The Rev. John Russell, at this time minister of the chapel of ease, Kilmarnock, afterwards minister of Surling—one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds." "He was," says a correspondent of Cunningham's, "the most tremendous man I ever saw. Black Hugh Macpherson was a beauty in comparison. His voice was like thunder, and his sentiments were such as must have shocked any class of hearers in the least more refined than those whom he usually addressed."

His piercing words, like Highland swords,
Divide the joints and marrow ;
His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell ;
Our vera sauls does harrow*

Wi' fright that day

A vast, anbottom'd, boundless pit,
Fill'd fu' o' lowm' brunstane,
Whase ragin' flame, and scorclun' heat
Wad melt the hudest whunstane :
The half-asleep start up wi' fear,
And think they hear it roarin',
When presently it does appear
'I was but some neighbor snoun'
Asleep that day.

'Twad be owre lang a tale to tell
How many stories past,
And how they crowd'd to the yill
When they were a' disgist :
How drunk gae'd round, in cogs and caups,
Among the forms and benches :
And cheese and bread, frae women's laps,
Was dealt about in lanches,
And dauds¹ that day.

In comes a gaulie, gash² gudwife,
And sits down by the fire,
Syne draws her kelsbuck³ and her knife ;
The lasses they are shyer.
The auld gudmen, about the grace,
Frac side to side they bothei,
Till some ane by his bonnet lays,
And gies them't like a tether
Fu' lang that day.

Waesucks⁴ for him that gets nae lass,
Or lasses that hae naething
Sma' need has he to say a grace,
Or melvie⁵ his braw claitthing !
O wives, be mindfu' ance yersel
How bonny lads ye wanted,
And dinna, for a kelsbuck-hiel,⁶
Let lasses be affronted
On sic a day !

Now Clinkumbell, wi' rattlin' tow,
Begins to jow and croon,⁷
Some swagger hame, the best they dow,⁸
Some wait the afternoon.

¹ Lumps

² Fat and homely

³ Cheese

⁴ Alas.

⁵ Soil.

⁶ Chee e-crust

⁷ Sing and groan

⁸ Can.

* Shake speare's "Hamlet."—B.

At slaps¹ the billes² halt a blink,
 Till lasses strip their shoon :
 Wi' faith and hope, and love and drink,
 'They're a' in famous tune
 For crack that day.

How mony hearts this day converts
 O' sinners and o' lasses !
 Their hearts o' stane, gin night, are gane,
 As e'ft as ony flesh is.
 There's some are fou o' love divine ;
 There's some are fou o' luandy ;
 And mony jobs that day begin
 May end in houghmagin ly*
 Some illa day.

VERSES ON A SCOTCH BARD.

GONE TO THE WILDERNESSES.

THE following lines were written when the poet meditated emigrating to
 Jamaica.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
 A' ye wha live by crumbo-clink,
 A' ye wha live and never think,
 Come, mounn wi' me !
 Our bullic's gien us a' a junk,¹
 And owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye tantin' core,
 Wha dearly like a random splore,²
 Nae mair he'll join the merry war
 In social key,
 For now he's t'wen anither shore,
 And owre the sea !

The bonny lasses weel may miss him,
 And in their dear petitions place him :
 The widows, wives, and a' may bless him,
 Wi' tearfu' ee ;
 For weel I'wat they'll saulily miss him
 That's owre the sea !

O Fortunes, they hae room to grumble !
 Hadst thou ta'en aff some drowsy humnle³

¹ Brooches in fen-
 birds.
 Verisifying

² Out friendship is included

³ A comic
 bungler

* May end in copulation

Wha can do nought but fyke and fumble,¹
 'Twad been nae plea,
 But he was gleg² as ony wumble,³
 That's owre the sea!

Auld castie Kyle may weepers wear,
 And stain them wi' the saut, saut⁴ tear,
 'Twill make her poor auld heart, I fear,
 In flinders⁴ flee,
 He was her laureate mony a year,
 That's owre the sea!

He saw misfortune's cauld nor'-west
 Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
 A jillet⁵ brak his heart at last,
 Ill may she be!
 So, took a berth afore the mast,
 And owre the sea.

To tremble under Fortune's cummock,⁶
 On scarce a bellyfu' o' dimmock;⁷
 Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
 Could ill agree;
 So, row't his hudies⁸ in a hammock,
 And owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguding,
 Yet com his pouches wadna bide in,
 Wi' him it ne'er was under hiding.
 He dealt it free
 The Muse was a' that he took pride in
 That's owre the sea

Jamaica bodies, use him weel,
 And hap him in a cozie biel;⁹
 Ye'll find him aye a dainty chiel,¹⁰
 And fu' o' glee;
 He wadna wrang the very deil,
 That's owre the sea

Fareweel, my rhyme-composing daniel!
 Your native soil was right ill-willie,
 But may ye flourish like a hily,
 Now bonnie!
 I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie¹¹
 Though owre the sea!

¹ " Make a fuss "

² Sn up

³ Wumble

⁴ Pieces

⁵ Jilt

⁶ Pod

⁷ Meal and water

⁸ Wrapt his hands

⁹ Warm shelter

¹⁰ Kindly fellow

¹¹ My last gill

Then when I'm tired, and sae are ye,
 Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' he,
 Set up a face, how I stop short;
 For fear your modesty be hurt.
 This may do—maun do, sir, wi' them wha
 Maun please the great folks for a wamefu' ;¹
 For me ! sae laigh² I needna bow,
 For, Lord be thankit, I can plough ;
 And when I downa³ yoke a naig,
 Then, Lord be thankit, I can beg ;
 Sae I shall say, and that's nae flatterin',
 It's just sic poet, and sic patron.

The poet, some guid angel help him,
 Or else, I fear, some ill ane skelp⁴ him,
 He may do weel for a' he's done yet,
 But only—he's no just begun yet

The patron, (sir, ye maun forgive me,
 I winna lie, come what will o' me,)
 On every hand it will allow'd be,
 He's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
 He downa see a poor man want ;
 What's no his ain he winna tak it,
 What ance he says he winna break it,
 Aught he can lend he'll no refus't,
 Till aft his guidness is abused ;
 And rascal, whyles that do him wrang,
 Even that he doesna mind it lang :
 As master, landlord, husband, father,
 He doesna fail his part in either.

But then nae thanks to him for a' that ;
 Nae godly symptom ye can ca' that,
 It's naething but a milder feature
 Of our poor sinfu', corrupt nature :
 Ye'll get the best o' moral works,
 'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,
 Or hunters wild on Ponotaxi,
 Wha never heard of orthodoxy,
 That he's the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 It's no through terror of damnation,
 It's just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
 Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
 Vain is his hope whose stay and trust is
 In moral mercy, truth, and justice !

¹ Bellyful² Low.³ Cannot⁴ Beat.

No—stretch a point to catch a pack ;
 Abuse a brother to his back ;
 Steal through a winnock¹ frae a whore,
 But point the rake that takes the door ;
 Be to the poor like ony whunstaie,
 And hand their noses to the grunstaie,
 Ply every art o' legal thieving ,
 No matter, stick to sound believing.

Learn three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces
 Wi' weel-spread looves,² and lang, wry faces ,
 Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
 And damn a' parties but your own ;
 I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver—
 A steady, sturdy, stunch believer.

O ye wha leave the spring-³ Calvin,
 For gumlie⁴ dubs of your ain delvyn !
 Ye sons o' heresy and error,
 Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror !
 When Vengeance draw the sword in w a ch,
 And in the fire throws the sheath ,
 When Ruin, with his sweeping besom,
 Just frets till Heaven commission gies him ;
 While o'er the harp pale Misery moans,
 And strikes the ever-deepening tones,
 Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans !

Your pardon, sir, for this digression,
 I maist forgat my Dedication ,
 But when divinity comes 'cross me,
 My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
 But I maturely thought it proper,
 When a' my works I did review,
 To dedicate them, sir, to you :
 Because (ye needna tak it ill)
 I thought them something like yours⁵.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
 And your petitioner shall ever----
 I had amair said, ever pray ,
 But that's a word I needna say .
 For prayin' I hae little skill o't ;
 I'm baith dead sweet,⁴ and witchet ill o't ;
 But I'll repeat each poor man's prayer
 That kens or hears about you, sir—

“ May ne'er Misfortune's growling bark
 Howl through the dwelling o' the Clerk ! ”

¹ Window² Palms³ Muddy⁴ Unwilling⁵ Mr Hamilton was clerk to a county court

May ne'er his generous, honest heart
 For that same generous spirit smart !
 May Kennedy's fair-honour'd name
 Lang beat his hymeneal flame,
 Till Hamiltons, at least a dozen,
 Are frae their nuptial labours risen :
 Five bonny lasses round then table,
 And seven braw fellows stont and able
 To serve then king and country wcl,
 By word, or pen, or pointed steel !
 May health and peace, with mutual rays,
 Shine on the evening o' his days ;
 Till his wee curlic John's^{*} ier-oe,¹
 When ebbing life nhe mair shall flow,
 'The last, sad, mournful rites bestow !'

I will not wuid a lang conclusion
 Wi' complimentary effusion :
 But whilst your wishes and endeavours
 Are blest wi' Fortune's smiles and favours,
 I am, dear sir, with zeal most fervent,
 Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which Powers above prevent !)
 That non-heart'd eail, Want,
 Attended in his grim advances,
 By sad mistakes and black mischances,
 While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
 Make you as poor a dog as I am,
 Your humble servant then no more ;
 For who would humbly serve the poor ?
 But by a poor man's hopes in Heaven !
 While recollection's power is given,
 If, in the vale of humble life,
 'The victim sad of Fortune's strife,
 I, through the tedious gushing tear,
 Should recognise my master dear,
 If friendless, low, we meet together,
 Then, sir, your hand - my friend and brother !

INVITATION TO A MEDICAL GENTLEMAN

TO ATTEND A MASONIC ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

THE meetings of the members of St. James's Masonic Lodge were held in a small room in a public-house in Mauchline, kept by a man of the name of Manson. On the approach of St. John's day, Burns sent the following rhymed invitation to his friend Mr. Mackenzie -

FRIDAY first's the day appointed,
 By our Right Worshipful anointed,

¹ Great-grandchild.

* John Hamilton, Esq., a worthy scion of a noble race.

To hold our grand procession ;
 To get a blade o' Johnny's morals,
 And taste a swatch¹ o' Manson's barrels,
 I' the way of our profession.
 Our Master and the Brotherhood
 Wad a' be glad to see you ;
 For me I would be mair than proud
 To share the mercies wi' you.
 If death, then, wi' skaith, then,
 Some mortal heart is hechtin'²,
 Inform him, and storm him,
 That Saturday ye'll fecht³ him.
 ROBERT BURNS.

THE FAREWELL

"THE following touching stanza," says Cunningham, "were composed in the autumn of 1786, when the prospects of the poet darkened, and he looked towards the West Indies as a place of refuge, and perhaps of hope. All who shared his affections are mentioned—his mother—his brother Gilbert—his illegitimate child, Elizabeth,—whom he consigned to his brother's care, and for whose support he had appropriated the copyright of his poems,—and his friends Smith, Hamilton, and Aiken, but in nothing he ever wrote was his affection for Jean Armour more tenderly or more naturally displayed." ¹

"The valiant in himself, what can he suffer?
 Or what does he regard his single woes?
 But when, alas! he multiplies himself,
 To dearer selves, to the loved tender far,
 To those whose bliss, whose being hang upon him,
 To helpless children! then, oh, then! he feels
 The point of misery festering in his heart,
 And weakly weeps his fortune like a coward
 Such, such am I!—undone!"

—THOMSON'S *Edwara and Eleanor*

FAREWELL, old Scotia's bleak domains,
 Far dearer than the torrid plains
 Where rich ananas blow!
 Farewell, a mother's blessing dear!
 A brother's sigh! a sister's tear!
 My Jean's heart-rending throes!
 Farewell, my Bess! though thou'lt bereft
 Of my parental care;
 A faithful brother I have left,
 My part in him thou'lt share!
 Adieu too, to you too,
 'My Smith, my bosom friend';
 When kindly you mind me,
 Oh, then befriend my Jean!
 What thirsting anguish tears my heart!
 From thee, my Jeanne, must I part!
 Thou, weeping, answerest, "No!"
 Alas! misfortune stares my face,
 And points to ruin and disgrace,

¹ Sample.

² Threatening.

³ Fight.

I, for thy sake, must go
 Thee, Hamilton and Aiken dear,
 A grateful, warm, adieu!
 I, with a much-indelb'd tear,
 Shall still remember you!
 All hail then, the gale then,
 Wafts me from thee, dear shire!
 It rustles and whistles—
 I'll never see thee more!

LINES WRITTEN ON A BANK-NOTE.

WAE worth thy power, thou curs'd leaf!
 Tell 'gince o' a' my woe and grief!
 For lack o' thee I've lost my lass!
 For lack o' thee I scamp my glass.
 I see the children of affliction
 Unaided, through thy curs'd restriction.
 I've seen the oppressor's cruel smile,
 Amid his hapless victim's spoil,
 And, for thy potency vainly wish'd
 To crush the villain in the dust.
 For lack o' thee, I leave this much-loved shore,
 Never, perhaps, to meet auld Scotland more.
 R. B. — Kyle.

VERSES TO AN OLD SWITZHER ART AFTER HER MARRIAGE.

WRITTEN ON THE BANK-NOTE OF A COPY OF HIS POEMS
 PRESENTED TO THE LADY

The name of the lady to whom the following lines were addressed has chanced
 discovery.

ONCE fondly loved, and still remember'd dear,
 Sweet early object of my youthful vows,
 Accept this mark of friendship, warm, sincere,—
 Friendship 'tis all cold duty now allows.
 And when you read the simple, artless rhymes,
 One friendly sigh for him— he asks no more,—
 Who distant burns in flaming fond clime,
 Or haply lies beneath th' Atlantic's roar.

VERSES WRITTEN UNDER VIOLENT GRIEF

The following lines, which first appeared in the *Star* newspaper, April 1823,
 were originally written on the fly-leaf of a copy of the poet's works presented to
 a friend

ACCEPT the gift a friend sincere
 Wad on thy woe be pressin';
 Remember'nce oft may start a tear,
 But oh! that tenderness forbear,
 Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
 I thought sair storms wad never
 Bedew the scene ; but grief and care
 In wildest fury hae made bare
 My peace, my hope, for ever
 You think I'm glad , oh, I pay weel
 For a' the joy I borrow,
 In solitude—then, then I feel
 I can na to myself conceal
 My deeply-ranklin' sorrow.
 Farewell ! within thy bosom free
 A sigh may whiles awaken ;
 A tear may wet thy laughlin' ee,
 For Scotia's son—ance ga' like thee —
 Now I oreless, comfortless, forsaken !

THE CALF

TO THE REV MR JAMES STEVEN.

THE Rev James Steven was afterwards one of the Scottish clergy in London, and ultimately minister of Kilwinning in Ayrshire. He was no favourite of the poet's, and the following lines were written on hearing him preach from the text—

MALACHI IV 2—"And they shall go forth, and grow up,
 like CALVES of the stall."

RIGHT, sir ! your text I'll prove it true,
 Though heretics may laugh ;
 For instance ; there's yourself just now,
 God knows, an unco calf !

And should some patron be so kind
 As bless you wi' a link,
 I doubt na, sir, but then we'll find
 Ye're still as great a stink.¹

But if the lover's raptur'd hour
 Shall ever be your lot,
 Forbid it, every heavenly power,
 You e'er should be a stut !²

Though, when some kind connubial dear
 Your but-and-ben³ adorns,
 The like has been that you may wear
 A noble head of horns.

And in your lug, most reverend James,
 To hear you roar and howl,⁴
 Few men o' sense will doubt your claims
 To rank amang the nowte⁵

¹ A year-old bullock
² Ox.

³ Kitchen and parlour.
⁴ Bellow.

⁵ Cattle

And when ye're number'd wi' the dead,
 Below a grassy hillock,
 Wi' justice they may mark your head—
 "Here lies a famous bullock!"

WILLIE CHALMERS

MR W CHALMERS, a gentleman in Ayrshire, a particular friend of mine, asked me to write a poetic epistle to a young lady, his Dulcinea. I had seen her, but was scarcely acquainted with her, and wrote as follows:—R. B.

MADAM,
 Wi' braw new blanks,¹ in mickle pride,
 And eke² a braw new breechen,³
 My Pegasus I'm got astride,
 And up Parnassus peckin',⁴
 Whiles owie a bush, wi' downward crush,
 The doited beattie⁵ stummers;
 Then up he gets, and off he sets,
 For sake o' Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na, lass, that weel-kenn'd name
 May cost a pair o' blushes,
 I am nae stranger to your fame,
 Nor his warm-urg'd wishes.
 Your bonny face, sae mild and sweet,
 His honest heart enamours,
 And faith ye'll no be lost a whit,
 Though waird⁶ on Willie Chalmers.
 Auld Truth hersel might swear ye're fair,
 And Honour safely back her,
 And Modesty assume your air,
 And ne'er a age mistak her:
 And sic twa love-inspiring een
 Might me even holy palmers,
 Nae wonder then, they've fatal been
 To honest Willie Chalmers.

I doubt na Fortune may you shore'
 Some num-ma'd pouther'd priestle,-
 Fu'lifted up wi' Hebrew lore,
 And band upon his breastie:
 But oh! what signifies to you
 His lexicons and grammars:
 The feeling heart's the royal blue,
 And that's wi' Willie Chalmers.

Some gapin', glowin' country laird
 May waisle⁹ for your favour;

¹ Bridle
² Also.
³ Collar

⁴ Panting
⁵ Stupid animal
⁶ Spent

⁷ Promise
⁸ Prim and powdered pars on
⁹ strive

May claw his lug,¹ and strak his beard,
 And heast² up some palver
 My bonny maid, before ye wed
 Sic clumsy-witted hammers,³
 Seek Heaven for help, and baeftir skelp⁴
 Awa' wi' Willie Chalmers.

Forgive' the baird ! my foud regard
 For aye that shares my bosom
 Insp'ies my muse to gie 'm his dues,
 For deil a han I rouse⁵ him
 May powers aboon unite you soon,
 And sanctify yon amours --
 And every year come in man deat
 To yop and Willie Chalmers.

I AM SAMSON'S ELEGY *

"No poet," says Cunningham, "ever embarrassed fact with fiction more happily than Burns — the hero of this poem was a respectable old nursery-schoolman in Kilmarnock greatly addicted to sporting, and one of the poet's earliest friends, who loved curling on the ice in winter, and shooting on the moors in the season. When no longer able to march over hill and bog in quest of

'Pattricks, r. l.s., moor-points, and plivers,'

he loved to lie on the long settle, and listen to the deeds of others on field and flood, and when a good tale was told, he would cry, 'Hech, man! three at a shot, that was famous!' Some one having informed him, in his old age, that Burns had written a poem — 'a gay queer one' — concerning him, he sent for the bard, and, in something like wrath, requested to hear it: he smiled grimly at the relation of his exploits, and then cried out, 'I'm no dead yet, Robb! — I'm worth ten dead fowk! — wherefore should ye say that I am dead?' Burns took the hint, retired to the window for a minute or so, and, coming back, recited the 'Pec Contris,'

'Go, I am, and craver like a billy,'

with which Tam was so much delighted that he rose unconsciously, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, 'That's the lilt he's shull do!' He survives the poet, and the epitaph is inscribed on his grave-stone in the churchyard of Kilmarnock.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God!" — Pope

HAS auld Kilmarnock seen the doo?

On great Mackinlay† drawn⁶ his heel?

On Robbison‡ again grown weel,

To preach and read?

"Na, waur than a'!" cries ilka chiel,

"Tam Samson's dead!"

¹ F-

² Ce

³ Blackheads

⁴ Run

⁵ Platter

⁶ Twisted

* When this worthy old sportsman went out last moorfowl season, he supposed it was to be, in Ossian's phrase, "the last of his fields," and expressed an ardent wish to die and be buried in the muns. On this hint the author composed his elegy and epitaph — B

† A certain preacher, a great favourite with the million. *Vide* "The Ordination," stanza II — B

‡ Another preacher, an equal favourite with the few, who was at that time singing. For him, see also "The Ordination," stanza IX — B

Kilmarnock lang may grunt and grane,
And sigh, and sob, and greet her lane,¹
And cleed² her burns, man, wife, and wean.
In mourning weed ;
To Death, she's dearly paid the kane³—
Tam Samson's dead !

The brethren o' the mystic revel
May hing their head in waeht' Bevel,
While by their nose the tears will revel,
Like ony bead ;
Death's gien the lodge an unco revel⁴—
Tam Samson's dead !

When Winter muffles up his cloak,
And binds the mure up like a rock ;
When to the locks the curls flock
Wi' glesome speed,
Wha will they station at the cock ? —
Tam Samson's dead !

He was the king o' a' the core,
To guard, or draw, or wick a bore ;
Or up the rusk like Jehu roar
In time o' need ;
But now he lags on Death's hog-score,—
Tam Samson's dead !

Now safe the stately salmon sail,
And trout be-dropp'd wi' crimson hail,
And eels weel kenn'd for souple tuf,
And gels⁵ for gied,
Since duk in Death's fish-creel we wail
Tam Samson dead !

Kejee, ye birring partridges⁶ a' ;
Ye cootic⁷ meercocks, crouchy⁸ crabs ;
Ye maukins,⁹ cock your fud fu' braw,
Withouten dread ;
Your mortal fae is now awa',—
Tam Samson's dead !

That waeft morn be ever mourn'd
Saw him in shootin' graith adoun'¹⁰ t,
While pointers round impatient lvin'd,
Frae couples fied,
But, och ! he gaed and ne'er return'd !
Tam Samson's dead !

In vain auld age his body batter's,
In vain the gout his ankles fatter's ;

¹ Weep by herself

² Clothe

³ Rent paid in kind.

⁴ Blow

⁵ Pike

⁶ Whirring partridge.

⁷ Fe ther-bagged.

⁸ Glesfully.

⁹ Hares.

In vain the burns cam' down like waters,
 ' An acre braid !
 Now every auld wife, greetin', clatters,
 Tam Samson's dead !

Owe mony a weary hag¹ he limpit,
 And aye the tither shot he thumpit,
 Till coward Death behind him jumpit,
 Wi' deadly feide ;²
 Now he proclaims, wi' tout o' trumpet,
 Tam Samson's dead !

When at his heart he felt the dagger,
 He reel'd his wonted bottle-swagger,
 But yet he drew the mortal trigger
 Wi' weel-aim'd heed ;
 " Lord, five ! " he cried, an' lowie did stagger—
 Tam Samson's dead !

Ilk hoary hunter mourn'd a brother ;
 Ilk sportsman youth bemoan'd a father :
 Yon auld gray stane, amang the heather,
 Marks out his head,
 Where Burns has wrote, in rhyming blether,
 Tam Samson's dead !

There low he lies, in lasting rest ;
 Perhaps upon his mouldering breast
 Some spitefu' moorfowl bigs her nest,
 To hatch and breed ;
 Alas ! me mair he'll them molest !
 Tam Samson's dead !

When August winds the heather wave,
 And sportsmen wander by yon grave,
 Three volleys let his memory crave
 O' pouther and lead,
 Till Echo answer frae her cave—
 Tam Samson's dead !

Heaven rest his soul, whate'er he be !
 Is the wish o' mony mae than me ;
 He had twa faults, or maybe three,
 Yet what renewal ?
 Ae social honest man want we—
 Tam Samson's dead !

Tam Samson's weel-worn clay here lies,
 Ye canting zealots, spare him !
 If honest worth in heaven rise,
 Ye'll mend or ye win near him.

¹ Moss.² Feud.

PER CONTRA.

Go, Faue, and canter like a filly,
 Through a' the streets and neuks o' Killie,
 Tell every social, honest billie
 To cease his grievin',
 For yet, unskaithe'd by Death's gleg gullie,¹
 Tam Samson's leevin'!

A PRAYER,

LEFT BY THE AUTHOR AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE, IN THE ROOM
 WHERE HE SLEPT.

"The first time," says Gilbert Burns, "Robert heard the spinnet played upon was while on a visit at the house of Dr Lawrie, then minister of the parish of London, a few miles from Moss-giel, and with whom he was on terms of intimacy. Dr Lawrie had several daughters: one of them played; the father and the mother led down the dance, the rest of the sisters, the brother, the poet, and the other guests mixed in it. It was a delightful family-scene for our poet, then lately introduced to the world. His mind was roused to a poetic enthusiasm, and the stanzas were left in the room where he slept."

O Thou dead Power, who reign'st above!
 I know 'Thou wilt me hear,
 When for this scene of peace and love
 I make my prayer sincere

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
 Long, long, be pleased to spare!
 To bless his filial little flock,
 And show what good men are.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
 With tender hopes and fears,
 Oh, bless her with a mother's joys,
 But spare a mother's tears!

Their hope—their stay—their darling youth,
 In manhood's dawning blush—
 Bless him, O thou God of love and truth,
 Up to a parent's wish!

The heauteous seraph sister-hand,
 With earnest tears I pray,
 Thou know'st the snares on every hand—
 Guide Thou their steps, away!

When soon or late they reach that coast,
 O'er life's rough ocean driven,
 May they rejoice, no wanderer lost,
 A family in heaven!

¹ Sharp knife

² Killie is a phrase the country-folks sometimes use for the name of a certain town in the west [Killinrock].—B

THE BRIGS OF AYR

INSCRIBED TO JOHN BALLANTYNE, ESQ., AYR.

THE following was written while the new bridge across the Ayr was being built. His friend Mr. Ballantyne being at that time chief magistrate, the poem is very appropriately dedicated to him.

THE simple baird, rough at the rustic plough,
Learning his tuneful trade from every bough ;
The chaning linnet, or the mellow thrush,
Hailing the setting sun, sweet, in the green-thorn bush ;
The soaring lark, the perching redbreast shrill,
On deep-toned plovers' gray, wild-whistling o'er the hill,
Shall he, nurs'd in the peasant's lowly shed,
To hardy independence bravely bled,
By early poverty to hardship staid,
And train'd to arms in stern Misfortune's field—
Shall he be guilty of their heinous crimes,
The servile, mercenary Swiss of rhymes
On labour hard the panegyric close,
With all the venal soul of dedicating prose ?
No ! though his artless strains he rudely sings,
And throws his hand uncouthly o'er the strings,
He glows with all the spirit of the land,
Fame, honest fame, his great, his dear reward !
Still, if some patron's generous cure he trace,
Skill'd in the secret, to bestow with grace,
When Ballantyne befriends his humble name,
And hands the rustic stranger up to fame,
With heart-felt throes his grateful bosom swells,
The godlike bliss, to give, alone excels.

'Twas when the stacks get on their winter lap,¹
And thack² and rape secure the toil-won crop ;
Potato-bings³ are smuggled up frae skaith
O' coming Winter' biting, frosty breath ;
The bees, rejoicing o'er their summer toils,
Unmilked buds' and flowers' delicious spoils
Seal'd up with frugal care in massive waxen pies,
Are doom'd by man, that tyrant o'er the weak,
The death o' devils, smother'd⁴ wi' brimstone reek :
The thundering guns are heard on every side,
The wounded coveys, reeling, scatter wide ;
The feather'd field-mice, bound by Nature's ties,
Snes, mothers, children, in one carnage lie :
(What warm, poetic heart, but only bleeds,
And execrates man's savage, ruthless deeds !)
Nae man the flower in field or meadow springs,
Nae mair the grove with airy concert rings,
Except perhaps, the robin's whistling glee,

¹ Covering.² Thatch.³ Heaps.⁴ Smothered.

'T'roud o' the height o' some bit half-lang wee :
The hoary morns precede the sunny days,
Mild, calm, serene, wide spreads the noontide blaze,
While thick the gossamer waves wanton in life rays.

'Twas in that season, when a simple bard,
Unknown and poor, simplicity's reward,
Ae night, within the ancient brough of Ayr,
By whim inspired, or haply prest wi' care,
He left his bed, and took his wayward route,
And down by Simpson's* wheel'd the left about ;
Whether impell'd by all-directing Fate,
To witness what I after shall narrate ,
Or penitential pangs for former sins,
Led him to rove by quondam Menan Duns ;
Or whether, rapt in meditation high,
He wander'd out, he knew not where nor why)
The drowsy Dungeon clock † had number'd two,
And Wallace Tower ‡ had sworn the fact was true :
The tide-swoln Firth, wi' sullen sounding roar,
Through the still night dash'd hoarse along the shore.
All else w^{as} hush'd as Nature's closed ee :
The silent moon shone high o'er tower and tree :
The chill † frost, beneath the silver beam,
Crept, gently-crusting, o'er the glittering stair.

When, lo ! on either hand the listening bard,
The clanging sigh of whistling wings is heard,
Two dusky forms dart through the midnight air,
Swift as the goss § drives on the wheeling hare ;
Ane on the Auld Bigh † his airy shape appears,
The ither flutters o'er the rising piers :
One warlock rhymes instantly deserv'd
The spites that owe the Bigh, of Ayr, preside.
(That bards are second-sighted is nae joke,
And ken the hugo of the spiritual folk ;
Fays, spunkies, kelpies, &c, they can explain them,
And even the very deils they brawly ken † them)
Auld Bigh appear'd o' ancient Pictish race,
The very wrinkles Gothic in his face :
He seem'd as he w^{as} Time had warstled lang,
Yet, toughly domed, ‡ he bade an unto bring §
New Bigh was buskit in a braw new coat,
That he at Ieon'on frae ane Adams got ;
In's hand five taper staves as smooth's a heel,
Wi' virls and waulygigums at the heel •

* Well know

† Toughly obdurate

‡ He endured a mighty blow

• A noted tavern at the Auld Bigh end.—B.

† A clock in a steeple connected with the old jail of Ayr

‡ The clock in the Wallace Tower in anomalous piece of antique masonry surmounted by a spire, which formerly stood in the High Street of Ayr

§ The goshawk, or facon.—B

The Goth was stalking round with anxious search,
 Spying the time-worn flaws in every arch ;—
 It chanced his new-come neighbor took his ce,
 And e'en a vex'd and angry heart had he !
 Wi' sneveless¹ sneer to see his modish mien,
 He, down the water, gies him this guid e'en :—

AULD BRIG.

I doubt na, frien', ye'll think ye're nae sheepshank,²
 Ance ye were steeokit owie fine bank to bank !
 But gin ye be a brig as auld as me—
 Though, faith, that date I doubt ye'll never see—
 There'll be, if that date come, I'll wad a boddle,
 Some sewer whigmaleeries in your noddle.

NEW BRIG.

Auld Vandal, ye but show : our little mense,³
 Just much about it, wi' your scanty mense ;
 Will your poor narrow footpath of a street—
 Where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet—
 You ruin'd, foimless⁴ bulk o' stane and lime,
 Compare wi' bonny brigs o' modern time ?
 There's men o' taste would tak the Ducat Stream,*
 Though they should cast the very sark and wim,
 Ere they would grate their feelings wi' the view
 O' sic an ugly Gothic hulk as you.

AULD BRIG.

Conceited gowk !⁴ puff'd up wi' windy pride !
 Thus mony a year I've stood the flood and tide ;
 And though wi' crazy eild⁵ I'm sair forsaith,⁶
 I'll be a big when ye're a shapeless cairn !
 As yet ye little ken about the matter,
 But twa-three winters will inform ye better.
 When heavy, dark, continued, a'-day rains,
 Wi' deepening deluges o'erflow the plains,
 When from the hills where springs the brawling Coil,
 Or stately Lugar's mossy fountains boil,
 Or where the Greenock winns his moorland course,
 Or haunted Garpal† draws his feeble source,
 Aroused by blustering winds and spotting thowes,
 In mony a torrent down his snaw-broo rows ;
 While crashing ice, borne on the roaring spate,
 Sweeps daisies, and mills, and brigs, a' to the gate ;
 And from Glenbuck,‡ down to the Kilton-key,§

¹ Spiteful² No worthless thing³ Civility.⁴ Fool.⁵ Age⁶ Enfeebled.

* A noted ford, just above the Auld Brig.—B

† The banks of Garpal Water—one of the few places in the West of Scotland where those fancy-scaring beings known by the name of ghaists still continue pertinaciously to inhabit.—B

‡ The source of the river Ayr.—B

§ A small landing-place above the large key.—B.

Auld Ayr is just one lengthen'd tumbling sea—
 Then down ye'll hurl, deil nor ye never rise !
 And dash the gumlie jaups¹ up to the pouring skies.
 A lesson sadly teaching, to your cost,
 That Architecture's noble art is lost !

NEW BRIG

Fine Architecture, trowth, I needs must say o't,
 The Lord be thankit that we've tint the gate o't !²
 Gaunt, ghastly, ghast-alluring edifices,
 Hanging with threatening jut, like precipices ;
 O'erarching, mouldy, gloom-inspiring coves,
 Supporting roofs fantastic, stony groves ;
 Windows and doors, in nameless sculpture drest,
 With order, symmetry, or taste unblest ;
 Forms like some beilam statuary's dream,
 The crazed creations of unguided whim ;
 Forms might be worshipp'd on the bended knee,
 And still the second dread command be fire,
 Their likeness is not found on earth, in air, or sea.
 Mansions that would disgrace the building taste
 Of any mason reptile, bird, or beast ;
 Fit only for a doited³ monkish race,
 Or frosty maids forsworn the dear embrace ;
 Or cuif⁴ of later times wha held the notion
 That sullen gloom was sterling true devotion ;
 Fancies that our guid brugh denies protection !
 And soon may they expue, unblest with resurrection !

AULD BRIG.

O ye, my dear-remember'd ancient yealings,⁵
 Were ye but here to share my wounded feelings !
 Ye worthy provees, and mony a bairie,
 Wha in the paths o' righteousness did toil aye ;
 Ye dainty deacons, and ye douce conveners,
 To whom our moderns are but causey-cleaners !
 Ye godly councils wha hae blest the town ;
 Ye godly brethien o' the sacred gown,
 Wha meekly gae your hurdies to the smiters ;
 And (what would now be strange) ye godly writers ;
 A' ye douce folk I've born aboon the broo,⁶
 Were ye but here, what would ye say or do !
 How would your spirits groan in deep vexation
 To see each melancholy alteration ;
 And, agonising, curse the time and place
 When ye begat the base, degenerate race !
 Nae langer reverend men, their country's glory,
 In plain braid Scots hold forth a plain braid story !

¹ Muddy spray.² Lost the way of it.³ Stupid.⁴ Fool.⁵ Coevals.⁶ Water.

Nae langer thifty citizens and dounce,
 Meet owre a pint, or in the council-house ;
 But stumrel,¹ corky-headed, graceless genti/,
 The henryment and ruin of the country ;
 Men three parts made by tailors and by barbers,
 Wha waste your weel-ham'd gear op damn'd new brigs and
 harbours !

NEW BRIG

Now hand you there ! for faith ye've said enough,
 And muckle mair than ye can mak to through,²
 That's aye a strung auld doted gray-beards hap on,
 A topic for their peevishness to cap on
 As for your priesthood, I shall say but little,
 Corbies and clergy are a shot right kittle ;
 But, under favour o' your langer beard,
 Abuse o' magistrates might a' gel be spared :
 'To liken them to your auld-wild-squad,
 I must needs say comparisons are odd.
 In Ayr, wag-wits sae mair can hae a handle
 'To mouth "a citizen," a term o' scandal ;
 Nae mair the council waddles down the street,
 In all the pomp of ignorant conceit,
 No difference but bulkiest or tallest,
 With comfortable dullness in for ballast ;
 Nor shoals nor currents need a pilot's caution,
 For regularly slow, they only witness motion ;
 Men wha grew wise priggish owre hops and raisins,
 Or gather'd liberal views in bonds and scissins,
 If haply Knowledge, on a random trip,
 Had shored³ them wi' a glimmer of his lamp,
 And would to Common Sense for once betry'd the
 Plain, dull Stupidity step kindly in to aid them.

What finther clishmaclaver might been said,
 What bloody wars, if sprites had blood to shed,
 No pian can tell, but all before their sight,
 A fairy train appear'd in order bright ;
 Adown the glittering stream they featly danc'd ;
 Bright to the moon their various dresses glanced ;
 They footed o'er the watery glass so neat,
 The infant ice scarce bent beneath their feet ;
 While airts of minstrelsy among them rung,
 And soul-ennobling bards heroic ditties sang,
 Oh, ha! M'Lachlan,⁴ charm¹-inspiring sage,
 Been there to hear this heavenly band engage,
 When through his dear stath-peys they bore wih Highland
 rage ;

Half-witted.

² Make good³ Exposed.⁴ Cat-gut¹ A well-known performer of Scottish music on the violin.—B

Or when they struck old Scotia's melting airs,
 The lover's raptur'd joys or bleeding cares;
 How would his Highland lug¹ been nobler fir'd,
 And even his matchless hand with finer touch inspir'd!
 No guess could tell what instrument appear'd,
 But all the soul of Music's self was heard;
 Harmonious concert rung in every part,
 While simple melody pour'd moving on the heart.

The Genius of the stream in front appears,
 A venerable chief advanced in years;
 His hoary head with water-lilies crown'd,
 His manly leg with garter-tangle bound.
 Next came the loveliest pair in all the ring,
 Sweet Female Beauty hand in hand with Spring,
 Then, crown'd with flowery hay, came Rural Joy,
 And Summer, with his fervid-beaming eye:
 All-cheering Plenty, with her flowing horn,
 Led yellow Autumn, wreath'd with nodding corn;
 Then Winter's time-bleach'd looks did hoary show,
 By Hospitality with cloudless brow.
 Next follow'd Courage, with his martial stride,
 From where the Foul² wild-woody coverts hide;
 Benevolence, with mild, benignant air,
 A female form came from the towers of Stair:³
 Learning and Worth in equal measures trode
 From simple Cottage, then long-loved abode.⁴
 Last, white-robed Peace, crown'd with a hazel wreath,
 To rustic Agriculture did bequeath
 The broken iron instruments of death,
 At sight of whom our sprites forgot their kindling wrath.

LINES

ON SPEAKING WITH LORD DAER.

WRITTEN after dining with his Lordship under the hospitable roof of Professor Dalziel Stewart. This was prior to his first visit to Edinburgh, and the poet suffered from a natural embarrassment, which soon departed in the genial company of his friend, the learned professor, and the amiable Lord Daer.

THIS wot ye all whom it concerns,
 I, Rhymer Robin, alas Burns,
 October twenty-third,
 A ne'er-to-be-forgotten day!
 Sae far I spachled¹ up the brae,
 I dinner'd wi' a lord

¹ Far² Foul

An allusion to Captain Montgomery of Coilsfield, afterwards Earl of Eglinton, whose seat at Coilsfield is situated on the Foul, or Foul
 A compliment to his early patroness, Mrs. Stewart of Stair.
 A well-merited tribute to Professor Dalziel Stewart

ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.

Writing to his friend, William Chalmers, the poet says:—"I enclose you two poems, which I have carded and spun since I passed Glenbuck. 'Fair Burnet' is the heavenly Miss Burnet, daughter of Lord Monboddo, at whose house I have had the honour to be more than once. There has not been anything nearly like her in all the combinations of beauty, grace, and goodness the great Creator has formed, since Milton's Eve on the first day of her existence!"

EDINA ! Scotia's darling seat !
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign powers !
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And singing, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
 As busy Trade his labours plies ;
 There Architecture's noble pride
 Bids elegance and splendour rise ;
 Here Justice, from her native skies,
 High wields her balance and her rod ;
 There Learning, with his eagle eyes,
 Seeks science in her coy abode.

Thy sons, Edina ! social, kind,
 With open arms the stranger hail,
 Their views enlarged, their liberal mind
 Above the narrow rural vale ;
 Attentive still to Sorrow's wail,
 Or modest Merit's silent claim ;
 And never may their sources fail !
 And never envy blot their name !

Thy daughters bright thy walk adorn,
 Gay as the gilded summer sky,
 Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
 Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy !
 Fair Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shune ;
 I see the Sue of Love on high,
 And own His work indeed divine.

There, watching high the least alarms,
 Thy rough, rude fortress gleams afar,
 Like some bold veteran, gray in arms,
 And mark'd with many a scamy scar :
 The ponderous wall and massy bar,
 Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock,
 Have oft withstood assailing war,
 And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

With awe-stuck thought, and pitying tears;
 I view that noble, stately dome,
 Where Scotia's kings of other years,
 Famed heroes! had their royal home:
 Alas, how changed the times to come!
 Their royal name low in the dust!
 Their hapless race wild-wandering roam!
 Though rigid law cries out, 'Twas just.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
 Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
 Through hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
 Old Scotia's bloody lion bore:
 Even I who sing in rustic lore,
 Happly, my sires have left their shiel,
 And faced grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Bold-following where your fathers led!

Edna! Scotia's darling seat!
 All hail thy palaces and towers,
 Where once beneath a monarch's feet
 Sat Legislation's sovereign power!
 From marking wildly-scatter'd flowers,
 As on the banks of Ayr I stray'd,
 And saging, lone, the lingering hours,
 I shelter in thy honour'd shade!

THE POET'S WELCOME TO HIS ILLEGITIMATE CHILD *

We cannot take this effusion as giving a true index of the poet's feeling in the circumstances in question. Lockhart says: "To wit (in his own language) the quantum of the sin," he who, two years afterwards, wrote the 'Cotter's Saturday Night' had not, we may be sure, hardened his heart to the thought of bringing additional sorrow and unexpected shame to the fireside of a widowed mother. But his false pride recoiled from hating his jovial associates guess how little he was able to drown the whispers of the 'still small voice,' and the fermenting bitterness of a mind ill at ease within itself escaped, (as may be too often traced in the history of satirists,) in the shape of angry sarcasms against others, who, whatever their private errors might be, had at least done him no wrong. It is impossible not to smile at one item of consolation which Burns proposes to himself on this occasion:—

The mair they talk, I m' ken'd the better,
 E'en let them clish!

This is indeed a singular manifestation of 'the last infinity of noble mind.' "

THOU' s welcome, wean! ¹ m' shanter¹ fa' me,
 If ought of thee, or of thy mammy,

¹ Mr fortune.

* The subject of these verses was the poet's illegitimate daughter whom, in 'The Inventory,' he styles his

"Sonsie, smirking, dear-bought Bess"

She grew up to womanhood, was married, and had a family. Her death is thus announced in the *Scots Magazine*, December 8, 1817:—"Died Elizabeth Burns, wife of Mr John B. Hop, over-coat at Polkammer, near Whitburn. She was the daughter of the celebrated Robert Burns, and the subject of some of his most beautiful lines."

Shall ever danton me, or awe me,
 My sweet wee lady,
 Or if I blush when thou shalt ca' me
 Tit-ta or daddy.

Wee image of my honny Betty,
 I fatherly will kiss and daut thee,
 As dear and near my heart I set thee
 Wi' as guid will
 As a' the priests had seen me get thee
 That's out o' hell.

What though they ca' me fornicator,
 And tease my name in kintra clatter:¹
 The nou they talk I'm kenn'd the better,
 E'en let them Jah-h!²
 An auld wife's tongue's a feckless³ matter
 To gie aie fash.⁴

Sweet fruit o' mony a merry dint,
 My funny toil is now a' tint,
 Sin thou came to the wairld asklent,⁵
 Which fools in y scoll at
 In my last plack thy part's be int —
 The better half o't.

And if thou be what I wad hae thee,
 And tak the counsel I shall gie thee,
 A lovin' father I'll be t' thee,
 If thou be spared:
 Through a' thy chuldish years I'll ce thee,
 And think't weel ward.

Guid grant that thou may aye inherit
 Thy mither's person, grace, and merit,
 And thy poor worthless daddy's spirit,
 Without his failin's
 'Till please me mair to see and hear it,
 Than stocket mulins.⁶

TO MRS C—,

ON RECEIVING A WORK OF HANNAH —'S.

Thou' flatterin' mark of friendship kind,
 Still may thy pages call to mind
 The dear, the beauteous donor!
 Though sweetly female every part,
 Yet such a head, and more the heart.
 Does both the sexes honour.
 She show'd her taste refined and just
 When she selected thee.

¹ Country talk.
² Scoll.

³ Very small.
⁴ Trouble.

⁵ Irregularly.
⁶ Stocked farms.

Yet deviating, 'own I must,
 For so approving me.
 But kind still, I mind still
 The giver in the gift,
 I'll bless her, and wiss her
 A Friend above the lift.¹

TO MISS LOGAN,

WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT, JAN. 1, 1787

MISS SUSAN LOGAN was the sister of the Major Logan to whom Burns wrote a rhymed epistle

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
 Their annual round have driven,
 And you, though scarce in maiden prime,
 Are so much nearer heaven.
 No gifts have I from Indian coast
 The infant year to hail;
 I send you more than India boasts,
 In Edwin's simple tale.
 Our sex with guile and faithless love
 Is charged, perhaps, too true;
 But may, dear maid, each lover prove
 An Edwin still to you¹

VERSES

INTENDED TO BE WRITTEN BELOW A NOBLE LADY'S PICTURE

"THE enclosed stanzas," said the poet, in a letter to the Earl of Glencarn, "I intended I to write below a picture or profile of your lordship, could I have been so happy as to procure one with anything of a likeness."

Whose is that noble, dauntless brow?
 And whose that eye of fire?
 And whose that generous princely mien
 Even rook'd foes admire?
 Stranger, to justly show that brow,
 And mark that eye of fire,
 Would take His hand, whose vernal tuts
 His other works admire.
 Bright as a cloudless summer sun,
 With stately poise he moves;
 His guardian seraph eyes with awe
 The noble ward he loves.
 Among the illustrious Scottish sons
 That chief thou mayst discern;
 Mark Scotia's fond returning eye—
 It dwells upon Glencarn.

¹ Sky.

POEMS.

TO A HAGGIS

THE haggis, though made up of heterogeneous materials not usually in high favour with gourmands, is very palatable and toothsome, and is supposed to be a Scotch adaptation of an ancient French dish. It is composed of minced oil of mutton, meal, and suet, flavoured with various condiments in the shape of seasoning. The mess is put into a sheep's stomach, and boiled therein. In the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* of 1829, the origin of the piece is thus explained:—"About sixteen years ago there resided at Manchinie Mr. Robert Morrison, cabinetmaker. He was a great crony of Burns's, and it was in Mr. Morrison's house that the poet usually spent the 'mids o' the day' on Sunday. It was in this house that he wrote his celebrated 'Address to a Haggis' after partaking liberally of that dish as prepared by Mrs. Morrison."

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie¹ face,
Great Chieftain o' the puddin' race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Paunch, tripe, or thum.²
Weel are ye worthy o' a grace
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
You pin^{*} wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While through your pores the dew's distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,³
And cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like ony ditch;
And then, oh, what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin',⁴ rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch and strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
Till all then well-wall'd[†] kytes belyve[†]
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,⁵
Bethankit hums.

Is there that owre his French ragout,
Or oho that wad staw a sow,
Or fucassee wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect scunner,⁶
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a thinger?

¹ Comely

² Small intestines

³ Seize

⁴ Smoking

⁵ Burst

⁶ Loathing

* Which is introduced into the tied up mouth of the bag for lifting it with, because the thrust of a fork would result in the escape of the more liquid portion of the contents.

† Till all then well swollen bellies by and by

Poor devil! see him owre his tiash,
As feckless¹ as a wither d rash,
His spindle-shank² a gud whip-lash,
His nieve² a nit
I through bloody flood or fiel t dash,
Oh, how unfit!

But mark the rustic haggis fed
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his white kilt a blade
He'll mark it whistle
And legs, and arms, and heads will sned,^s
I like taps o' this le

Ye powers wha mak man and yin care,
And dish them out their ill o' fare,
Auld Scott and wants me ¹ nakin' ware;
But if ye wish her gratefu prayer,
Gae her ¹ ha'less!

PROLOC UI

SP KENNEDY MR WOOLSEY ON HIS INFORMATION, M NIA, APRIL 16, 1987

WILL by a generous public's kind acclaim
That dearest mead is granted— honest fame
When here your favour is the actor's lot,
Nor even the man in private life forgot
What breast so dear to heavenly virtues glow,
But heaves impassion'd with the grateful thro'?

Poor is the task to please a barl'rous throng,
It needs no Siddons & powers in Southern's song,
But here an ancient nation framed afn,
For genius, learning high, as great in war—
Hail, CALEDONIA 'name for ever dear'
'Before whose sons I in honour'd to appear'
Where every science—every nobler art—
'That can inform the mind or mend the heart,
'Is known, as grateful nations oft have found,
'As as the rude barbarian marks the bound
Philosophy, no idle peasant dream,
Here holds his search; thy h'aver taught, Reason's beam
Here History paints, with elegance and force,
The tide of Empire's fluctuating course,
Here Douglas forms will Shakespeare into plan,
'All Harlequin rouses all the god in man.

11thless
4 First

3 Cut off
4 Thin stuff

⁵ Splashes in wooden bowls

* Mr Woods had been the friend of Ferguson on
† Herry Mackenzie, author of 'The Man of Feeling'

When well-form'd taste and sparkling wit unite
 With manly lore, or female beauty bright,
 (Beauty, where faultless symmetry and grace,
 Can only chain us in the second place,)
 Witness my heart, how oft with panting fear,
 As on this night, I've met these judges here !
 But still the hope Experience taught to live,
 Equal to judge—you're candid to forgive.
 No hundred-headed Riot here we meet,
 With decency and law beneath his feet :
 Nor In-olence assumes full Freedom's name—
 Like CALEDONIANS, you applaud or blane.

O Thou dread Power ! whose empire-giving hand
 Has oft been stretch'd to shield the honour'd land !
 Strong may she glow with all her ancient fire !
 May every son be worthy of his sire !
 Firm may she rise with generous disdain
 At Gynny's, or direr Pleasure's, chain !
 Still self-dependent in her native shore,
 Bold may she brave grim Danger's loudest roar,
 Till Fate the curtain drops on worlds to be no more.

NATURE'S LAW

HUMBLY INSCRIBED TO CAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ

"Great Nature spoke—obscure but man obey'd" POPE

Let other heroes boast their scars,
 The marks of sturt and strife ;
 And other poets sing of wars,
 The plagues of human life :
 Shame fit the fun, wth sword and gun,
 To slap mankind like lumber !
 I sing his name and nobler fame,
 Who multiplies our number.

Great Nature spoke, with air benign,
 "Go on, ye human race !
 This lower world I you resign ;
 Be fruitful and increase.
 The liquid fire of strong desire
 I've pour'd it in each bosom ;
 Here, in this hand, does man stand,
 And there is beauty's blossom !"

The hero of these attless strains,
 A lowly bard was he,
 Who sung his rhymes in Coila's pines,
 With muckle mirth and glee ;
 Kind Nature's care had given his share
 Large of the flaming current,
 And all devout he never sought
 To stem the sacred torrent.

¹ Furmich.

He felt the powerful, high behest,
 Thrill, vital, through and through ;
 And sought a corresponding breast
 ' To give obedience due :
 Propitious Powers screen'd the young flowers
 From milderews of abortion ;
 And lo ! the bard, a great reward,
 Has got a double portion !

Auld cantie Coil may count the day,
 As annual it returns,
 The third of Labia's equal sway,
 That gave another Burns,
 With future rhymes, and other times,
 To emulate his sire ;
 To sing auld Coil in nobler style,
 With more poetic fire . . .

Ye powers of peace, and peaceful song,
 Look down with gracious eyes,
 And bless auld Coila, large and long,
 With multiplying joys,
 Long may she stand to prop the land,
 The flower of ancient nations ;
 And Burnses spring, her fame to sitg,
 To endless generations !

THE HERMIT

WRITTEN ON A MARBLE SIDEBOARD IN THE HERMITAGE BELONGING TO
 THE DUKE OF ATHOL, IN THE WOOD OF ABERFELDY

These lines were first printed by Peter Buchan, himself a poet and enthusiastic collector of Ancient Ballad Lore. They are accepted as genuine.

WHOF'ER thou art, these lines now reading,
 Think not, though from the world receding,
 I joy my lonely days to lead in
 This desert dear ;
 That fell remorse, a conscience bleeding,
 Hath led me here.

No thought of guilt my bosom sours ;
 Free-will I fled from courtly bowers ;
 For well I saw in halls and towers
 That lust and pride,
 The arch-fiend's dearest, darkest powers,
 In state preside

I saw mankind with vice incrust'd ;
 I saw that Honour's sword was rust'd ;
 That few for aught but folly lusted ;
 That he was still deceived who trusted
 To love or friend ;

And hither came, with men disgusted,
My life to end.

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,
Alike a foe to noisy folly,
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,
I wear away
My life, and in my office holy
Consume the day.

This rock my shield, when storms are howling;
The limpid streamlet yonder flowing
Supplying drink, the earth bestowing
My simple food;
But few enjoy the calm I know in
This desert wood.

Content and comfort bless me more in
This grot than e'er I felt before in
A palace—and with thoughts still soaring
To God on high,
Each night and morn, with voice imploring,
This wish I sigh—

“Let me, O Lord! from life retire,
Unknown each guilty worldly fire,
Remorse's throb, or loose desire;
And when I die,
Let me in this belief expire—
To God I fly.”

Stranger, if full of youth and not,
And yet no grief has mar'd thy quiet,
'Tis haply throw'st a scornful eye at
The hermit's prayer;
But if thou hast good cause to sigh at
Thy fault or care;

If thou hast known false love's vexation,
Or hast been exiled from thy nation,
Or guilt affrights thy contemplation,
And makes thee pine,
Oh! how must thou lament thy station,
And envy mine!

SKETCH OF A CHARACTER

“This fragment,” says Burns to Dugald Stewart, “I have not shown to man living till I now send it to you. It forms the postulate, the axioms, the definition of a character, which, if it appear at all, shall be placed in a variety of lights. This particular part I send you merely as a sample of my hand at portrait-sketch!”

A LITTLE, upright, pert, tart, tripping wight,
And still his precious self his dear delight:

Who loves his own smart shadow in the streets
 Better than e'er the fairest she he meets :
 A man of fashion, too, he made his tour,
 Lear'd *Vive la bagatelle, et Vive l'amour !*
 So travell'd monkies their grimace improve,
 Polish their grin, nay, sigh for ladies' love.
 Much specious lore, but little understood ;
 Veneering est outshines the solid wood :
 His solid sense by inches you must tell,
 But mete his cunning by the old Scots ell ;
 His meddling vanity, a busy fiend,
 Still making work his selfish craft must mend.

VERSES

ON READING IN A NEWSPAPER THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LION, ESQ.,
 BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
 And rueful thy alarms :
 Death tears the brother of her love
 From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
 The morning rose may blow ;
 But cold successive noontide blasts
 May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
 The sun propitious smiled ;
 But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
 Succeeding hopes beguiled.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
 That nature finest strung ;
 So Isabella's heart was form'd,
 And so that heart was wrung.

Were it in the poet's power,
 Strong as he shares the grief
 That pierces Isabella's heart,
 To give that heart relief !

Dread Omnipotence alone
 Can heal the wound He gave ;
 Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
 To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
 And fear no withering blast :
 There Isabella's spotless worth
 Shall happy be at last,

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR.

SIR JAMES HUNTER BLAIR WAS A PARTNER IN THE EMINENT BANKING HOUSE OF Sir William Forbes and Co., of Edinburgh.

- THE lamp of day, with ill-presaging glare,
Dim, clouds, sunk beneath the western wave,
The inconstant blast howl'd through the darkening air,
And hollow whistled in the rocky cañe,
Lone as I wander'd by each cliff and dell
Once the loved haunts of Scotland's royal train,*
Or mused where limpid streams, once hallow'd, well,†
Or mouldering ruins mark the sacred fane ‡
- The increasing blast round the beclung soul,
The clouds, swift-wing'd, flew o'er the starry sky,
The growing trees untimely shed their locks,
And shooting meteors caught the startled eye
The pale moon rose in the hid east,
And 'mong the cliffs disclosed a stately form,
In weeds of woe, that frantic beat her breast,
And mix'd her wailings with the raving storm
Wild to my heart the filial pulses glow,
I was Calionius' triumph'd shield I view'd.
Her form majestic droop'd in pensive woe,
The lightning of her eye in tears imbued.
Reversed that spear, redoubtable in war,
Reclined that banner, first in field unfurl'd,
That like a deathful meteor gleam'd afar,
And braved the mighty monarchs of the world
- "My patriot son fills in untimely grave!"
With accents wild and lifted arms she cried;
"Low lies the hand that oft was stretch'd to save;
Low lies the heart that well'd with honest pride
"A weeping country joins a widow's tear,
The helpless poor mix with the orphan's cry,
The drooping aits surround their patron's bier,
And grateful science heaves the heart-felt sigh!"
- "I saw my sons resume the ancient fire,
I saw fair Freedom's blossoms richly blow;
But ah! how hope is born but to expire!
Relentless Fate has laid the guardian low.
"My patriot falls; but shall he lie unsung,
While empty greatness sates a worthless name?
No, every Muse shall join her tuneful tongue,
And future ages hear his glowing fame

"And I will join a mother's tender cares,
Through future times to make his virtues last;
That distant years may boast of other Blairs!"⁶—
She said, and vanish'd with the sleeping blast.

* TO MISS FERRIER,

ENCLOSING THE PIEGY ON SIR J. H. BLAIR

THE heroine of this song was a Miss Ferrier, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Ferrier,
a solicitor in Edinburgh

NAE heathen name shall I prefix
Frae Pindus or Parnassus,
Auld Reekie dings¹ them a' to sticks,
For rhyme-inspiring lasses,
Jove's tunefu' dochters three times three
Made Homer deep their debtor;
But, gien the body half an ee,
Nine Ferriers wad done better!

Last day my mind was in a bog,
Down George's Street I stotied,²
A creeping, cauld, prosaic fog
My very senses douted³

Do what I dought⁴ to set her free,
My saul lay in the mme,
Ye tun'd a neuk⁵— I saw your ee—
She took the wing like fire!

The mournfu' sang I here enclose,
In gratitude I send you;
And [wish and] pray in rhyme sincere,
A' guid things may attend you.

— — —
LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PINCH OVER THE CHIMNEYPIECE IN THE PARLOUR
OF THE INN AT KENMORE, LAYMOUTH

PROFESSOR WALKER says, "Burns passed two or three days with the Duke of Athole, during one of his tours, and was highly delighted by the attention he received, and the company to whom he was introduced. By the Duke's advice he visited the Falls of Briar, and in a few days I received a letter from Inverness, with the following verses enclosed:"—

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
The abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,

¹ Beats.
² Stalked.

³ Stupified
⁴ Would.

⁵ Corner.

My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
 Till famed Breadalbane opens to my view,—
 The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
 The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides,
 The outstretching lake, embosom'd 'mong the hills,
 The eye with wonder and amazement fills:
 The Tay, meandering sweet in infant pride,
 The palace, rising on its verdant side,
 The lawns, wood-fringed in Nature's native taste;
 The hillocks, dropt in Nature's careless haste;
 The arches, striding o'er the new-born stream;
 The village, glittering in the noontide beam—

Poetic ardours in my bosom swell,
 Lone wandering by the hermit's mossy cell:
 The sweeping theatre of hanging woods!
 The incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods!

Here Poesy might wake her Heaven-taught lyre,
 And look through Nature with creative fire,
 Here, to the wrongs of Fate half-reconciled,
 Misfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild,
 And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
 Find balm to soothe her bitter, rankling wounds;
 Here heart-struck Grief might heavenward stretch her scan,
 And injured Worth forget and pardon man.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER *

TO THE NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOL

MY Lord, I know your noble ear
 Woe ne'er assaults in vain;
 Embolden'd thus, I beg you'll hear
 Your humble slave complain,
 How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
 In flaming summer pride,
 Dry-withering, waste my foamy streams,
 And drink my crystal tide.

The lightly-jumpin', glowin' founts,
 That through my waters play,
 If, in their random, wanton spouts,
 They near the margin stray;
 If, hapless chance! they linger long,
 I'm scorching up so shallow,
 They're left, the whitening stanes amang,
 In gaping death to wallow.

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.—B

Last day I grāt wi' spite and teen,
 As Poet Burns came by,
 That to a bard I should be seen
 • Wi' half my channel dry
 A jingling rhyme, I ween,
 I'en as I was he shoold me,
 I ut hā I in my glory been,
 He, kneeling, wā I adored me

Here, foaming down the shelvy rock,
 In twining strength I run,
 There, hūh my louing torrent smoke,
 Will I running o'er a inn
 Injuring, Iū, each spring and well,
 As nature wē then me,
 I am wōlough I say tū wēl,
 Worth gaun a mile to

Would, then, my noble tmaster pleā
 To grant my highest wishes
 He'll shade my ban's wi' towering trees,
 And be my spreading lushes
 Delighted dūbly then my loil,
 Ye'll win lū on my tank
 And listen mony a grateful bi l
 Return yū tūeful thanl

The ober lūverocl wā lūh, wīl,
 Shall to the kies aspie,
 The go vespīl, Music's grē t chil
 Shall sweetly jūn the chōu
 The blackbird strong the lintwhite cheer,
 The mavis mild and mellow,
 The robin pen i c autumn cheer,
 In all hei locks of yēllow

This, too, a covert sh ll insure
 To shield them from the storm,
 And coward munks' sleep secure
 I ow in their grassy forms
 The shepherd here shall make his seat
 To weave his crown o' flowers,
 Or find a sheltering safe retreat,
 I oft prone descending showers.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
 Shall meet the loing pan,
 Despising world, with all the r wealth,
 As empty ille crē
 The flowers shall v c in all thēir charms
 The hour of hē en to grace

And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking dewy lawn,
And misty mountain gray,
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,¹
Mild-chequering through the tree,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lonely banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' watery bed !
Let fragrant birches in woodbines diest
My craggy cliffs adorn ;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close-embowering thorn.

So may old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to top
Their honour'd native land !
So may through Albion's furthest ken
In social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—"Athole's honest men,
And Athole's bonny lasses !"

LINKS

TRIP TEN WITH A LINK II, STANDING BY THE FALL OF EVERS, NEAR
LOCH VENS

AMONG the heathy hills and rugged woods
The roaring Icyis pours his mossy flood,
Till full he dashes on the rocky mound,
Where, through a shapeless breach, his stream resounds,
As high in air the bursting torrents flow,
As deep-recoiling surges foam below,
Prone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
And viewless Ecl o's en, astonish'd, bends
Dim seen through rising mists and ceaseless showers,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, lowers.
Still, through the gap the struggling river toils,
And still, below, the horrid caldron boils.

¹ The harvest moon.

CASTLE-GORDON.

These lines were written after Burns's brief visit to Gordon Castle.

• STREAMS that glide in orient plains,
Never bound by Winter's chain !
Glowing here on golden sands,
There commix'd with fondest stains
From tyranny's empurpled bands :
These, their richly-gleaming waves,
I leave to tyrants and their slaves,
Give me the stream that sweetly laves
The banks by Castle-Gordon.

Spicy forests, ever gay,
Shading from the burning ray
Hapless wretches sold to toil,
Or the ruthless native's way,
Bent on slaughter, blood, and spoil :
Woods that ever verdant wave,
I leave the tyrant and the slave,
Give me the groves that lofty brave
The storms by Castle-Gordon.

Wildly here without control,
Nature reigns and rules the whole ;
In that sober pensive mood,
Dearest to the feeling soul,
She plants the forest, pours the flood :
Life's poor day I'll musing rave,
And find at night a sheltering cave,
Where waters flow and wild woods wave,
By bonny Castle-Gordon.

ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL IN LOCH TURRI.

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF SCOTLAND.

• WHY, ye tenants of the lake,
For me your watery haunts forsake ?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly ?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties ?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free :
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave ;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.

' Man, your proud usurping foe,
 ' Would be lord of all below :
 Plumes himself in freedom's pride.
 Tyrant stern to all beside.
 The eagle, from the cliffy brow
 Marking you his prey below,
 In his breast no pity dwells,
 Strong necessity compels :
 But man, to whom alone is given
 A ray direct from pitying Heaven,
 Glories in his heart humane--
 And creatures for his pleasure slain.
 In these savage, liquid plains,
 Only known to wandering swains,
 Where the mossy rivulet strays,
 Far from human haunts and ways;
 All on nature you depend,
 And life's poor season peaceful spend
 Or, if man's superior might
 Dare invade your native right,
 On the lofty ether borne,
 Man with all his powers you scorn :
 Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
 Other lakes and other springs ;
 And the foe you cannot have
 Scorn at least to be his slave.

TO MISS CRUIKSHANK,

• A VERY YOUNG LADY WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK •

PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR

THIS young lady was the subject of one of the poet's songs, "A Rosebud by my Early Walk." She was daughter to Mr Cruikshank, No 30 St James's Square, Edinburgh, with whom the poet resided during one of his visits to Edinburgh.

BEAUTIFUL rosebud, young and gay,
 Blooming in thy early May,
 Never mayst thou, lovely flower,
 Chilly shrink in sleety shower !
 Never Boreas' hoary path,
 Never Furies' poisonous breath,
 Never baleful stellar lights,
 Taint thee with untimely blights !
 Never, never reptile thief
 Riot on thy virgin leaf !
 Nor even Sol too fiercely view
 Thy bosom blushing still with dew !
 Mayst thou long, sweet crimson gem,
 Richly deck thy native stem :
 'Till some evening, sober calm,
 Dropping dews, and breathing balm

While all around the woodland rings,
 And every bird thy requiem sings,
 Thou amid the dirgeful sound
 Shedd thy dying honours round,
 And return to parent earth
 The loveliest form she ever gave birth.

POETICAL ADDRESS TO MR WILLIAM TYTHER.

WITH A PRESENT OF THE BARD'S FICTITIOUS

WILLIAM TYTHER F. J. of Woodhouselee was the grandfather of Patrick Fraser Tytler the Historian of Scotland. He has learned this poem with gratitude by the publication of a sentence of Mary Queen of Scots.

KINGED defender of beauties Stuart,
 Of Stuart a name once re-jected —
 A name which thy love was the mark of a true heart,
 But now is despised and neglected

Though something like moisture conglobes in my eye,
 Let no one misdeem me disloyal,
 A poor friendless wanderer may well claim a sigh,
 Still more, if that wanderer were royal

My fathers that name have revealed on a throne,
 My fathers have fallen to fight it
 Those fathers would spurn their degenerate son,
 That name should he scoffingly slight it

Still in prayers for King George I most heartily join,
 The queen, and the rest of the gentry,
 Be they wise, be they foolish, is nothing of mine —
 Their titles vow truly my country

But why of this epocha make such a fuss
 That gave us the Hanover stem
 If bumping them & ei was lucky for us,
 I'm sure twas as lucky for them

But loyalty, truest we're on dangerous ground,
 Who knows how the fashions may alter
 The doctrine to day that is loyalty sound,
 To morrow may bring us a halter

I send you a trifle a herald of a herald,
 A trifle scarce worthy your care
 But accept it, good sir, as a mark of regard,
 Sincere as a saint's dying prayer

No v life's chilly evening dim shades on your eye,
 And ushers the long dreary night,
 But you, like the star that a'rwart gilds the sky,
 Your course to the latest is bright

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT DUNDAS, ESQ.,
OF ARNISTON,*

LATE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COURT OF SESSION.

IN a letter to Dr. Geddes, Burns says:—"The following elegy has some tolerable lines in it, but the incurable wound of my pride will not suffer me to correct, or even deruse, it. I sent a copy of it, with my best prose letter, to the son of the great man, the theme of the piece, by the hands of one of the noblest men in God's world—Alexander Wood, surgeon. When, behold! his solicitorship took no more notice of my poem or me than if I had been a strolling fiddler who had made free with his lady's name over a silly new reel! Did this gentleman imagine that I looked for any duty gratuity?"

LONE on the bleak hills the straying flocks
Shun the fierce storms among the sheltering rocks;
Down foam the rivulets, red with dashing rains;
The gathering floods burst o'er the distant plains;
Beneath the blast the leafless forests groan,
The hollow caves return a sullen moan.

Ye hills, ye plains, ye forests, and ye caves,
Ye howling winds, and wintry-swellings waves!
Unheard, unseen, by human ear or eye,
Sad to your sympathetic scenes I fly;
Where, to the whistling blast and waters' roar
Pale Scotia's recent wound I may deplore.
Oh heavy loss, thy country ill could bear!
A loss these evil days can ne'er repair!
Justice, the high vicergerent of her God,
Her doubtful balance eyed, and sway'd her rod;
She heard the tidings of the fatal blow,
And sunk, abandon'd to the wildest woe.

Wrongs, injuries, from many a darksome den,
Now gay in hope explore the paths of men:
See, from his cavern, grim Oppression rise,
And throw on Poverty his cruel eyes,
Keen on the helpless victim see him fly,
And stifle, dark, the feebly-bursting cry.

Mark ruffian Violence, disdain'd with crimes,
Rousing elate in these degenerate times;
View unsuspecting Innocence a prey,
As guileful Fraud points out the erring way:
While subtle Litigation's pliant tongue
The life-blood equal sucks of Right and Wrong:
Hark! injured Want recounts th' unlisten'd tale,
And much-wrong'd Misery pours the unpitied wail!

Ye dark waste hills, and brown unsightly plains,
To you I sing my grief-inspired strains
Ye tempests, rage! ye turbid torrents, roll!
Ye suit the joyless tenor of my soul.

* Elder brother to Viscount Melville, born 1713, appointed President in 1766, and died December 13, 1787.

Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
 To mourn the woes my country must endure
 That would degenerate ages cannot cure.

LOUISE ARINDA

ON THE POET'S LEAVING EDINBURGH

LOUISE ARINDA was Mr. Mitchell's separated from her husband on account of increasing infidelity & temperance. He would not open to her a genuine passion, while Burns, notwithstanding that she was married by a beautiful and accomplished lady, was heart whole. She was something of a poetess, and he alludes to an effort of her muse in the following terms: "Your last verses I have so delighted me that I have got an excellent idea of our that suits the measure and you will see them in print in the *Scots Musical Museum* a work publishing by a friend of mine in this town. He says: 'The banks of Spey,' and is most beautiful. I want to put it in your hands—you gave me but once, and one of them included to an expression in my former letter so I have taken your first two verses with a slight alteration in the second and have added a third but you must be kind to furnish the latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Supply, I am in raptures with it —

"I talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
 For Love has been my friend,
 He has united with me in chain
 And plunged me deep in woe."

"I sit in blissful pure and lulling joys
 My heart was firm to press
 There wele me with a slow and the pure,
 But never talk of Love."

"Your friendship much I cannot lose,
 Oh! why that bliss deny?
 Why, since the crown is [only] me require
 You know I must [will] deny."

"I say—What would you think of this for a fourth stanza?"

"Your thought of Love must harbour there,
 Conceal it in that thought
 And let me from my bosom tear
 The very friend I sought."

The verses are inserted in the second volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*.

LOUISE ARINDA, mistress of my soul,
 The measured time is run!
 The witch beneath the dreary pole
 So near's his latest sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Sylphs under me?
 Deprived of thee his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy!

We part—but, by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes,
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day ;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

● TO CLARINDA

TH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES

FAIR empress of the poet's soul,
And queen of poetesses,
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind ;
And pledge me in the generous toast -
"The whole of humankind!"

"To those who love us!" second fill,
But not to those whom we love ;
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third - "To thee and me, love!"

Long may we live! long may we love!
And long may we be happy!
And may we never want a glass
Well charged with generous nappy!

TO CLARINDA

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,
My heart was blithe and gay,
Fice as the wind, or feather'd race
That hop from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda prove unkind,
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
When I the fair have found.
On every tree appear my verse
That to her praise resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite -
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray,*
I envy your success;
Yet love to friendship shall give way
I cannot wish it less.

* This line is obviously imperfect

Life's social haunts and pleasures I resign,
 Be nameless wilds and lonely wanderings mine,
 To mourn the woes my country must endure,
 That would degenerate ages cannot cure.

TO CLARINDA

ON THE FOURTH LEAVING OF LIBERTY.

CLARINDA WAS MRS. MICHOLE, separated from her husband on account of incompatibility of temper. She would appear to have had a genuine passion, while Burns, nothing loth to be claimed by a beautiful and accomplished lady, was heart whole. She was something of a poetess, and he alludes to in a sort of her own in the following terms:—"Your last verses to me have so delighted me that I have got an excellent old Scots air that suits the measure, and you shall see them in print in the *Scots Musical Museum*, a work publishing by a friend of mine in this town. I'll call it, 'The Blinks of Spye,' and is most beautiful. I was for stating as you gave me but three, and one of them alluded to an expression in my former letter: so I have taken your first two verses, with a slight variation in the second, and have added a third, but you must help me to a fourth. Here they are, the latter half of the first stanza would have been worthy of Spenser, I am in raptures with it:—

"Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
 For Love has been my foe;
 He's smil'd me with a new charm,
 And plung'd me deep in woe."

"But friendship's pure and lasting joy,
 My heart was fain to prove;
 There, when none would give me the prize,
 I at once talk of Love."

"Your friend hip much admires my sheet,
 Oh! why that bliss is not my lot?
 Where's the woman who'll accept
 You know I must twiddle my foot?"

"2d Stanza—What would you think of the 6th or fourth stanza?"

"Your thought, if I ever see you there,
 I could do it in that thou art;
 No more come from my own dear
 The very friend I seek to part."

These verses are inserted in the second volume of the *Musical Museum*.

CLARINDA mistress of my soul,
 The measured time I run;
 The wretch beneath the dreary yoke
 So marks his feet the sun.

To what dark cave of frozen night
 Shall poor Selva and I hie?
 Deprived of thee, his life and light,
 The sun of all his joy!

We part—but, by these precious drops
 That fill thy lovely eyes,
 No other light shall guide my steps
 Till thy bright beams arise.

She, the fair sun of all her sex,
Has blest my glorious day;
And shall a glimmering planet fix
My worship to its ray?

TO CLARINDA

WITH A PRESENT OF A PAIR OF DRINKING-GLASSES

Fair empress of the poet's soul,
And queen of poetesses;
Clarinda, take this little boon,
This humble pair of glasses.

And fill them high with generous juice,
As generous as your mind;
And pledge me in the generous toast —
"The whole of humankind!"

"To those who love us!" — second fill,
But not to those whom we love,
Lest we love those who love not us!
A third — "To thee and me, love!"

Long may we live! long may we live!
And long may we be happy!
And may we never want a glass
Well charged with generous happy!

TO CLARINDA

BEFORE I saw Clarinda's face,
My heart was blithe and gay,
Free as the wind, or feather'd race
That leap from spray to spray.

But now dejected I appear,
Clarinda proves unkind,
I, sighing, drop the silent tear,
But no relief can find.

In plaintive notes my tale rehearses
When I the fair have found,
On every tree appear my verses
That to her praise resound.

But she, ungrateful, shuns my sight,
My faithful love disdains,
My vows and tears her scorn excite —
Another happy reigns.

Ah, though my looks betray,*
I envy your success;
Yet love to friendship shall give way,
I cannot wish it less.

* This line is obviously imperfect

TO CLARINDA

"I BURN, I burn, as when through ripen'd corn,
 By driving winds, the crackling flames are borne !"
 Now maddening, wild, I curse that fatal night,
 Now bless the hour which charm'd my guilty sight.
 In vain the laws their feeble force oppose,
 Chain'd at his feet they groan, Love's vanquish'd foes
 In vain Religion meets my shrinking eye ;
 I dare not combat—but I turn and fly :
 Conscience in vain upbraids the unhallow'd fire ;
 Love grasps its scorpions—stifled they expire,
 Reason drops headlong from his sacred throne,
 Your dear idea reigns, and reigns alone :
 Each thought intoxicated homage yields,
 And riots wanton in forbidden fields.

By all on high adoring mortals know !
 By all the conscious Villain fears below !
 By your dear self!—the last great oath I swear—
 Nor life nor soul was ever half so dear !

LINES

WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE, ON THE BANKS OF THE NITH

(First Version)

THE poet preserved two versions of this poem—the copy of the latter one being headed, "Altered from the foregoing, in December 1788." The hermitage alluded to was on the property of Captain Riddell of Friars' Carse, a beautiful spot, much frequented by the poet, and situated a mile above his farm of Edlisland.

The first six lines were written with a diamond on a pane of glass in a window of the hermitage.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,
 Grave these maxims on thy soul —

I life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost,
 Day, how rapid in its flight—
 Day, how few must see the night ;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower.
 Happiness is but a name,
 Make content and ease thy aim ;
 Ambition is a meteor gleam,
 Fame an idle, restless dream :
 Pleasures, insects on the wing
 Round the rose, the tenderest flower of Spring !

Those that sip the dew aloof,
 Make the butterflies thy own ;
 Those that would the bloom devour,
 Crush the locusts—save the flower.
 For the future be prepared,
 Guard whatever thou canst guard :
 But, thy utmost duly done,
 Welcome what thou canst not shun.
 Follies past give thou to air,
 Make then consequence thy care :
 Keep the name of man in mind,
 And dishonour not thy kind.
 Reverence with lowly heart
 Him whose wondrous work thou art ;
 Keep His goodness still in view,
 Thy trust—and thy example, too.

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
 Quoth the Beadsman on Nuthside.

LINES

WRITTEN IN FRIARS' CARSE HERMITAGE, ON NUTHSIDE.

(Second Version.)

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
 Be thou clad in russet weed,
 Be thou deckt in silken stole,
 Grave these counsels on thy soul :—

Life is but a day at most,
 Sprung from night, in darkness lost ;
 Hope not sunshine every hour,
 Fear not clouds will always lower
 As Youth and Love, with sprightly dance,
 Beneath thy morning-star advance,
 Pleasure, with her siren air,
 May delude the thoughtless pair ;
 Let Prudence bless Enjoyment's cup,
 Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
 Life's meridian flaming nigh,
 Dost thou spin the humble vail ?
 Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale ?
 Check thy climbing step, elate,
 Evils lurk in felon wait :
 Dangers, eagle-pinion'd, bold,
 Soar around each chifty hold,
 While cheerful Peace, with hymn song,
 Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of evening close,
 Beckoning thee to long repose ;
 As life itself becomes disease,
 Seek the chimney-neuk of ease,
 There ruminatè with sober thought
 On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought ;
 And teach the sportive youngsters round
 Saws of experience sage and sound :
 Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
 The grand criterion of his fate,
 Is not—Art thou high or low ?
 Did thy fortune ebb or flow ?
 Wast thou cottager or king ?
 Peer or peasant ?—no such thing !
 Did many talents gild thy span ?
 Or fruitful Nature give thee one ?
 Tell them, and press 'em on their mind,
 As thou thyself must shortly find,
 The smile or frown of awful Heaven
 To Virtue or to Vice is given
 Say, "To be just, and kind, and wise,
 There solid Self-enjoyment lies ;
 That foolish, selfish, faithless ways
 Lead to the wretched, vile, and base."

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
 To the bed of lasting sleep
 Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
 Nigh, where dawn shall never break.
 Till future life—future no more—
 To light and joy the good restore,
 To light and joy unknown before !

Stranger, go ! Heaven be thy guide !
 Quoth the Bradsman of Nithside.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON

THE poet says: "The Mother's Lament" was composed partly with a view to Mrs. Ferguson of Craigmuch, and partly to the worthy patroness of my early unknown muse, Mrs. Stewart of Afton.

FATE gave the word, the arrow sped,
 And pierced my darling's heart ;
 And with him all the joys are fled
 Life can to me impart.
 By cruel hands the sapling drops,
 In dust dishonour'd laid ;
 So fell the pride of all my hopes,
 My age's future shade.

The mother-lunnet in the brake
 Bewails her rivish'd young,
 So I, for my lost duling's sake,
 Lament the live-day long
 Death, oit I've fear'd thy fatallek
 Now, fond, I hue my buel
 Oh, do thou kindly hy me low,
 With him I love, at rest!

ELFGY ON THE YEAR 1788

A SKETCH

CUNNINGHAM says — "Truly has the ploughman bard described the natures of those illustrious rivals, Fox and Pitt, under the similitude of the 'bu he' cocks. Nor will the allusion to the 'band-cuffed muzzle' half-shackled regent be lost on those who remember the alarm into which the nation was thrown by the king's illness."

I ow lords or kings, I dinna mourn
 E'en let them die — for that they're loon!
 But oh! prodigious to reflect
 A towmont, sin, is gane to weck!
 O Lighty-eight, in thy sma' space
 What aine events ha'e taken place!
 Of what enjoyments thou has left us!
 In what a pickle th' u hast left us!

The Spanish Limpie's tint¹ a head,
 An' my aul' toothless Bawtie's dead,
 The talzie's² run 'tween Pitt and Fox,
 And our guidwife's wee budie cocks;
 The tane is game, a bluidy devil,
 But to the hen-birds unco civil,
 The tithie's something dour o' treadin',
 But better stuff ne'er claw'd a midden

Ye ministers, come mount the pulpit,
 And cry till ye be house and rooftop,
 I or Lighty-eight lie wish'd you weel,
 And gied you a' both gear and neal,
 I en mony a place, and mony a peck,
 Ye ken yersels, for hittle feck!

*Ye bonny lasses, dight³ your een,
 For some o' you hae tint a fien',
 In Lighty-eight, ye ken, w'is tr'en
 What ye'll ne'er hae to gie again

Observe the very nowt⁴ and sheep,
 How dour and dowie⁵ now they creep,

¹ Lost
² His dog
³ Fight

⁴ Work
⁵ Wipe

⁶ Little
⁷ Pathless and low spirited.

Nay, even the vith itsel does cry,
For Embrugh wells are gutten¹ dry

O Eighty-nine, thou'st but a bairn,
And no owie auld, I hope, to learn !
Thou heedless how, I pry tak eye,
Thou now hast got thy daddy's than,
Nae hand-cuff'd, muzzled, half shackled agent,
Pit, like himsel, a full, free agent
Be sure ye follow out the plan
Nae waur than he did, honest man !
As muckle better as yon can

Jan 1, 1789

TO CAPTAIN RIDDIE O' GLINRIDDIE

EXTENDING LINES ON KILTY & A FEW TAPERS

The newsjifets int'ntinued some sharp structure in the poet's works

ISLAND, Monday Evening

YOUR news and review, sir, I've read through and through, sir,
With little admiring or bliming,
The papers are braten of home news or foreign,
No murders or rapes worth the numm,

Our friends, the reviewers, those ch'ppers and hewers,
Are judges of merit and stonc, sir,
But of *mal or numm*, in a *fulne compl'te*,
I boldly pronounce they are none, sir

My goose-quill too rude is to tell all your goodness
Bestow'd on your servant the poet,
Would to God I had one hilt or beam of the sun,
And then all the world, sir, sh'ld know it !

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. OSWALD

THE origin of this bitter effusion is related by the poet in a letter to Dr. Moore. "The enclosed Ode is a compliment to the memory of the late Mrs Oswald of Auchincruive. You probably knew her personally, an account which I cannot boast but I spent my early years in her neighbourhood, and among her servants and tenants. I knew that she was distinguished with the most heartfelt cordiality. However in the particular part of her conduct which roused my poetic wrath she was much less blameable. In January last, on my road to Ayrshire I had to put up at Pulie Whigham's in Sanguhar, the only tolerable inn in the place. The frost was keen, and the grim evening and howling wind were ushering in a night of snow and drift. My horse and I were both much fatigued with the labours of the day, and just as my friend the Valie and I were bidding defiance to the storm over a smoking bowl, in wheel

the funeral pageantry of the late Mrs. Oswald, and poor I am forced to brave all the terrors of the tempestuous night, and jade my horse—my young favourite horse, whom I had just christened Pegasus—further on, through the wildest hills and moors of Ayrshire, to New Cumnock, the next morn. The powers of poesy and prose sink under me when I would describe what I felt. Suffice it to say that, when a good fire at New Cumnock had so far recovered my frozen sinews, I sat down and wrote the enclosed 'Ode.' The poet lived to associate the name with more agreeable memories: one of his finest lyrics, "Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town," was written in honour of the beauty of the succeeding Mrs. Oswald, wife of the son of the deceased lady.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow-weeds appears,
Laden with unhonour'd years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse!

STROPHES

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet-melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflowing,
Pity's flood there never rose
See these hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave
Keen pet of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest—
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

AN EPIGRAM

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ~~for~~ torturing friends,)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling, hither bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty quondam mate,
Doom'd to share thy wily fate,
She, tardy, hellward plies.

EPIQUE

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glittering pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
Oh, bitter mockery of the pompous soldier,
While down the wretched vital part is driven!
The cave-lodged beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to heaven.

TO JOHN TAYLOR.

"THE poet," says a correspondent of Cunningham's, "it seems, during one of his journeys over his ten parishes as an excise-man, had arrived at Wanlock-head on a winter day, when the roads were shivery with ice, and Jenny Geddes.

his mare, kept her feet with difficulty. The blacksmith of the place was busied with other pressing matters in the forge, and could not spare time for 'frosting' the shoes of the poet's mare, and it is likely he would have proceeded on his dangerous journey, had he not bethought himself of propitiating the son of Vulcan with verse. He called for pen and ink, wrote these verses to John Taylor, a person of influence in Winlockhead, and when he had done, a gentleman of the name of Sloan, who accompanied him, read these words — 'I Sloan's best compliments to Mr Taylor, and it would be doing him and the Ayrshire bard a particular favour, if he would oblige them instantaneously with his agreeable company.' The road has been so slippery that the riders and the brutes were equally in danger of getting some of their bones broken. For the poet, his life and limbs are of some consequence to the world, but for poor Sloan, it matters very little what may become of him. The whole of this business is to ask the favour of getting the horses' shoes sharpened. On the receipt of this, Taylor spoke to the smith, the smith flew to his tools, sharpened the horses' shoes, and it is recorded, had thirty years to say he had never known 'weel' paid but once, and that was by the poet who paid him in money, and him in drink, and pulled him over.

With Pegasus upon a day,
 Apollo weary flyin',
 Through frosty hells the journey hie,
 On foot the way was plying
 Poor slipshod giddy Pegasus
 Was but a sorry walker,
 To Vulcan then Apollo goes,
 To get a frosty caulket*.

Obliging Vulcan fell to work,
 Threw by his coat and bonnet,
 And did Sol's business in a crack,
 Sol paid him with a sonnet.

Ye Vulcan's sons of Winlockhead,
 Pity my sad disaster,
 My Pegasus is poorly shod—
 I'll pay you like my master.

ROBERT BURNS

RAMBLE, three o'clock

SKETCH

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HON CHURCH

I've a letter to Mrs Dunlop the poetess, 'I have a poetic whim in my head, which I at present decline to either imitate, or to the Right Hon Charles James Fox, but how long that fancy may hold, I cannot say. A few of the first lines, I have just roughly sketched as follows.'—

How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite.
 How virtue and vice blend their black and their white;
 How genius, the illustrious father of fiction,
 Confounds rule and law, reconciles contradiction—
 I sing: if these mortals, the critics, should bustle,
 I care not, not I—let the critics go whistle!

* A sharp pin of iron welded on to the front of a horse's shoe to prevent it from slipping.

But now for a patron, whose name and whose glory
At once may illustrate and honour my story.

Thou first of our orators, first of our wits ;
Yet whose parts and acquisitions seem mine lucky hits ;
With knowledge so vast, and with judgment so strong,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went far wrong,
With passions so potent and fancies so bright,
No man with the half of 'em e'er went quite right, —
A sorry, poor misbegot son of the Muses
For using thy name offers fifty excuses

Good Lord, what is man? for as simple he looks,
Do but try to develop his hooks and his crooks,
With his depths and his shallows, his good and his evil,
All in all he's a problem must puzzle the devil
On his one ruling passion Sir Iota hugely labours,
That, like the old Hebrew walking switch, eats up its neigh-
bours,
Mankind are his show-box — a friend, would you know
him?

Pull the string, ruling passion the picture will show him
What pity, in seeing so beautiful a system,
One trifling particular truth should have missed him ;
For, pity of his fine theoretic position,
Mankind is a science defies definitions.

Some sort all our qualities each to its tribe,
And think human nature they truly describe,
Have you found this, or rather? there's more in the
wind,
As by one drunken fellow his comedies you'll find
But such is the flaw, or the depth of the plan,
In the make of that wonderful creature called man,
No two virtues, whatever relation they claim,
Nor even two different shades of the same,
Though like as was ever twin brother to brother,
Possessing the one shall imply you've the other.

But truce with abstraction, and truce with a Muse
Whose rhymes you'll perhaps, sir, ne'er deign to pause
Will you leave your joustings, your jabs, and your quarrels,
Contending with Billy for proud-nodding laurels?
My much honour'd patron, believe your poor poet,
Your courage much more than your prudence you show it,
In vain with Squire Billy for laurels you struggle,
He'll have them by fair trade, if not, he will smuggle,
Not cabinets even of kings could conceal 'em,
He'd up the back-stairs, and by God he would steal 'em
Then feast like Squire Billy's you ne'er can achieve 'em,
It is not, outdo him, the task is out-thieve him

VERSES

ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME WHICH A FITLOW HAD JUST SHOT.

JAMES THOMSON, a neighbour of the poet and the person who shot the hare in question, says, "He cursed me, and said he would not mind throwing me into the water, and I'll warrant he could hie don't, though I was both young and strong."

INHUMAN man ! curse on thy barbarous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye ;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart !

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field !
The bitter little that of life remains :
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed !
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn ;
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

DELIÀ

AN ODE

THIS ode was sent to the *Star* newspaper with the following letter — "Mr Printer, — If the productions of a simple ploughman can merit a place in the same paper with the other favourites of the Muses who illuminate the *Star* with the lustre of genius, your insertion of the enclosed trifle will be succeeded by future communications from, yours, &c."

"EILISLAND, NEAR DUMFRIES, May 12, 1789"

"ROBERT BURNS."

FAIR the face of orient day,
Fair the tints of opening rose ;
But fairer still my Delia dawns,
More lovely far her beauty blows.*

Sweet the lark's wild-warbled lay,
Sweet the tinkling rill to hear ;
But, Delia, more delightful still
Steal thine accents on mine ear.

The flower-enamell'd busy bee
The rosy banquet loves to sip ;
Sweet the streamlet's limpid lapse
To the sun-brown'd Arab's lip

But, Delia, on thy balmy lips
 Let me, no vagrant insect, rove !
 Oh, let me steal one liquid kiss !
 For, oh ! my soul is parch'd with love !

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTHACHE

WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS GRIPPOUSLY TORMENTED BY THAT
 DISORDER

My curse upon thy venom'd stang,
 That shoots my tortured gums along ;
 And through my lugs gies mony a twang,
 Wi' gnawing vengeance .
 Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
 Like racking engine !

When fevers burn, or ague freezes,
 Rheumatics gnaw, or cholick squeezes ,
 Our neighbour's sympathy may ease us,
 Wi' pitying moan ;
 But thee—thou hell o' a' diseases,
 Aye mocks our groan !

Adow! my beard the slavers tickle !
 I kick the wee stools o' the muckle,
 As round the fire the giegles kuckle,¹
 To see me loup ;²
 While, saving nae, I wish a heckle*
 Were in then doup.

Of a' the numerous human dools,³
 Ill haunts,⁴ daff bargains, cutty-stoils,
 Or worthy friends raked i' the mools,⁵
 Sad sight to see !
 The tricks o' knaves, or fash o' fools,
 Thou bear'st the gree.

Where'er that place be priests ca' hell ,
 Whence a' the tones o' misery yell
 And rankèd plagues their number ell,
 In dreadful raw,
 Thou, Toothache, surely bear'st the bell
 Among them a' !

O thou grim mischief-making chiel,
 That gars the notes of discord squeel.

¹ The mirthful children laugh.

² Jump
³ Troubles

⁴ Harvests
⁵ Grave-earths.

* Flax used to be cleaned and straightened by drawing it many times through a mass of sharp steel spikes fixed in a bench, points uppermost. This was called a heckle

Till daft mankind aft dance a reel
 In gore a shoe thick,
 Gie a' the faes o' Scotland's weal
 A towmond's¹ toothache !

THE KIRK'S ALARM

LOCKHART gives the following account of the origin of this poem — "M Gill and Dalrymple the two ministers of the town of Ayr, had long been suspected of entertaining heterodox opinions on several points particularly the doctrine of original sin and the Trinity and the former it length published An Essay on the Death of Jesus Christ, which was considered as demanding the notice of the Church courts. More than a year was spent in the discussions which were out of this, and at last Dr McGill was fain to acknowledge his errors, and promise that he would take in early opportunity of apologising for them to his congregation from the pulpit, which promise, however, he never performed. The gentry of the country took, for the most part, the side of M Gill, who was a man of cold, unpopulair manners but of unrepined moral character, and possessed of some accomplishments. The bulk of the lower orders espoused, with far more fervour, the cause of those who conducted the prosecution against the erring doctor. Gavin Hamilton, and all persons of his stamp were, of course, on the side of M Gill. Auld and the Mauchline clergies with his enemies. Robert Aiken, a writer in Ayr, a man of remarkable talents, particularly in public speaking had the principal management of McGill's cause before the presbytery and the synod. He was an intimate friend of Hamilton's and through him had about this time formed an acquaintance which soon ripened into a warm friendship with Burn. Burns was, therefore, from the beginning a zealous as in the end he was, perhaps, the most effective, partisan of the side on which Aiken had staked so much of his reputation."

ORTHODOX, orthodox
 Wha believe in John Knox,
 Let me sound an alarm to your conscience—
 There's a heretic blast
 Has been blown r' the west,
 That what is not sense must be nonsense.
 Doctor Mac,* Doctor Mac,
 You should stretch on a rack,
 To strike evil-doers wi' terror,
 To join futh and sense,
 Upon ony pretence,
 Is heretic, damnable error.
 Town of Ayr, town of Ayr,
 It was naul, I declare,
 To meddle wi' mischief a-brewing,
 Provost John † is still deaf
 To the Church's relief,
 And Orator Bob ‡ is its ruin

¹ Twelvemonth's

* Dr McGill

† John Baillintyne, Esq., provost of Ayr, to whom the "Iwa Brig" is dedicated

‡ Mr Robert Aiken, above-named, to whom the "Cotter's Saturday Night" is inscribed

D'rymple mild * D'rymple mild,
Though your heart's like a child,
d your life like the new driven snaw,
Yet that winna save ye,
Auld Satan must have ye
For pierching that thier's ane an' twa

Rumble John † Kuml le Jol n,
Mount the step wi a groan
Cry the fool i wi heresy crum d
Then lug out yom lile,
Deil him tunc like a lile¹
And tunc every note of the damn d

Smiper James ‡ Smiper Jame,
Leave the fur kille duncs,
There a h licr chuse in your vic¹
I'll ley on y an h l
That the pul ye'll soon leal,
For pupples lil e you there, but few

Singt Sawney § Singt³ Sawney,
Aic ye heidm² the penny,
T n on i us what evil warit?
Wi a jump ye l and howl
Alarm every soul,
For the scul thief is jst at your gate

Dud ly Aul l || Dyl ly Auld,
There's a t d⁴ in the faul l
A tod maul le warit than the clal[¶] ¶
Enough ye crown r l i l with
Ye'll be in at the deith,
An' if ye canna l te, ye can l ark

Davie D l u t i ** Davie Bluster,
I i a stunt if ye musta,
The coip s is no nice of recant⁵
Yet to waul let's be jst,
Revil bl c l ye might boast,
If the rss were the kin⁶ of the brutes

¹ Pitr l wate
- Kilmarnock

³ Singt l
⁴ Fox

* The Rev. Dr William Dalrymple senior minister of the Coll Gate Church of Ayr

† The Rev John Russell celebrant in the Holy Fur

‡ The Rev James Mckinlay the lcr of the Ordination

§ The Rev Alexander Modie of Kilmarnock one of the heroes of the "Two Herds"

¶ The Rev Mr Auld, of Mauchline

¶ The clerk was Mr Gavin Hamilton who had been a thorn in the side of Mr Auld, an l the ortho lox clergy of the district

** Mr Grant, Ochiltree

Janie, Goose,* Jamie Goose,
 Ye hae made but toom 100se,¹
 In hunting the wicked lieutenant,
 But the doctor's your mark,
 For the Lord's haly aik
 He has cooper'd and ca'd² a wiang pin in't.

Poet Willie,† Poet Willie,
 Gie the Doctor a volley,
 Wi' your "Liberty's chain" and your wit,
 O'er Pegasus' side
 Ye ne'er laid a stride,
 Ye but smelt, man, the place where he —

Andro Gouk,‡ Andro Gouk,⁴
 Ye may slander the book,
 And the book nane the wun, let me tell ye;
 Though ye're rich, and look big,
 Yet lay by hat and wig,
 And ye il hae a calf's head o' sma' value

Barr Steenie,§ Barr Steenie,
 What mean ye, what mean ye?
 If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter,
 Ye may hae some pretence
 To havins⁵ and sense,
 Wi' people wha len ye nae better.

Ivime side,|| Ivime side
 Wi' your turkey-cock pride,
 Of manhood but sma' is your share,
 Ye've the figure,⁶ 'tis true,
 Even your face will allow,
 And your friends they daur grant you nae mair.

Muirland Jock,¶ Muirland Jock,
 When the Lord makes a rock
 To crush Common Sense for her sins,
 If ill manners were wit,
 There's no mortal so fit
 To confound the poor Doctor at ance.

Holy Will,** Holy Will,
 There was wit i' your skull

¹ Empty fame² Driven.

Good manners.

* Mr. Young, Cunnock.

† The Rev. Dr. Piesles, of Newton-upon-Ayr, the author of an indifferent poem on the centenary of the Revolution, in which occurs the expression alluded to by the poet.

‡ Dr. Andrew Mitchell, Monkton.

§ Rev. Stephen Young, Barr.

|| Rev. Mr. George Smith, Galdston.

¶ Mr. John Shepherd, Muirkirk.

** William Fisher, elder in Mauchline, the hero of the famous "Prayer."

When ye pilfer'd the alms o' the poor ;
 The tinner is scant,
 When ye're ta'en for a saunt,
 Wha should swing in a rape for an hour.

Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons,
 Seize your spiritual guns,
 Ammunition you never can need ;
 Your hearts are the stuff
 Will be powler enough,
 And your skulls are storehouses o' lead.

Poet Burns, Poet Burns,
 Wt' your priest-skelpling turns,
 Why desert ye your auld native shure ?
 Your Muse is a gipsy--
 I'en though she were tipsy,
 She could ca' us nae waur than we are.

THE WHISTLE.

BURNS says, "The authentic prose history of the 'Whistle' is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony whistle, which at the commencement of the orgies he laid on the table, and whoever was the last able to blow it, everybody else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany, and challenged the Scots Bacchanals to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority. After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name, who, after three days' and three nights' hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

And blew on the whistle his requiem shrill.

Sir Walter, son of Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married the sister of Sir Walter's. On Friday, the 16th of October 1789, at Friars' Carse, the whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwellton, Robert Riddel, Esq., of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the whistle, and in whose family it had continued, and Alexander Ferguson Esq., of Craigdarroch, likewise descended from the great Sir Robert, which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

On receiving the invitation to be present at the famous contest, Burns announced his intention of being present by the following verse.—

"The king's poor blackguard slave am I
 And scarce dower spare a minute,
 But I'll be with you by and by,
 Or else the devil's in it!"—B.

I SING of a whistle, a whistle of worth,
 I sing of a whistle, the pride of the North,
 Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
 And long with this whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda,* still suing the arm of Fingol,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall
"This whistle's your challenge to Scotland yet o'er,
And drunk them to hell, sir, or ne'er see me more!"

Old poets have sung and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventured, what champions fell,
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the whistle his requiem shill

Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Skarr,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconqu'd in war,
He drank his peer godship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has found,
Which now in his house has stages around
Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw,
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law,
And trusty Glenmiddel, so skill'd in old games,
And gallant Sir Robert, deep read in old whines

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth and oil,
Desiring Glenmiddel to yield up the spoil
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenmiddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
I'll conjure the ghost of the great Roric More†
And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er"

Sir Robert a soldier no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, Toss down the whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee deep in claret, he'd die ere he'd yield

To the board of Glenmiddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care,
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day,
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been

* See Ossian's Caricliura

† See Johnson's Four to the Hebrides - B

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
And every new cork is a new spring of joy;
In the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
And the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,
Bright Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a coi,
And would that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.

Six bottles apiece had well wore out the night,
When gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
Turn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
And swore 'twas the way that their ancestors did.

The worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warlike, ungodly, would wage,
A high ruling clerical willow in wine,
He left the soul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end,
But who can with Fate and quarrel bumpers contend?
Though Fate said "A hero shall perish in light,"
So up rose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knight.

Next up rose our hero, like a prophet in drink,
"Circumstance thou shalt soon when creation shall sink!
But if thou wouldst flourish immortal in rhyme,
Come—one bottle more—and I have at the sublime."

"Thy line, that has struggled for freedom with Bruce,
Shall heroes and patriots ever produce."
So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay,
The field thou hast won, by von bight god of day!"

VIRSES

ON CAPTAIN GROSS'S PERIPATATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND COLLECTING
THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

CAPTAIN GROSS, a famous antiquary, was the author of a valuable work on the antiquities of Scotland. He was a genial fellow, a companion after the poet's own heart.

HILARY Land o' Cakes, and brother Scots,
Fare Maidenkn* to Johnny Groat,
If there's a hole in 'r' your coats,
I ree you tent¹ it,
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it¹

¹ Fixed

* An inversion of the name of Kirkmaiden, in Wigtownshire, the most southerly parish in Scotland.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
 Upon a fine, fat, fodge¹ wight,
 O' stature short, but genius bight,
 That's he, mark weel--
 And wow! he has an unco slight
 O' cauk and keel.*

By some auld, houlet-haunted biggin',[†]
 Or kirk deserted by its riggin',
 It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
 Some eldritch[‡] put,
 Wi' dells, they say, Lord save's! colleaguin'
 At some black ait.

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chaumer,
 Ye gipsy gang that deal in glamour,
 And you, deep read in hell's black grammar,
 Warlock[§] and witches,
 Ye'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
 Ye midnight bitches!

It's tauld he was a soldier bred,
 And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
 But now he's quat the spurtle-blade
 And dog-skin wallet,
 And ta'en—the antiquarian trade,
 I think they call it.

He has a fouth[§] o' auld nick-nackets,
 Rusty ann caps and jinglin' jackets,[‡]
 Wad haul the Lothians three in tackets
 A towmond guid;
 And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
 Afore the flood

Of Eve's first fire he has'a cunder;
 Auld Tubal Cain's sue-shool and sander;
 That which distinguished the gender
 O' Balaam's ass,
 A broomstick o' the witch o' Endor,
 Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he'll shape you an', fu' gleg,⁴
 The cut of Adam's philabeg:
 The knife that nicked Abel's craig⁵
 He'll prove you fully,
 It was a faulding joctele,
 Or lang-kail gully.

¹ Plump

² Unholy.

³ Abundance

⁴ Full sharply

⁵ Throat.

* Alluding to his powers as a draughtsman

† See his "Antiquities of Scotland"—B

‡ See his "Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons"—B.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
 For meikle glee and fun has he,
 Then set him down, and twa or three
 Guid fellows wi' him ;
 And port, O port ! shine thou a wee,
 And then ye'll see him !

Now, by the powers o' verse and prose !
 Thou art a dainty chiel, O Grose ! --
 Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
 'They sair misca' thee ;
 I'd take the rascal by the nose,
 Wad say, Shame fa' thee !

LINES WRITTEN IN A WRAPPER,

ENCLOSING A LETTER TO CAPTAIN GROSE

IN sending some antiquarian and legendary material to Captain Grose through Mr. Cardonnel, a brother antiquary, the following lines were written by the poet on the cover of the parcel. Cardonnel read them everywhere to the annoyance of the captain.

Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose ?
 Igo and ago,
 If he's amang his friends or foes ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he south, or is he north ?
 Igo and ago,
 Or drowned in the river Forth ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he slain by Highlan' bodies ?
 Igo and ago,
 And eaten like a wether-haggis ?
 Iram, coram, dago.

Is he to Abia'm's bosom gane ?
 Igo and ago,
 Or haudin' South by the wame
 Iram, coram, dago.

Where'er he be, the Lord be near him !
 Igo and ago,
 As for the deil, he daurna steer him !
 Iram, coram, dago.

But please transmit the enclosed letter,
 Igo and ago,
 Which will oblige your humble debtor,
 Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye'hae auld stanes in store,
Igo and ago,
The very stanes that Adam boue,
Iram, coram, dago.

So may ye get in glad possession,
Igo and ago,
The wims o' Satan's coronation !
Iram, coram, dago.

SKETCH—NEW-YEAR'S DAY, [1700]

TO MRS. DUNLOP

On the original MS of these lines, the poet writes as follows: "On second thoughts, I send you this extempore blotted sketch. It is just the first random scrawl, but if you think the piece worth anything, I shall retouch it, and finish it. Though I have no copy of it, my memory serves me."

THIS day, Time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelvemonth's length again,
I see the old, bald-pated fellow,
With ardent eyes, complexion fallow,
Adjust the unimproved machine,
To wheel the equal, dull routine.

The absent lover, minor hen,
In vain assail him with thine prayer;
Deaf, as my friend, he sees them press,
Nor makes the hour one moment less.
Will you (the Major's* & with the hounds,
The happy tenants share his rounds;
Coila's fair Rachel's† care to-day,
And blooming Keith's‡ engaged with Gray)
From housewife cares a minute borrow—
That grandchild's cap will do to-morrow—
And join with me 2-moralising:
This day's propitious to be wise in.

First, what did ye-ternight deliver?
"Another year is gone for ever!"
And what is this day's strong suggestion?
"The passing moment's all we rest on!"
Rest on—for what? what do we hate?
Or why regard the passing year?
Will Time, amused with proverb'd lore,
Add to our date one minute more?
A few days may—a few years mast—
Repose us in the silent dust,

* Major, afterwards General, Andrew Dunlop, Mrs. Dunlop's second son

† Miss Rachel Dunlop, who afterwards married Robert Glasgow, Esq.

‡ Miss Keith Dunlop, the youngest daughter

When is it wise to damp our bliss?
 Yea—all such reasonings are amiss!
 The voice of Nature loudly cries,
 And many a message from the skies,
 That something in us never dies;
 That on this frail, uncertain state,
 Hang matters of eternal weight;
 That future life, in worlds unknown,
 Must take its hue from this alone;
 Whether as heavenly glory bright,
 Or dark as Misery's woeful night.

Since, then, my honour'd, first of friends,
 On this poor being all depends,
 Let us the important *now* employ,
 And live as those who never die.

Though you, with days and honours crown'd,
 Witness that silken circle round,
 (A light life's corroys to repulse,
 A sight, pale envy to convulse,)
 Others now claim your chief regard;
 Yourself, you wait your bright reward.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN AT THE THEATRE DUMFRIES ON NEW YEAR'S DAY EVENING,

[1790]

In a letter to his brother Gilbert Burns says—"We have gotten a set of very decent players here just now. I have seen them an evening or two. David Campbell in Ayr writes to me by the manager of the Company a Mr Sutherland, who is a man of apparent worth. On New Year's Day I gave him the following prologue, which he spouted to his audience with applause—

No song nor dance I bring from yon great city
 That queens it o'er our taste—the more's the pity
 Though, by the by, abroad why will you roam?
 Good sense and taste are natives here at home
 But not for panegyric I appear,
 I come to wish you all a good new year!
 Old Father Time deposes me here before ye,
 Not for to preach, but tell his simple story.
 The sage grave ancient cough'd, and bade me say,
 "You're one year older this important day"
 If wiser, too—he hinted some suggestion,
 But 'twould be rude, you know, to ask the question;
 And with a would-be roguish leer and wink,
 He bade me on you press this one word—"Think!"

Ye sprightly youths, quite flush'd with hope and spirit,
 Who think to storm the world by dint of merit,
 To you the dotard has a deal to say,
 In his sly, dry, sententious, proverbial way!

He bids you mind, amid your thoughtless rattle;
 That the first blow is ever half the battle;
 That though some by the skirt may try to snatch him
 Yet by the forelock is the hold to catch him;
 That whether doing, suffering, or forbearing,
 You may do miracles by persevering.

Last, though not least in love, ye faithful fair,
 Angelic forms, high Heaven's peculiar care!
 To you old Bald-pate smooths his wrinkled brow,
 And humbly begs you'll mind the important Now!
 To crown your happiness he asks your leave,
 And offers bliss to give and to receive.

For our sincere, though haply weak, endeavours,
 With grateful pride we own your many favours;
 And howsoever our tongues may ill reveal it,
 Believe our glowing bosoms truly feel it.

TO THE OWL.

THIS poem was first printed by Cromek from a MS. in the poet's handwriting. Some doubts have been thrown on its authenticity, but occasional interlineations on the same would seem to settle the question.

SAD bird of night, what sorrows call thee forth,
 To vent thy plaints thus in the midnight hour?
 Is it some blast that gathers in the north,
 Threatening to nip the verdure of thy bower?

Is it, sad owl, that Autumn strips the shade,
 And leaves thee here, unshelter'd and forlorn?
 Or fear that Winter will thy nest invade?
 Or friendless melancholy bids thee mourn?

Shut out, lone bird, from all the feather'd train,
 To tell thy sorrows to the unheeding gloom;
 No friend to pity when thou dost complain,
 Grief, all thy thought, and solitude thy home

Sing on, sad mourner! I will bless thy strain,
 And pleased in sorrow listen to thy song:
 Sing on, sad mourner; to the night complain,
 While the lone echo wafts thy notes along.

Is beauty less, when down the glowing cheek
 Sad, piteous tears, in native sorrows fall?
 Less kind the heart when anguish bids it break?
 Less happy he who lists to pity's call?

Ah, no, sad owl! nor is thy voice less sweet,
 That sadness tunes it, and that grief is there;
 That spring's gay notes, unskill'd, thou canst repeat;
 That sorrow bids thee to the gloom repair,

Nor that the treble songsters of the day
Are quite estranged, sad bird of night ! from thee ;
Nor that the thrush deserts the evening spray,
When darkness calls thee from thy reverie,—

From some old tower, thy melancholy dome,
While the gray walls, and desert solitudes,
Return each note, responsive to the gloom
Of ivied coverts and surrounding woods.

There hooting, I will list more pleased to thee
Than ever lover to the nightingale ;
O drooping wretch, oppress'd with misery,
Lending his ear to some condoling tale.

• • • PROLOGUE.

FOR MR SUTHERLAND'S BENEFIT NIGHT, DUMFRIES

THIS prologue was accompanied with the following letter to Mr. Sutherland, the manager of the Dumfries theatre.—

"Monday Morning

"I was much disappointed in wanting your most agreeable company yesterday. However, I heartily pray for good weather next Sunday, and whatever serial being has the guidance of the elements, he may take any other half dozen of Sundays he pleases, and clothe them with vapours, and clouds, and storms, until he terrify himself at combustion of his own raising. I shall see you on Wednesday forenoon. In the greatest hurry.—R. B."

WHAT needs this din about the town o' Lon'on,
How this new play and that new sang is comm' ?
Why is outlandish stuff sae meikle counted ?
Does nonsense mend like whisky, when imported ?
Is there nae poet, burning keen for fame,
Will try to gie us sangs and plays at hame ?
For comedy abroad he needna toil,
A fool and knave are plants of every soil ;
Nor need he hunt as far as Rome and Greece
To gather matter for a serious piece ;
There's themes enow in Caledonian story,
Would show the tragic muse in a' her gl'ory.

Is there no daring bard will rise and tell
How glorious Wallace stood, how hapless fell ?
Where are the Muses fled that could produce
A drama worthy o' the name o' Bruce,
How here, even here, he first unsheath'd the sword,
'Gainst mighty England and her guilty lord,
And after mony a bloody, deathless doing,
Wrench'd his dear country from the jaws of ruin ?
Oh for a Shakespeare or an Otway scene
To draw the lovely, hapless Scottish queen !

Vain all the omnipotence of female charms
 'Gainst headlong, ruthless, mad Rebellion's aims.
 She fell, but fell with spirit truly Roman,
 To glat the vengeance of a rival woman.
 A woman—though the phrase may seem uncivil—
 As able and as cruel as the devil!
 One Douglas lives in Home's immortal page,
 But Douglasses were heroes every age.
 And though your fathers, prodigal of life,
 A Douglas followed to the martial strife,
 Perhaps if bowl, row right, and Right succeeds,
 Ye yet may follow where a Douglas leads!

As ye hae generous done, if a' the land
 Would take the Muses' servants by the hand;
 Not only hear but patronise, I friend them,
 And where ye justly can commend, commend them,
 And aiblins when they winna stand the test,
 Wink hard and say the folks hae done their best!
 Would a' the land do this, then I'll be caution
 Ye'll soon hae ports o' the Scottish nation,
 Will gie lame blaw until her trumpet crack,
 And waisle¹ time, and lay him on his back.
 For us and for our stage should any spie,
 "Wha's aught thro' chiefs marks a' this bustle here?"
 My best leg foremost, I'll set up my bow,
 We have the honour to belong to you!
 We're your ain bauns, e'en guide us a-ye like,
 But like good mithers, shoon² before ye strike.
 And gratefu' still I hope ye'll ever find us,
 For a' the patronage an' meikle kindness
 We've got frae a' professions, sets, and ranks;
 God help us! we're but poor—ye'll set but thanks.

STANZAS ON THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY

SOME one calling in question the propriety of satirising people unworthy, and citing the Duke of Queensberry as an instance, Burns wrote the following biting lines as a reply:

How shall I sing Drumlaphing's* Grace—
 Discarded remnant of a race
 Once great in martial story?
 His forbears' virtues all contrived—
 The very name of Douglas blasted—
 His that inverted glory.

Hate, envy, oft the Douglas bore;
 But he has superadded more,

¹ Wrestle

² Warn.

* The residence of the Duke of Queensberry

And sunk them in contempt ;
 Follies and crimes have stain'd the name ,
 But, Queensberry, thine the virgin claim.
 From wight that's good exempt.

VERSES TO MY BED. •

THOU bed, in which I first began
 To be that various creature—*man* !
 And when again the fates decree,
 The place where I must cease to be ,—
 When sickness comes, to whom I fly,
 To soothe my pain, or close mine eye,
 When cares surround me while I weep
 Or lose them all in slumber deep ,—
 When sore with labour, whom I court
 And to thy downy breast resort—
 Where, too, ecstatic joy I find,
 When deigns my Delia to be kind -
 And full of love, in all her charms,
 Thou givest the fun one to my arms.
 The centre thou, where grief and pain,
 Disease and rest, alternate reign.
 Oh, since within thy little space
 So many various scenes take place ;
 Lessons as useful shalt thou teach
 As sages dictate —churchmen preach ;
 And man, convinced by thee alone,
 This great important truth shall own :—
 That thim putitions do divide
 The bounds where good and ill reside ;
 That nought is perfect here below ,
 But / is still bordering upon woe

FLICK ON PEG NICHOLSON. •

THE Peg Nicholson of this I legy—a lay mare—belonged to the poet's friend
 William Nicol, she was named after the virgin who thence tened the life of George
 the Third

PEG NICHOLSON was a good bay mare
 As ever trod on turn,
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And past the mouth o' Curn
 Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And rode through thick and thin ;
 But now she's floating down the Nith,
 And wanting even the skin

Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And ance she bore a priest ;

But now she's floating down the Nith,
 For Solway fish a feast.
 Peg Nicholson was a good bay mare,
 And the priest he rode her sair ;
 And much oppress'd and bruised she was,
 As priest-rid cattle aie.

LINES

WRITTEN TO A GENTLEMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM A NEWSPAPER, AND
 OFFERED TO CONTINUE IT FREE OF EXPENSE.

KIND sir, I've read your paper through,
 And, faith, to me 'twas really new !
 How guess'd ye, sir, what maist I wanted ?
 'Tis mony a day I've grai'd and gaunted¹
 To ken what French mischief was brewin',
 Or what the drunken Dutch were doin' ;
 That vile doup-skelper, Emperor Joseph,
 If Venus yet had got his nose off ;
 Or how the collieshangie² works
 Atween the Russians and the Tunks ;
 Or if the Swede, before he halt,
 Would play anither Charles the Twalt :
 If Denmark, anybody spak o't ;
 Or Poland, wha had now the tack³ o't ;
 How cut-throat Prussian blades were hugin',⁴
 How libbet⁵ Italy was singin' ;
 If Spaniards, Portuguese, or Swiss
 Were sayin' or takin' aught amiss ;
 Or how our merry lads at hame,
 In Britan's court, kept up the game :
 How royal George, the Lord leuk o'er him !
 Was managing St. Stephen's quorum ;
 If sleekit⁶ Chatham Will was livin',
 Or glaikit⁷ Charlie got his meev⁸ in ;
 How Daddie Burke the plea was cookin',
 If Warren Hastings' neck was yeukin',⁹
 How cesses, stents, and fees were tax'd,¹⁰
 Or if bare a—s yet were tax'd ;
 The news o' pukes, dukes, and earls,
 Pimps, shapers, bawds, and open girls ;
 If that daft buckie, Geordie Wales,
 Was threshin' still at hizzies' tails ;
 Or if he was grown oughthins douser,¹¹
 And no a perfect kintra cooser.¹²

¹ Groaned and yawned² Quarrel.³ Lease⁴ Hanging.⁵ Castrated.⁶ Sly⁷ Thoughtless.⁸ Fist.⁹ Itching.¹⁰ Stretched.¹¹ At all more sober.¹² Country stallion

A' this and mair I never heard of;
 And but for you I might despair'd of
 So gratefu, back your news I send you,
 And pray, a' guid things may attend you &

FLEIST AND, *Monday Morning*, 1790

ELEGY ON CAPTAIN MATTHEW HENDERSON,

A CITIZEN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY
 FROM ALMIGHTY GOD

THE following was appended to the original MS. of this Elegy:—'Now that you are ever with the sirens, flattery, the harpies of corruption and the furies of military and secular infernal deities that, on all sides and in all parties preside over the villainous business of politics, permit a rustic, mure of your acquaintance to do her best to singe the you with a song. You know Henderson. I have not flattered his memory.

In a letter to Dr Moore, the poet says:—"The Elegy on Captain Henderson is a tribute to the memory of a man I love much. Poets have in this the same advantage as Roman Catholics: they can be of service to their friend after they have passed that bourne where all other kindness ceases to be of any avail. Whether, after all, either the one or the other be of any real service to the dead is, I fear, very problematical; but I am sure they are highly gratifying to the living. Captain Henderson was a retired soldier of agreeable manners and upright character, who had a large, in Carruthers Close, Edinburgh, and mingled with the best society of the city: he dined regularly at Fortune's Tavern and was a member of the Culture Club which was composed of all who inclined to the witty and the joyous.

'Should the poet be flattered?'—SHAKESPEARE

But now his radiant course is run,
 For Matthew's course was bright,
 His soul was like the glorious sun,
 A matchless heavenly light!

O Death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
 The meikle devil wot a woodie!
 Hurl thee hame to his black smiddie,¹
 O'er hinchcon² hides,
 And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie³
 Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane! he's gane! he's frae us torn!
 The ac best fellow e'er was born
 Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
 By wood and wail,
 Where, haply, Pity strays forlorn,
 The man exiled!

Ye hills! new neighbors o' the starn,⁴
 That proudly cock your cresting cairns!

¹ Halter
² Drag

³ Smiddie, a black
 smith's shop
⁴ Hedgehog

⁵ Anvil
⁶ Stars

Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,¹
 Where Echo slumbers;
 Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest barns,
 My waifing numbers!

Moun, ilka grove the cushat kens!²
 Ye hazelly shaws and buery dens;
 Ye burnies, wimplin' down your glens,
 Wi' toddlin' dm,³
 Or foaming strang, wi' hasty stens,³
 Frae lin to lin!

Moun, little harebells o'er the lea;
 Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
 Ye woodbines, bea'ing bonnie
 In scentee bowers;
 Ye roses on your thorny tre,
 The first o' flowers.

At dawn, when every glassy blade
 Droops with a diamond at its head,
 At even, when beans their fragrance shed,
 I' the rustling gale,
 Ye maukms whiddin' through the glade,
 Come, join my wail.

Moun, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
 Ye grouse that crop⁴ the heather bud;
 Ye curlews calling through a clud,
 Ye whistling plover;
 And moun, ye whirling pattrick⁵ o' blood!⁶
 He's gane for ever.

Moun, sooty coots, and speckled teals;
 Ye fisher herons, watching eels,
 Ye duck and drake, wi' anny wheels
 Circling the lake;
 Ye bitterns, till the quagmire reels,
 Rair⁷ for his sake.

Moun, clam'ing craiks⁷ at close o' day,
 'Mang fields o' flowering clover gay;
 And when ye wing your annual way,
 Frae our cauld shore,
 Tell thae far warlds wha lie in clay,
 Wham we deplore.

¹ Eagles.

² Wood-pigeon knows.

³ Leaps.

⁴ Hares running.

⁵ Crop, eat.

⁶ Partridge.

⁷ Landrails.

¹ With the noise of one who goes hesitatingly or insecurely.

[†] A Scotch phrase signifying a harsh, bitter cry.

Ye houlets frae your ivy bower,
In some auld tree or eldritch¹ tower,
What time the moon, wi' silent glower,²
Sets up her horn,
Wail through the dreary midnight hour
Till waukrife³ morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains ! ..
Oft have ye heard my canty⁴ strains :
But now, what else for me remains
 But tales of woe ?
And frae my ten the drapping raur
 Maun ever flow.

Morn, Spring, thou darling of the year !
 Ilk cowslip cup shall keep a tear ;
 Thou, Summer, while each cony spear
 Shoots up its head,
 Thy gay, green, flowery tresses shear
 Forlorn that's dead !

Thou, Autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy fallow mantle tear !
Thou, Winter, hailing through the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we've lost !

Mourn him, thou Sun, great source of light !
Mourn, empress of the silent night !
And you, ye twinkling stannies bright,
My Matthew mourn !
For through your orbs he's ta'en his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O Henderson ! the man—the brother !
And art thou gone, and gone for ever ?
And hast thou cross'd that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound ?
Like thee, where shall I find another
The world around ?

Go to your sculptured tombs, ye great
In a' the tinsel trash o' state !
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth !
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

¹ Haunted.

2 Stare.

* Walseling.

* Happy.

3. Catch

THE FITTARIL.

STOP, passenger !—my story's brief,

• And truth I shall relate, man ;

I tell nae common tale o' grief—

For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast.

Yet spurn'd at Fortune's door, man,

A look of pity hither cast—

For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodeger art,

That passeth by this grave, man, •

Here moulders here a gallant heart—

For Matthew was a brave man

If thou on men, their works and ways, •

Canst throw uncommon light, man,

Here lies wha weel had won thy praise—

For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'

Wad life itself resign, man, •

The sympathetic tein mair fa' - •

For Matthew was a kind man !

If thou art stanch without a stain,

Like the unchanging blue, man,

This was a kinsman o' thy ain—

For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun, and fire,

And ne'er guid wine did fear, man,

This was thy billie, dam, and sue—

For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whiggin' sot,

To blame poor Matthew dare, man,

May dool and sorrow be his lot !—

For Matthew was a rare man.

TAM O' SHANTER.

A TALE.

CAPTAIN GROSE, in the introduction to his "Antiquities of Scotland," says, "To my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been seriously obligated, he was not only at the pains of making out what was most worthy of notice in Ayrshire, the country honoured by his birth, but he also wrote, expressly for this work, the *pretty tale* annexed to Alloway Church." What an odd notion Captain Grose must have had of the fitness of things when he called Tam o' Shanter "a pretty tale." In a letter to Captain Grose, the author gives the legend which formed the groundwork of the poem.—"On a market day in

the town of Ayr, a farmer from Carnick, and consequently whose way lay by the very gate of Alloway kirkyard, in order to cross the river Doon at the old bridge, which is about two or three hundred yards farther on than the said gate, had been detained by his business, till by the time he reached Alloway it was the wizard hour, between night and morning. Though he was terrified with a blaze streaming from the kirk, yet it is a well-known fact that to turn back on these occasions is running by far the greatest risk of mischief;—he prudently advanced on his road. When he had reached the gate of the kirkyard, he was surprised and entertained, through the ribs and arches of an old Gothic window, which still faces the highway, to see a dance of witches merrily footing it round their old sooty blackguard master, who was keeping them all alive with the power of his bagpipe. The farmer, stopping his horse to observe them a little, could plainly descrie the faces of many old women of his acquaintance and neighbourhood. How the gentleman was dressed tradition does not say, but that the ladies were all in their smocks—and one of them happening unluckily to have a smock which was considerably too short to answer all the purposes of that piece of dress, our farmer was so tickled that he involuntarily burst out, with a loud laugh, 'Weel happen dearest, Maggie wi' the short sark!' and, recollecting himself, instantly spurred his horse to the top of his speed. I need not mention the universally known fact that no magical power can pursue you beyond the middle of a running stream. Lucky it was for the poor farmer that the river Doon was so near, for notwithstanding the speed of his horse, which was a good one, he must have reached the middle of the arch of the bridge, and consequently the middle of the stream, the grasping, voracious hags, were so close at his heels that one of them certainly sprung to seize him, but it was too late, nothing was on her side of the stream but the horse's tail, which immediately gave way at her infernal leap, as if blasted by a stroke of lightning, but the farmer was beyond her reach. However the unsightly, tailless condition of the vigorous steed was, to the first hour of the noble creature's life, an awful warning to the Carnick farmers not to say too late in Ayr markets."

The poet continued Donald Griehne, the lover of Shantie, the hero of the legend, and as he really was the joyful careless being he is represented to be in the poem, several humorous incidents current about him were introduced into it. The poem was composed in the winter of 1760, and was begun and ended in one day. Mrs. Burns told Craik that she saw him by the river side laughing and gesticulating as the humorous incidents assumed shape within his mind.

• "Of brownies and of bogle-fair is this bairn" CRAWFORD DOUGLAS. •

With 1 chapman billies 2 I love the street,
And drouthy 3 neighbors nothins meet,
As market days afe wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak the gate, 4
While we sit bousing at the 5 o'appy,
And gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the King Scots m'les,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and str 6 s,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shantie,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses)

1 Fellows.

2 Thirsty

3 Road

M 4 Ale

O Tam I hadst thou but been sae wi'e
 As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice !
 She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,¹
 A blethering, blustering, drunken bhellum ;²
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market day thou wasna sober ;
 That ilka melder,* wi' the miller³
 Thou sat as lang as thou hadst siller,³
 That every naig⁴ was ca'd a shior on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on ;
 That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kukton Jean⁵ till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou wouldest be found deep drown'd in Doon !
 Or catch'd wi' waulocks i' the mink,
 By Alloway's auld hant'd kirk.

Ah, gentle dames ! it gae's i' the greet
 To think how many counsels sweet,
 How many lengchen'd, sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises !

But to our tale :--Ae market night,
 Tam had got plantit unco⁶ right,
 Fast by an ingle,⁷ bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats,⁸ that drank divinely ;
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnnie
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony ;
 Tam lo'd him like a vera brother--
 They had been fou for weeks thegither !
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And aye the ale was growing better ;
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious ;
 The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
 The storm without might ran⁹ and rustle--
 Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy !
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
 The minutes wing'd then way wi' pleasure ;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glourious,
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious !

¹ A worthless fellow.
² A talker of nonsense,
 a boaster, and a
 drunken fool.

³ Money.
⁴ Horse.
⁵ Mak's.
⁶ Unusually.

⁷ Fire.
⁸ Foaming ale.
⁹ Roar.

* Any quantity of corn sent to the mill is called a melder.
 † Jean Kennedy, who kept a tavern house in Kukoswald.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed !
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts for ever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
 Evanescent amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide ;
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride ;
 That hour, o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he takes the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd ;
 Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd :
 That night, a child might understand
 The devil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare, Meg,
 A better never lifted leg,
 Tam skelpit¹ on through dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire ;
 Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whiles crooning² o'er some auld Scots sonnet ;
 Whiles glowering³ round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles⁴ catch him unawares :
 Kuk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightily cry.

By this time he was across the foord,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smoor'd ;⁵
 And past the Larks and meikle stane
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck-lane ;
 And through the whins, and by the camp
 Where hunters fand the murder'd man ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.
 Before him Doon flows a' his floods ;
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;
 The lightning flash frae pole to pole ;
 Near and more near the thunders roll ;
 When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
 Kuk-Alloway seem'd in a bleeze ;
 Through ilka bore⁶ the beams were glancing,
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

¹ Rode with careless² Humming³ Peering⁴ Spirits.⁵ Got smothered.⁶ Every hole in the wall.

Inspiring bold John Baileycorn !
 What dangers thou canst mak us scorn !
 Wi' tipenny,¹ we fear nae evil,
 Wi' usquebae,² we'll face the devil !—
 The swats sae ream'd³ in Tammy's noddle,
 Fan play, he cared na deils a boddle
 But Maggie stood right sae astonish'd,
 Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
 She ventur'd forward on the light,
 And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight !
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;
 Nae cotillon brent-new⁴ frae France,
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
 Put life and mickle i' their heels:
 At winnock-bunker,⁵ ' the east,
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
 A towrie tyke,⁶ black, t. ni, and luge,
 To gie them music was his charge,
 He screw'd the pipes, and gart⁷ them skul,⁸
 Till roof and rafters a' did dunt.⁹
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,
 That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
 And by some devilish cantip slight
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
 By which heroic Tam was able
 To note upon the haly table,
 A murderer's bane in gibbet mus;
 Twa span-lang, wee, michin-to'nd banns;
 A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
 Wi' his last gasp his gab¹⁰ did gape,
 Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red-rusted;
 Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;
 A garter, which a babe had strangled;
 A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
 Whom his ain son o' life berft,
 The gray hairs yet stick to the heft.¹¹
 Wi' mair o' horrible awfu',
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammy glower'd, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;
 The pipe loud and louder blew,
 The dancers quick and quicker flew;

¹ i.e. a penny ale.

² Whisky

³ Wrought

⁴ From France.

⁵ A kind of window

⁶ Scot

⁷ A rough dog

⁸ Blade

⁹ Scream.

¹⁰ Vibrate

¹¹ Mouth

¹² Handle.

They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleek it,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,¹
And coost² her diddies³ to the wark,
And linket⁴ at it in her sark.⁵

Now Tam ! O Tam ! had they been queans,⁶
A' plump and strappin' in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' cressesie flangin,⁷
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen ! *
Thir breeks⁸ o' mine, my only pan,
That ance were plush, o' gund blue lean,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,⁹
For ae blink¹⁰ o' the bonny bairnies !

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie¹¹ haps, wad spean¹² a foal,
Lowpin' and flingin' on a cummyock,¹³
I wonder didna turn thy stomach

But I am kenn'd¹⁴ what was what fu' brawlie,¹⁵
"There was ae winsome wench and wale,"¹⁶ +
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carnick shore ;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And petrish'd mony a bonny boit,
And shook baith meil le corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear)
Her enty sark,¹⁷ o' Parsley harn,
That, while a lassie, she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie¹⁸

Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft¹⁹ for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots, (twas a' her riches)
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches !

But here my Muse her wing maims,²⁰
Sic thighs are fu' beyond her power,
To sing how Nannie lap and flang.²¹

¹ Till each old beldam,
smoked with sweat.

² Strip.

³ Clothes.

⁴ Frippes.

⁵ Shirt.

⁶ Young gals.
Greasy flannel.

⁸ These breeches.

⁹ Huns.

¹⁰ Look.

¹¹ Gallows-worthy.

¹² Wean.

¹³ Jumping and coper
ing on a stid.

¹⁴ Knew.

¹⁵ Full well.

¹⁶ A hearty gill and
jolly.

¹⁷ Short shirt.

¹⁸ Proud of it.

¹⁹ Bought.

²⁰ Lower.

²¹ Jumped and kicked.

** The manufacturers' term for a fine linen woven in a reed of 1700 divisions.
—CROMEK.

† Allan Ramsay

(A souple jade she was, and strang,)
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitch'd,
 And thought his very een enich'd,
 Even Satan glower'd, and sidge'd fu' sam,
 And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main
 Till first ae caper, syne¹ anither,
 'Tam tint² his reason a' thegither.
 And roars out, ' Weel done, Cutty-sark !'
 And in an instant 't' was dark :
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied ;
 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,³
 When plundering herds assail their byke,
 As on pussie's mortal foes,
 When, pop ! she starts before their nose ;
 As eager guns the market crowd,
 When " Catch the thief ! " resounds aloud ;
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
 Wi' many an eldritch⁴ screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam ! ah, Tam ! thou'lt get thy fairin' !⁵
 In hell they'll roast thee like a hemm' !
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comm' !
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman !
 Now, do thy speedly utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystane⁶ o' the lang ;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss,
 A running stream they daurna cross ;
 But ere the keystane she could make,
 'The fiend⁷ a tail she had to shake !
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Haid upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at 'Tam wi' furious ctille,⁸
 But little wist she Maggie's mittle —
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,
 But left behind her an'gry tail
 The carlin caught her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son, take heed !

¹ Then.
² Lost.
³ Fuss.

⁴ Hive.
⁵ Unearthly.
⁶ Deserts.

⁷ Ne'er.
⁸ Design.

* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream. It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller that, when he falls in with *doges*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is none more hazard in turning back — B.

Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or catty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think ! ye may buy the joys owre dear—
 Remember Tam o' Shantei's mare.

ON THE BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

THE mother of the child, the subject of the following lines, was a daughter of Mrs. Dunlop, the tried friend of the poet through life. The father of the child, a Frenchman, died before it was born, and shortly afterwards the mother died, leaving the infant exposed to all the dangers of the Revolution. Fortunately an old domestic was worthy of the trust reposed in her, and the child (a boy) was restored to his friends when the revolutionary excitement was over.

SWEET floweret, pledge o' meikle¹ love,
 And ward o' mony a prayer,
 What heart o' stane would thou na move,
 Sae helpless, sweet, and fair !

November hurples² o'er the lea,
 Chill on thy lovely form ;
 And gane, alas ! the sheltering tree
 Should shield thee from the storm.

May He who gives the rain to pour,
 And wings the blast to blow,
 Protect thee frae the driving shower,
 The bitter frost and snaw !

May He, the friend o' woe and want,
 Who heals life's various stounds,²
 Protect and guard the mother-plant,
 And heal her cruel wounds !

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
 Fair on the summer-morn,
 Now feebly bends she in the blast,
 Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
 Unscathed by ruffian hand !
 And from thee many a parent stem
 Arise to deck our land !

ELEGY ON MISS BURNET OF MONBODDO.

THE heroine of the following beautiful lines was the daughter of the eccentric Lord Monboddó. There are frequent allusions in Burns's correspondence to

¹ Moves slowly.² Pangs.

the beauty and amiability of this young lady. So strongly had her charms and various attractions impressed the poet, that he alluded to her in the "Address to Edinburgh."

 E'en Burnet strikes th' adoring eye,
 Heaven's beauties on my fancy shine ;
 I see the Sun of Love on high
 And own His work indeed divine.

She died of consumption at the age of twenty-three.

Life ne'er extol'd in so rich a prize
As Burnet, lovely from her native skies,
Nor envious Death so triumph'd in a blow,
As that which laid th' accomplish'd Burnet low.

Thy form and mind sweet mael, can I forget ?
In richest ore the brightest jewel set !
In thee, high Heaven above was truest shown,
As by His noblest work the Godhead best is known.

In vain ye flaunt in summer's pride, ye groves ;
Thou crystal streamlet with thy flowery shore,
Ye woodland choir that chaft your idle loves,
Ye cease to charm--Eliza is no more !

Ye heathy wastes, nam'd with reedy fens ;
Ye mossy streams, with sedge and rushes stor'd ;
Ye rugged cliffs, o'erhanging dreary glens,
To you I fly, ye with my soul accord

Princes, whose cumbrous pride was all their worth,
Shall venal lays then pompous exit haul ?
And thou, sweet excellence ! forsake our earth,
And not a Muse in honest grief bewail ?

We saw thee shine in youth and beauty's pride,
And virtue's light, that beams beyond the spheres ;
But, like the sun eclips'd at morning tide,
Thou left'st us darkling in a world of tears.

The parent's heart that nestled fond in thee,
That heart how sunk, a prey to grief and care ;
So deckt the woodlark sweet yon aged tree ;
So from it ravish'd, leaves it bleak and bare.

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING

In a letter to Graham of Fintray, enclosing a copy of "The Lament," the poet says: "Whether it is that the story of our Mary Queen of Scots has a peculiar effect on the feelings of a poet, or whether I have, in the enclosed ballad, succeeded beyond my usual poetic success, I know not, but it has pleased me beyond any effort of my Muse for a good while past."

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,

And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
 Out o'er the grassy lea :
 Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
 And glads the azure skies ;
 But nought can glad the weary wight
 That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'locks wake the merry morn,
 Aloft on dewy wing .
 The merle, in his noontide bower,
 Makes woodland echoes ring .
 The mavis wild, wi' mony a note,
 Sings drowsy day to rest .
 In love and freedom they rejoice,
 Wi' care nor thall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
 The primrose down the bae ,
 The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
 And milk-white is the slae ;
 The meekest hind in fair Scotland
 May rove their sweets amang ;
 But I, the queen of a' Scotland,
 Moun lie in prison strang !

I was the queen o' bonny France,
 Where happy I hae been ,
 Fu' lightly raise I in the morn,
 As blithe lay down at e'en .
 And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
 And mony a traitor there ,
 Yet ne'er I lie in foreign hands,
 And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman !—
 My sister and my foe,
 Gha' Vengeance yet shall whet a sword,
 That through thy soul shall ga'e
 The weeping blood in woman's breast
 Was never known to thee ,
 Now the balm that drips on wounds of war
 Frae woman's pitying ee.

My son ! my son ! may kinder stars
 Upon thy fortune shine !
 And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
 That ne'er wad blink on mine !
 God keep thee frae thy mother's foes,
 Or turn their hearts to thee :
 And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
 Remember him for me !

Oh ! soon to me may summer suns
 Nae mair light up the morn !
 Nae mair to me the autumn winds
 Wave o'er the yellow corn !
 And in the narrow house o' death
 Let winter round me rave ;
 And the next flowers that deck the spring
 Bloom on my peaceful grave !

LAMENT FOR JAMES, EARL OF GLENCAIRN.

In a letter enclosing the "Lament" to Lady Elizabeth Cunningham, sister of the earl, Burns says -- "My heart glows, and shall ever glow, with the most grateful sense and remembrance of his lordship's memory were not the 'mockery of woe' Nor shall my gratitude perish with me" If, among my children, I shall have a son that has a heart, he shall hand it down to his child as a family honour, and a family debt, that my dear existence I owe to the noble house of Glencairn."

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
 By fits the sun's departing beam
 Look'd on the fading yellow woods
 That wav'd o'er Laggan's winding stream ;
 Beneath a craggy steep, a hard,
 Laden with years and weakle pun,
 In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
 Whom death had all untimely ta'en

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
 Whose trunk was mould'ring down with years ;
 His locks were bleach'd white with time,
 His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears ;
 And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
 And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
 The winds, lamenting through their caves,
 To Echo bore the notes along :—

"Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
 The reliques of the vernal' quire !
 Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
 The honours of the aged year !
 A few short months, and glad and gay,
 Agam ye'll charm the ear and ee ;
 But nocht in all revolving time
 Can gladness lang again to me.

"I am a bending aged tree,
 That long has stood the wind and rain ;
 But now has come a cruel blast,
 And my last hold of earth is gane ;

Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
 Nae summer sun exalt my bloom;
 But I maun lie before the storm,
 And others plant them in my room.

"I've seen sic many changefu' years,
 On earth I am a stranger grown,
 I wander in the ways of men,
 Alike unknowing and unknown:
 Unheard, unpitied, unrelieved,
 I bear alane my lade o' care,
 For silent, low, on beds of dust,
 Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

"And last (the sum of a' my griefs)
 My noble master lies in clay;
 The flower among our haons bold,
 His country's pride—his country's stay!
 In weary being now I pine,
 For a' the life of life is dead,
 And hope has left my aged ken,
 On forward wing for ever fled.

"Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
 'The voice of woe and wild despair',
 Awake! resound thy latest lay—
 'Then sleep in silence everman'
 And thou, my last, best, only friend,
 That fillest an untimely tomb,
 Accept this tribute from the bard
 Thou brought from Fortune's marked gloom.

"In Poverty's low barren vale
 Thick mists, obscure, involved me round;
 Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
 Nae ray of fame was to be found;
 Thou found'st me, like the morning sun,
 That melts the fogs in limpid air,
 The friendless bard and rustic song
 Became alike thy fostering care.

"Oh! why has worth so short a date,
 While villains ripen gray with time?
 Must thou, the noble, generous, great,
 Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
 Why did I live to see that day?
 A day to me so full of woe!
 Oh! had I met the mortal shaft
 Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
 Was made his wedded wife yestreen:

The monarch may forget the crown
 That on his head an hour has been ;
 The mother may forget the child
 That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
 But I'll remember thee, Glencann,
 And a' that thou hast done for me !"

LINES

SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOORD, BART., OF WHITEFOORD, WITH THE
 FORT-GOING TORM

THOU, who thy honour as thy God revelest,
 Who, save thy mind's reproach, nought earthly fear'st,
 To thee this votive offering I impart,
 The tearful tribute of a broken heart
 The friend thou valued'st, I the patron loved ;
 His worth, his honour, all the world approved.
 We'll mourn till we too go as he has gone,
 And tread the dreary path to that dark world unknown.

ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,

ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS

WHILE virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
 Unfolds her tender mantle green,
 Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
 Or tunes Æolian strains between :

While Summer, with a matron grace,
 Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
 Yet oft, delighted, stop to trace
 The progress of the spiky blade :

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
 By Tweed erects his aged head,
 And sees, with self-approving mind,
 Each creature on his bounty fed :

While maniac Winter rages o'er
 The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
 Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
 Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows :

So long, sweet Poet of the year !
 Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won ;
 While Scotia, with exulting tear,
 Proclaims that Thomson was her son !

VERSES

TO JOHN MAXWELL OF TERRAUGHTA, ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

THE subject of the following lines was a great admirer of the poet, not for his poetical abilities, these not appearing to impress him much, but on account of his conversational powers, and his knowledge of human nature

HEAR IT to the Maxwell's veteran chief!
 Health, aye misous'd by care or grief:
 Inspired, I turn'd Fate's sybil leaf
 This natal morn;
 I see thy life is stuff o' prief,¹
 Scace quite half worn.

This day thou metes threescore eleven,
 And I can tell that bounteous Heaven
 (The second sight, ye ken, is given
 To ilka² poet)
 On thee a tack o' seven times seven
 Well yet bestow it

If envious luckies³ view wi' sorrow
 Thy lengthen'd day, on this blest morrow,
 May Desolation's lung-teeth'd harrow,
 Nine miles an hom,
 Rake them, like Sodom and Gomorrah,
 In burnstane stour!⁴

But for thy friends, an' they are mony,
 Buth honest men and lasses bonny,
 May conflux⁵ Fortune, kind and canny,
 In social glee,
 Wi' mornings blithe and e'enings funny,
 Bless them and thee!

Fareweel, auld birkie!⁶ I ord be near ye,
 And then the deil be durnna steer ye!
 Yon friends aye love, yon faes aye fear ye;
 For me, shame fa' me,
 If neist my heart I dinna wear ye,
 While BURNS trey ca' me!

THE VOWELS:

A TALE.

'Twas where the birch and sounding thong are plied,
 'The noisy domicile of pedant pride;

¹ Proof² Every³ Bucks.⁴ Brimstone dust⁵ Loving⁶ A term of endearment

Where Ignorance her darkening vapour throws,
And Cruelty directs the thickening blows ;
Upon a time, Sir Abece the great,
In all his pedagogic powers elate,
His awful chair of state resolves to mount,
And call the trembling Vowels to account.

First enter'd A, a grave, broad, solemn wight,
But, ah ! deserv'd, dishonest to the sight !
His twisted head look'd backward on his way,
And flagrant from the scourge, he ganted *ai* !
Reluctant, E stalk'd in, with piteous pace
The jostling tears ran down his honest face !
That name, that well-worn name, and all his own,
Pale he surrender at the tyrant's throne !
The pedant stifles keen the Roman sound
Not all his mongrel diphthong can compound ;
And next, the title following clasp'd behind,
He to the nameless ghastly wretch assign'd.

The cobweb'd Gothic dome resounded Y !
In sullen vengeance, I disclaim'd reply :
The pedant swung his felon caged round,
And knock'd the groaning vowel to the ground !

In rueful apprehension enter'd O,
The wailing minstrel of despairing woe ;
The inquisitor of Spain the most exact
Might there have learnt new mysteries of death,
So grim, deform'd, with horrors entering, U
His dearest friend and brother scarcely knew !

As trembling U stood staring all aghast,
The pedant in his left hand clutch'd him fast,
In helpless infants' tears he dipp'd his right,
Baptized him *en*, and kick'd him from his sight.

ADAM A——'S PRAYER

THE servant of a Middlemarch innkeeper having been too indulgent to one of her master's customers, several young fellows, when a little overcome with liquor, resolved on making her "ride the sting" *Anglice*, he carried through the streets astride upon a wooden pole. Having carried their revenge into execution, an action of damages was the result. A small ill-favoured acquaintance of the poet's was one of the offenders, and while skulking about afraid of being apprehended, he met Burns, who suggested that he wanted praying for. "Just do't yourself, Burns, I know no one so fit," was the reply. This was the origin of Adam A——'s Prayer.

GUIDE pity me, because I'm little,
For though I am an elf o' mettle,

And can, like ony wabster's¹ shuttle,
Jink² there o' here;
Yet, scarce as lang's a guid kail whittle,³
I'm unco queer.

And now thou kens our wofu' case,
For Georgie's juir^{*} we're in disgrace,
Because we've stang'd her through the place,
And hnt her spleuchan,
For which we daurna show our face
Within the clachan.⁴

And now we're dein'd⁵ in glens and hollows,
And hunted, as was William Wallace,
Wi' constables, those blackguard fellows,
And odgers baith;
But gude preserve us frae the gallows,
That shamefu' death!

Auld, grim, black-bearded Georgie's sel,
Oh, shake him o'er the mouth o' hell,
There let him hing, and roar, and yell,
Wi' hideous din,
And if he offers to rebel,
Just heave him in

When Death comes in, wi' glimmering blink,
And tips auld drunken Nause[†] the wink,
May Horrie gie her do, p a clink
Ahnt his yett,⁶
And fill her up wi' burnstone drink,
Red, reeking, hot.

There's Jockie and the havel Jenny, ‡
Some devils seize them in a hurry,
And wail them in the infernal wherry
Straucht through the lake,
And gie their hides a noble curry,
Wi' oil o' auk.

As for the juir, poor worthless body,
She's got mischief enough already,
Wi' stang'd lups, and buttocks blydy,
She's suffer'd sair,
But may she winkle in a woodie,⁷
If she whorg man.

¹ Weaver.² Dodge.³ Knife.⁴ Village.⁵ Hide.⁶ Gale.⁷ Struggle in a hiltzer.

* "Juir" is in the west of Scotland a colloquial term for "journeymen," and is often applied to a female as well as a male-servant.

† Georgie's wife.

‡ Georgie's son and daughter.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE.*

A day, as Death, that gruesome carl,
 Was driving to the tither warl'
 A mixie-maxtie, motley squad,
 And mony a guilt-be-potted lad;
 Black gowns of each denomination,
 And thieves of every rank and station,
 From him that wears the star and garter,
 To him that wintles in a halter—
 Ashamed himsel to see the wretches,
 He mutters, glow'ring¹ at the bitches,
 "By God, I'll not be seen behind them,
 Nor 'mong this spiritual core present them,
 Without, at least, an honest man,
 To grace this damn'd infernal plan."
 By Adahull a glance he brew,
 "Lord God!" quoth he, "I have it now;
 There's just the man I want, 'futh!"
 And quickly stoppit Rankine's breath.

ON SENSIBILITY

TO MY DEAR AND MUCH-HONOURED FRIEND, SUSAN DUNLOP OF DUNLOP.

SENSIBILITY how charming,
 Thou, my friend, canst truly tell;
 But distress, with honors arming,
 Thou hast also known too well!

Fairest flower! behold the lily,
 Blooming in the sunny ray;
 Let the blast sweep o'er the valley,
 See it prostrate on the clay!

Hear the woodlark charm the forest,
 Telling o'er his little joys;
 Happy bird! a prey the sunest
 To each pirate of the skies.

Dearly bought the hidden treasure
 Finer feelings can bestow,
 Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure
 Thrill the deepest notes of woe

¹ Staring.

* John Rankine of Adahull, the "rough, rude, ready-witted Rankine" of the *Epistle*.

LINES ON FERGUSSON.

ILL-FATED genius ! Heaven-taught Fergusson !
 What heart that feels and will not yield a tear,
 To think life's sun did set ere well begun
 To shed its influence on thy bright career ?
 Oh, why should truest worth and genius pine
 Beneath the iron grasp of Want and Woe,
 While titled knaves and idiot greatness shine
 In all the splendour Fortune can bestow !

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN,

AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER
 BENEFIT NIGHT

WHILE Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
 The fate of empires and the fall of kings ;
 While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
 And even children hup the rights of man,
 Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
 The rights of woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connection,
 One sacred right of woman is, protection.
 The tender flower that lifts its head, elate,
 Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
 Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
 Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second right—but needless here is caution.
 To keep that right inviolate's the fashion ;
 Each man of sense has it so full before him,
 He'd die before he'd wrong it—'tis decorum.
 There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
 A time, when rough, rude man, had naughty ways ;
 Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot,
 Nay, even this invade a lady's quiet !
 Now, thank our stars ! these Gothic times are fled ;
 Now, well-bred men—and ye are all well bred !—
 Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
 Such conduct befitting spirit, wit, nor manners

For right the third, our last, our best, our dearest,
 That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
 Which even the rights of kings in low prostration
 Most humbly own—'tis dear, dear admiration !
 In that blest sphere alone we live and move ;
 There taste that life of life—immortal love.
 Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
 'Gainst such a host what flinty savage dares—

When awful beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions !
Let majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! *et na!* THE MAJESTY OF WOMAN !

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CHILD

Oh, sweet be thy sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, for ever,
For ever — oh no ! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.

Though cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Take the beam of the day-star to-morrow.

The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet *seraph* form,
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
When thou shrunk from the cowl of the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom.

Oh, still I behold thee, all lovely in death,
Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stilled breath
Told how dear ye were eye to eye to other.

My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm thee,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the best,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.

While he, thy fond parent, roam'st sighing sojourn
Through the dre desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to-morrow,
And sigh for his life's latest sorrow.

TO A KISS.

Hymnical of soft affection,
Tenderest pledge of future bliss,
Dew-droplet of young confessions,
Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss !

Speaking silence, dumb confession,
Passion's birth, and infant's play,
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day.

* A daughter of the poet.

Sorrowing joy, a life's last action,
 When lingering lips no more must join,
 What words can ever speak affection
 So thrilling and sincere as thine ! •

SONNET

ON HEARING A THROUSH SING IN A MORNING WALK, WRITTEN JAN. 25
 1793, THE BIRTHDAY OF THE AUTHOR

SING on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough,
 Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain.
 See, aged Winter, 'mid his sultry reign,
 At thy blithe carol clears his furrow'd brow •

So in lone Poverty's dominion drear,
 Sits meek Content with hild untroubled heart,
 Welcomes the rapid moment, bids them part,
 Nor asks if they bring right to hope or fear.

I thank Thee, Author of this opening day !
 Thou whose bright sun now gilds yon clouded skies !
 Riches denied, Thy boon was purer joy,
 What wealth could never give nor take away !

Yet come, thou child of Poverty and Care,
 The mite high Heaven bestow'd, that mite with thee I'll share

IMPROMPTU ON MRS. RIDGELY'S BIRTHDAY

THE 4TH DECEMBER, 1793

Old Winter with his frosty beard
 Thus once to Jove his prayer prefer'd—
 "What have I done, of all the year,
 To bear this hated dream severe?
 My cheerless suns no pleasure know,
 Night's horrid carthags dreary show,
 My dismal months no joys are crowning,
 But spleeny English hanging, drowning

"Now, Jove, for once be mighty civil,
 To counterbalance all this evil,
 Give me, and I've no more to say,
 Give me MARY'S natal-day!
 That brilliant gift shall so enrich me,
 Spring, Summer, Autumn, cannot match me."
 "Tis done!" says Jove; so ends my story,
 And Winter once rejoiced in glory.

EPISTLE FROM ESOPUS TO MARIA.

THE ESOPUS of this epistle was Williamson the actor, and the Maria to whom it is addressed was Mrs. Riddel--"A lady," says Allan Cunningham, "whose memory will be held in grateful remembrance, not only for her having forgiven the poet for his lampoons, but for her having written a sensible, clear, heart-warm account of him when laid in the grave. Mrs. Riddel was a sincere friend and admirer of Burns, who quarrelled with her on account of some fancied slight. Williamson was a member of the dramatic company which frequently visited Dumfries. He had been a frequent visitor at Mrs. Riddel's. While the dramatic company were at Whitehaven, the Earl of Lonsdale committed them to prison as vagrants. Burns had no favour for the Earl of Lonsdale, and managed in the episode to gratify his aversion to him, as well as his temporary anger with Mrs. Riddel. His behaviour towards the latter was as discreditable to him as Mrs. Riddel's generosity in forgiving it was worthy of her goodness and her high opinion of his better nature."

FROM those drear solitudes and frowzy cells,
Where infamy with sad repentance dwells;
Where turnkeys make the jealous mortal last,
And deal from iron hands the spare repast;
Where tuitant 'prentices, yet young in sin,
Blush at the curious stranger peeping in;
Where strumpets, relics of the drunken roar,
Resolve to drink, nay, half to whoie, no more;
Where tiny thieves, not destined yet to swing,
Beat hemp for others riper for the string:
From these dire scenes my wretched lines I date
To tell Maria her Esopus fate.

"Alas! I feel I am no actor here!"
'Tis real hangmen real scoundrels bear!
Prepare, Maria, for a horrid tale
Will turn thy very rouge to deadly pale,
Will make thy hair, though erst from gipsy poll'd,
By barber woven, and by barber sold,
Though twisted smooth with Harry's nicest care,
Like hoary bristles to erect and stare.
The hero of the mimic scene, no more
I start in Hamlet, in Othello roar,
Or haughty chieftain, 'mid the din of arms,
In Highland bonnet woo Malvina's charms;
Whilst sans-culottes stoop up the mountain high,
And steal from me Maria's prying eye
Blest Highland bonnet! once my proudest dress,
Now prouder still, Maria's temples press
I see her wave thy towering plumes afar,
And call each coxcomb to the wordy war,
I see her face the hist of Ireland's sons,
And even out-Irish his Hibernian bronze;
The crafty colonel leaves the taitan'd lines,
For other wars, where he a hero shines,
'The hopeful youth, in Scottish senate bred,
Who owns a Bushby's heart without the head,
Comes, 'mid a string of coxcombs, to display
That *veni, vidi, vici*, is his way.

The shrinking bard adown in alley skulks,
 And dreads a meeting wiser than Woolwich hulks :
 Though there, his heresies in church and state
 Might well award him Muir and Palmer's fate :
 Still she undaunted reels and rattles on,
 And dares the public like a noontide sun.
 (What scandal call'd Maria's janty stagger
 The ricket reeling of a crooked swagger?
 Whose spleen, e'en worse than Burns's venom when
 He dips in gall unmix'd his eager pen,
 And pours his vengeance in the burning line,
 Who christen'd thus Maria's lyre divine—
 The idiot strum of vanity bemused,
 And even the abuse of poesy abused?
 Who call'd her verse a parish workhouse, made
 For motley, foundling fancies, stolen or stray'd?)

A workhouse! ha, that sound awakes my woes,
 And pillows on the thorn my rack'd repose!
 In distance vile here must I wake and weep,
 And all my frowzy couch in sorrow steep!
 That straw where many a rogue has lain of yore,
 And yemin'd gipsies litter'd heretofore.

Why, Lonsdale, thus thy wrath on vagrants pour?
 Must earth no rebel save thyself endure?
 Must thou alone in guilt immortal swell,
 And make a vast monopoly of hell?
 Thou know'st the virtues cannot hate thee worse;
 The vices also, must they club their curse?
 Or must no tiny sin to others fall,
 Because thy guilt's supreme enough for all?

Maria, send me too thy griefs and cares;
 In all of these sure thy Esopus shares.
 As thou at all mankind the flag unfurls,
 Who on my fair one's statue's vengeance huris?
 Who calls thee pert, affected, vain coquette,
 A wit in folly, and a fool in wit?
 Who says that fool alone is not thy due,
 And quotes thy treacheries to prove it true?
 Our force united on thy foes we'll turn.
 And dare the war with all of woman born:
 For who can write and speak as thou and I?
 My periods that deciphering defy,
 And thy still matchless tongue that conquers all reply.

MONODY ON A LADY FADED FOR HER CAPRICE.*

How cold is that bosom which folly once fired,
 How pale is that cheek where the rouge lately glisten'd!

* This was another of the poet's uncalled-for attacks on Mrs. Riddell.

How silent that tongue which the echoes oft tired,
How dull is that ear which to flattery so listen'd !

If sorrow and anguish their exit await,
From friendship and dearest affection removed ;
How doubly severer, Eliza, thy fate,
Thou diedst unwept as thou livedst unloved.

Love, Graces, and Virtues, I call not on you ;
So shy, grave, and distant, ye shed not a tear :
But come, all ye offspring of Folly so true,
And flowers let us cull for Eliza's cold bier.

We'll search through the garden for each silly flower,
We'll roam through the forest for each idle weed,
But chiefly the nettle, so typical, shew,
For none e'er approach'd her but rug'd the rash deed.

We'll sculpture the marble, we'll measure the lay,
Here Vanity stuns on her plot-lye,
There keen indignation shall dart on her prey,
Which spinning Contempt shall redeem from his ire.

POEM ON PASTORAL POETRY

HAIL, Poesie ! thou nymph reserved !
In chase o' thee, what crowds hie swerved
Frae common sense, or sunk emerv'd
'Mang heaps o' clavers ;
An' loch I owie aft thy joes² hae starv'd
'Mid o' thy favours.

Say, lassie, why thy train' amang,
While loud the trump's h'oric clang,
An' sock an' bitkin skelp-dang
To death or marriage,
Scarec ane has airt the shepherd sang
But wi' m'iscarnage³

In Hoger's craft Jock Milton thrives ;
Eschylus' pen Will Shakespeare dives ;
Wee Pope, the knurkin,⁴ till him rives⁴
Horatian fume ;
In thy sweet sang, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's thum

But thee, Theocritus, wha matches ?
They're no herd's ballads, Maro's catches :

¹ Nonsense

² Loves

³ Dwarfish

⁴ To him draws

Squire Pope but busks his skinklin¹ patches
 O' heathen tatters :
 I pass, by hunders, nameless wretches,
 That ape then betters.

In this braw age o' wit and lear,
 Will nane the Shepherd's whistle main
 Blaw sweetly in its native air
 And rural grace;
 And wi' the far-famed Grecian share
 A rival place?

Yes ! there is ane, a Scottish callan—
 There's ane, come forth, honest Allan !
 Thou need na jouk² behint the hallan,
 A chiel sae clever,
 The teeth o' time may gnaw 'Tanallan,³
 But thou's for ever !

Thou paints auld nature to the nines,
 In thy sweet Caledonian lins,
 Nae gowden stream through myrtles twines,
 Where Philomel,
 While nightly buccies sweep the vines,
 Her gnaes will tell !

In gowany glens thy buime strays,
 Where bonny lasses bleach their claes ;
 Or trots by hazelly haws and braes,
 Wi' hawthorn's grave,
 Where blackbirds join the shepherd's lays
 At close o' day

Thy rural loves are nature's cell,
 Nae bombast spaces o' nonsense swell,
 Nae snap conceits—ho ! that sweet spell
 O' witchin' love ;
 That charm that can the strongest quell,
 The sternest move.

SONNET

ON THE DEATH OF ROBERT KIDDIE, ESQ., OF GLEN FIDDEL.

No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more !
 Nor pour your desant, grating, on my soul
 Thou young-eyed Spring, gay in thy verdant stole
 More welcome wete to me green Winter's wildest rout.

¹ Thin or gauzy

² Hook

³ Intallon C'estle

* Allan R.

How can ye charm, ye flowers, with all your dyes?
 Ye blow upon the sod that wraps my friend!
 How can I to the tuneful strain attend?
 That strain flows round the untimely tomb wheré Riddel lies!

Yes, pour, ye warblers, pour the notes of woe!
 And soothe the Virtues weeping o'er his bier:
 The Man of Worth, who has not left his peer,
 Is in his narrow house, for ever darkly low.

Thee, Spring, again with joy shall others greet,
 Me, memory of my loss will only meet.

LIBERTY:

A FRAGMENT

IN a letter to Mrs Dunlop, the poet says:—"I am just going to trouble your critical patience with the first sketch of a stanza I have been framing as I passed along the road. The subject is Liberty: you know, my honoured friend, how dear the theme is to me. I design it as an irregular ode for General Washington's birthday. After having mentioned the degeneracy of other kingdoms, I come to Scotland thus."

THEE, Caledonia, thy wild heaths among,
 Thee, famed for martial deed and sacred song,
 To thee I turn with swimming eyes;
 Where is that soul of freedom fled?
 Immingled with the mighty lead,
 Beneath the hallow'd turf where Wallace lies!
 Hear it not, Wallace, in thy bed of death!
 Ye babbling winds, in silence sweep,
 Disturb not ye the hero's sleep,
 Nor give the coward secret breath.
 Is this the power in freedom's war
 That wont to hurl the battle rage?
 Behold that eye which shot immortal hate,
 Braved usurpation's boldest daring!
 That arm which, nerved with thundering fate,
 Crush'd the despot's proudest bearing:
 One quench'd in darkness, like the sinking star,
 And one the palsied arm of tottering age.

His royal visage beam'd with many a scar,
 That Caledonian rear'd his martial form,
 Who led the tyrant-quelling war,
 Where Bannockburn's ensanguined flood
 Swell'd with mingling hostile blood,
 Soon Edward's myriads struck with deep dismay,
 And Scotia's troop of brothers win their way.
 (Oh, glorious deed to bay a tyrant's band!
 Oh, heavenly joy to free our native land!)
 While high their mighty chief pour'd on the doubling
 storm.

VERSES

TO MISS GRAHAM OF FINTRY, WITH A PRESENT OF SONGS.

WRITTEN on the blank side of the title-page of a copy of Thomson's "Select Scottish Songs," sent as a present to the daughter of Mr. Graham of Fintry.

HERE, where the Scottish Muse immortal lives
In sacred strains and tuneful numbers join'd,
Accept the gift, though humble he who gives;
Rich is the tribute of the grateful mind.

So may no ruffian feeling in thy breast
Discordant jar thy bosom-chords among!
But Peace, attune thy gentle soul to rest,
Or Love, ecstatic, wake his seraph song!

Or Pity's notes, in luxury of tears,
As modest Want the tale of woe reveals;
While conscious Virtue all the strain endears,
And heaven-born Piety her sanction seals.

THE TREE OF LIBERTY.

HEARD ye o' the tree o' France,
I watna' what's the name o't;
Around it a' the patriots dance,
Weel Europe kens the fame o't.
It stands where ance the Bastille stood,
A prison built by kings, man,
When Superstition's hellish brood
Kept France in leading-strings, man.

Upo' this tree there grows sic fruit,
Its virtues a' can tell, man;
It raises man aboon the brute,
It maks him ken himsel, man
Gif ance the peasant taste a bit,
He's greater than a lord, man,
And wi' the beggar shares a mite,
Of a' he can afford, man.

This fruit is worth a' Affie's wealth,
To comfort us 'twas sent, man;
To gie the sweetest blush o' health,
And mak us a' content, man.
It clears the een, it cheers the heart,
Maks high and low guid friends, man,
And he wha acts the traitor's part
It to perdition sends, man.

My blessings aye attend the chiel¹
 Wha pitied Gallia's slaves, man,
 And staw² a branch, spite o' the deil,
 Frae yont³ the western waves, man.
 Fair Virtue water'd it wi' care,
 And now she sees wi' pride, man,
 How weel it buds and blossoms there,
 Its branches spreading wide, man.

But vicious foil aye hate to see
 The works o' Virtue thrive, man,
 The counly venom's hamm'd the tree,
 And grat⁴ to see it thrive, man,
 King Joms the right to cut it down,
 When it wa' unco' sina', man,
 For this the watchman crack'd his crown,
 Cut off his head and .', man.

A wicked crew syne,⁶ on a time,
 Did tak a solemn oath, man,
 It ne'er should flomish to its pinne,
 I wat⁷ they pledged their faith, man;
 Awa' they ga'd,⁸ wi' mock parade,
 Like beagles hunting game, man,
 But soon grew weary o' the trade,
 And wish'd they'd been at hame, man

For Freedom, standing by the tree,
 Her sons did fondly ca', man,
 She sang a sang o' liberty,
 Which pleas'd them aye and a', man.
 By her inspir'd, the new-born race
 Soon drew the avenging steel, man;
 The hielings ran—her foes gird⁹ chase,
 And bung'd the despot weel, man

Let Britan boast her hardy oik
 Her pop¹⁰ and her pime, man,
 Auld Britan ance could crack her joke,
 And o'er her neighbors shine, man.
 But seek the forest round and round,
 And soon 'twill be agreed, man,
 That sic a tree cannot be found
 Twixt London and the Tweed, man.

Without this tree, adae, this life
 Is but a vale o' woe, man.

¹ Man
² Staw
³ I come beyond

⁴ Wept.
⁵ Very
⁶ Then

⁷ I wot
⁸ Went

* The allusion here is to the then recently acquired freedom of North America

A scene o' sorrow mix'd wi' strife,
 Nae real joys we know, man;
 We labour soon, we labour late,
 To feed the titled knave, man;
 And a' the comfort we're to get
 Is that ayont the grave, man.

Wi' plenty o' sic trees, I trow,
 The wauld would live in peace, man;
 The sword would help to mak a plough,
 The din o' war wad cease, man.
 Like brethren in a common cause,
 We'd on each other smile, man;
 And equal rights and equal laws
 Wad gladden every isle, man.

Wae worth the loon¹ wha wadna eat
 • Sic halesome dainty cheer, man,
 I'd gie my shoon frae all my feet,
 To taste sic huet, I swear, man
 Syne let us pray, auld England may
 Sune plant this fa-famed tree, man;
 And blithe we'll sing, and haul the dry
 That gives us liberty, man

10 CHLOEIS

The *Chloë* of the following lines, and the heroine of no less than eleven of the poet's sonnets, was a Mrs. Whitehead, daughter of Mr. William Lomax, factor of Kinnaird Hall, near Edinburgh. She was exceedingly beautiful. At the time Burns became acquainted with her she was living apart from her husband, a reckless spendthrift, with whom she had contracted a runaway marriage, at Great Giddis. Her friends did not approve of the match.

At the death of her husband, whom she never saw but twice or thrice after they separated, her father died, in such worldly circumstances as left her no but to take service as a governess.

The poor, friendless, and unprotected creature, fell from the paths of virtue, and the later years of her life were miserable in the extreme. Shortly before her death a benevolent gentleman, to whom she told her story, protected her from the most material prigs which her wretched conduct had entailed.

Years of sin and suffering had had the seeds of corruption, of which she died in Middleton's Entry, Potterrow, Edinburgh, in 1797.

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
 Not thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The moralising Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world when
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arm.)
 To join the friendly few.

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercrest,
 Chill came the tempest's lower ;
 (And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did nip a fairer flower.)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more
 Still much is left behind ;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store --
 The comforts of the mind !

This is the self-approving glow,
 On conscious honour's part :
 And, dearest gift of Heaven below,
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refined of sense and taste,
 With every Muse to love ;
 And doubly were the poet's bliss,
 These joys could he improve.

VERSES

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WOODS NEAR DRUMLANRIG.

THE Duke of Queensberry, a nobleman held in little esteem by the world, and in less by the poet, had (we quote from Mr. Robert Chambers) "stripped his domains of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire, and Newpath in Peeblesshire, of all wood fit for being cut, in order to enrich the Countess of Yarmouth, whom he supposed to be his daughter, and to whom, by a singular piece of good fortune on her part, Mr. George Selwyn, the celebrated wit, also left a fortune, under the same, and probably equally mistaken, impression."

As on the banks o' wandering Nith
 Ae smiling summer morn I stray'd,
 And traced its bonny bowes and laughs,
 Where linties sang and lambkins play'd,
 I sat me down upon a craig,
 And drank my fill o' fancy's dream,
 When, from the cldying deep below,
 Uprose the genius of the stream

Dark, like the frowning rock, his brow,
 And troubled like his wintry wave,
 And deep, as sighs¹ the boring wind
 Among his caves, the sigh he gave—
 "And came ye here, my son," he cried,
 "To wander in my birken shade ?
 To muse some favourite Scottish theme,
 Or sing some favourite Scottish maid !

• "There was a time, it's nae lang syne,²
 Ye might hae seen me in my pride,

¹ Sighs.

² Since.

When a' my banks sae bravely saw
 Their woody pictures in my tide;
 When hanging beech and spreading elm
 Shaded my stream sae clear and cool;
 And stately oaks their twisted arms
 Threw broad and dark across the pool;
 "When glinting through the trees appear'd
 The wee white cot aboon the mill,
 And peacefu' rose its mgle reek,¹
 That slowly curl'd up the hill.
 But now the cot is bare and cauld,
 Its branchy shelter's lost and gane,
 And scarce a stunted birk is left
 To sliver in the blast its lane."

"Alas!" said I, "what ruefu' changes
 Has twinn'd² ye o' your stately trees?
 Has laid your rocky bosom bare?
 Has stripp'd the gleedings³ o' your braes?
 Was it the bitter eastern blast,
 That scatters blight in early spring?
 Or was't the wil'-fire scorch'd then boughs,
 Or canker-worm wi' secret sting?"

"Nae eastlin blast," the sprite replied;
 "It blew na here sae fierce and fell;
 And on my dry and halesome banks
 Nae canker-worms get leave to dwell:
 Man! cruel man!" the genius sigh'd -
 As through the cliffs he sank him down—
 "The worm that gnaw'd my bonny trees,
 That reptile wears a ducal crown!"

ADDRESS.

SPOKEN BY MISS FONTENELLE ON HER BENEFIT NIGHT.

"WE have had a brilliant theatre here this season," the poet writes to Mrs. Dunlop, "only, as all other business does, it experiences a stagnation of trade from the epidemical complaint of the country—*want of cash*. I mention our theatre merely to 'jug' in an occasional address which I wrote for the benefit night of one of the actresses."

STILL anxious to secure your partial favour,
 And not less anxious, sure, this night than ever,
 A Prologue, Epilogue, or some such matter,
 'Twould vamp my bill, said I, if nothing better;
 So sought a poet, roosted near the skies,
 Told him I came to feast my curious eyes;

¹ The smoke of its fire² Reft³ Clothing

Said nothing like his works were ever printed,
 And last, my Prologue-business slyly hinted
 "Ma'am, let me tell you," quoth my man of rhymes,
 "I know your bent - these are no laughing times
 Can you - but, Miss, I own I have my fears—
 Dissolve in pause and sentimental tears,
 With laden sighs, and solemn-sounded sentence,
 Rouse from his sluggish slumbers fell Repentance,
 Paint Vengeance, as he takes his horrid stand,
 Waving on high the desolating brand,
 Calling t' e storms to bear him o'er a guilty land?"

I could no more - ask once the creature crying,
 Dye think, said I, this face was made for crying? •
 I'll laugh, that's jox - nay, more, the world shall know it
 And so, your servant ' gloomy Master Poet!
 Firm as my steel, sir, 'tis my e'd belief,
 That Mercy's another word for cruel, •
 I also think - so may I be a brute!
 That so much laughter, so much life enjoy'd.

Thou man of crazy care and ceaseless sigh,
 Still under black Misfortune's blasting eye,
 Doom'd to that sorest task of man to live
 To make three guineas do the work of five
 I laugh in Misfortune's face - the bedlam wretch!
 Say you'll be merry, though you can't be rich
 Thou other man of care, the wretch in love
 Who long with jiltish arts and airs has tove,
 Who, as the boughs all temptingly project,
 Measured in de private thought - a rope - thy neck -
 Or, where the beetling cliff o'erhangs the deep,
 Peered to meditate the heaving leap
 Woudest thou be cured, thou gilly, moping elf,
 Laugh at her follies - laugh e'en at thyself,
 Learn to despise these frowns now so terrific,
 And love a kinder - 't is thy grand specific.

•To sum up all, be merry, I advise.
 And as we're merry, may we be wise!

TO COLLECTOR MITCHELL.

BURNS died within a few months of writing the following lines. Mr. Mitchell, a sincere friend of the poet, could not see to have been twice of the pressing necessities under which he suffered at the time.

FRIEND of the poet, lied and leal,
 What, wanting thee, might beg or steal.

Alake ! alake ! the meikle deil
 Wi' a' his wittches
 Are at it, skelpin'¹ jig and reel,
 In my poor ponches !

I modestly fir' fan wad hunt it,
 That one yamul one I awly want it ;
 If wi' the lizzie² down ye sent it,
 It woud be kind ;
 And while my heart wi' life-blood dunted,³
 I'd bear t' m' mind

So may the auld year gang ont moaning
 To see the new come laden, groaning,
 We' double plenty o'er the loaming⁴
 To thee and thine,
 Domestic peace and comforts crowning
 The hale design.

POSTSCRIPT

Ye've heard this whyle how I've been bicket,⁵
 And by fell Death was nearly icket,⁶
 Gimm loun' he gat m' by the ficket,⁷
 And sair me shreek,
 But by guid luck I tip a wicket,
 And turn'd a neuk.

But by that health, I've got a share o't,
 And by that life I'm promised man o't,
 My hick and weel I'll tak a care o't,
 A fentier⁸ way
 Then fareweel folly, hide and him o't,
 For aince and aye !

- . -

TO COLONEL DE PLYSTER

My hopond colonel, deep I feel
 Your interest in the poet's weel.
 Ah ! now send him not here I to speel⁹
 The steep Parnass,
 Surrounded thus, by bolus pill
 And potion glasse

Oft, what a canty¹⁰ world were it,
 Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it

¹ Duncing² Gird³ Embroiled⁴ The road I cling to⁵ the foam⁶ Poison⁷ Cut off⁸ Went to⁹ More careful¹⁰ Climb¹¹ Dainty

Arentz de Plyster, to whom these lines were addressed in reply to kind enquiries as to the poet's health, was colonel of the Gentlemen Volunteers of Dumfries.

And fortune favour worth and merit
 As they deserve !
 And aye a rowth,¹ roast beef and claret ;
 Syne² wha wad starve ?

Dame Life, though fiction out may trick her,
 And in paste gems and frippery deck her ;
 Oh ! flickering, feeble, and unsicker³
 I've found her still,
 Aye wavering, like the willow-wicker,⁴
 'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carnagnole, auld Satan,
 Watches, like laudrons⁵ by a rattoh,
 Our sinfu' saul to get a claut⁶ on
 Wi' felon-lic ;
 Syne whip ! his tail ye'll see⁷ cast saut on-
 He's aff like fire.

Ah, Nick ! ah, Nick ! it is na fair,
 First showing us the tempting ware,
 Bright wines and bonny lasses rare,
 To put us daft ;
 Syne weave, unseen, the spider snare
 O' hell's damn'd waft

Poor man, the flee aft buzzes by,
 And aft as chance he comes theer nigh,
 Thy auld damn'd elbow veins⁷ wi' joy,
 And hellish pleasure ;
 Aready, in thy fancy's eye,
 Thy sicker treasure.

Soon, heels-o'er-gowdie⁸ in he gangs,
 And, like a sheep-head on a tangs,
 Thy gurning⁹ lugh enjoys his pangs
 And murthering wrestle,
 As, dangling in the wind, he hangs
 A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
 To plague you with this draunting¹⁰ drivel,
 Abjuring a' intentions evil,
 'I quat my pen :
 The Lord preserve us frae the devil !
 Amen ! Amen !

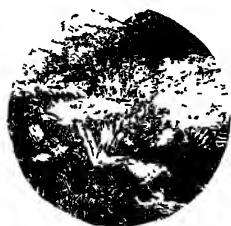
¹ Abundance² Then³ Insecure.⁴ Twig.⁵ Cat⁶ Claw.⁷ Itches⁸ Gypsy-turvy.⁹ Gunning.¹⁰ Drawing.

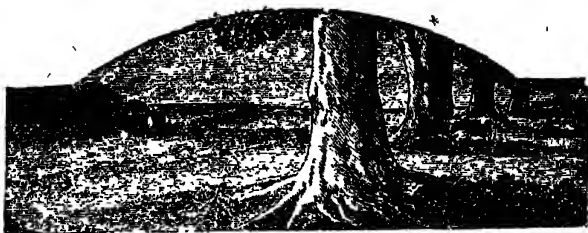
TO MISS JESSY LEWIS, DUMFRIES,

WITH A PRESENT OF BOOKS

CUNNINGHAM says: "Miss Jessy Lewis watched over the poet and his little household during his declining days with all the affectionate reverence of a daughter. For this she has received the silent thanks of all who admire the genius of Burns, or look with sorrow on his setting sun; she has received more—the undying thanks of the poet himself: his songs to her honour, and his simple gifts of books and verse, will keep her name and fame long in the world."

THESE be the volumes, Jessy fair,
And with them take the poet's prayer—
That Fate may in her fairest page,
With every kindest, best presage
Of future bliss, enrol thy name;
With native worth, and spotless name,
And wakeful caution still aware,
Of ill—hat chief, man's felon snare
All blameless joys on earth we find,
And all the treasures of the mind—
These be thy guardian and reward,
So pray, thy faithful friend—the Bard





ÉPISTLES.

EPISTLE TO JOHN RANKINE,

ENCLOSING SOME POEMS.

"ROUGH, rude, and ready-witted," seems to have been an appropriate delineation of this intimate friend and correspondent of the poet, although he had other and more genial qualities. He was a farmer at Adamhill, near Torbolton.

With reference to the personal circumstances alluded to in Burns's epistle, Lockhart says:—"He was compelled, according to the then almost universal custom of rural parishes in Scotland, to do penitence in church, before the congregation, in consequence of the birth of an illegitimate child; and, whatever may be thought of the propriety of such exhibitions, there can be no difference of opinion as to the culpable levity with which he describes the nature of his offence."

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted Rankine,
The wale¹ o' cocks for sin, and drinkin'¹
There's mony godly folks are thinkin'
Your dreams^{*} and tricks

¹ Choice

* A certain humorous dream of his was then making a noise in the countryside.—B The story of the dream is worth telling. Lord K——, it is said, was in the practice of calling all his familiar acquaintances "brutes," and sometimes "damned brutes"—"Well, ye brute, how are ye to-day, ye damned brute?" was his usual mode of salutation. Once, in company, his lordship having indulged in this rudeness more than his wont, turned to Rankine, and exclaimed, "Ye damned brute, are ye dumb? Have ye no queer, sly story to tell us?" "I have nae story," said Rankine, "but last night I had an odd dream." "Out with it, by all means," said the other. "Aweel, ye see," said Rankine, "I dreamed I was dead, and that for keeping other than good company upon earth I was damned. When I knocked at hell-door, wha should open it but the deil, he was in a rough humour, and said, 'Wha may ye be, and what's your name?' 'My name,' quoth I, 'is John Rankine, and my dwelling-place was Adamhill. 'Gae wa' wi' ye,' quoth Satan, 'ye canna be here; ye're one of Lord K——'s damned brutes—hell's fu' o' them already!'" This sharp rebuke, it is said, was not lost on his lordship.

Will send you, Korah-like, a-inkin',
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae mony cracks and cants,¹
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
And fill them fou *
And then their failings, flaws, and wants,
Are a' seen through.

Hypocrit y, in mercy spare it !
That holy robe, oh, dinna tear it !
Spur't for then sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in black !
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives't' aff their back

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye re skathing,[†]
It's just the blue gown bidge and clathing†
(O' saunts, tak that, ye lea'e them nathing
To ken them by,
I'm o' my unrecenerate heathen
I like you or I

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bug and foi, and mair,
See, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect
Ye on sang & ye'll send wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Though, futh, sma' heert hae I to sing !
My mu'c drow[‡] sculce y spicad her wing !
I've play'd mysel a bonny spring
And danc'd my fill !
I'd better gae an' l'au't[§] the kinn
At Bunker's Hill

'Twas re night lately, in my fun,
I gae'd a roving wi' the gun,

¹ Stories and tricks
Pulls it

[†] Injuring
[‡] Drow

[§] Served

* The allusion here is to some older or person who had been so terrified by Rankine as to get overcome with liquor to such an extent as to be unable to keep his legs. It has been asserted that the hero of this mischance was Holy Willie himself.

† The allusion here is to a privileged class of mendicants well known in Scotland by the name of Blue Gowns.

‡ A song he had promised the author. B

And brought a pair-trick¹ to the grun',
 A bonny hen,
 And, as the twilight was begun,
 I thought nane wad ken² '.

The poor wee thing was little hui³;
 I straitkit⁴ it a wee for sport,
 Ne'er thinking they wad fash⁵ me for't,
 But, deil-ma-care!
 Somebody tells the poacher-court
 The hale affan.

Some auld-us'd hands had ta'en a note,
 That sic a hen had got a hot,
 I was suspected for the pl⁶;
 I scorn'd t⁷ he,
 So gat the whistle o' my goat,
 And pay'd the fee.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale
 And by my pouther and my hail,
 And by my hen, and by her tail,
 I vow and swear!
 The game shall pay o'er moor and dale,
 For this, next year.

As soon's the clocking-time is by,
 And the wee pouts begun to cry,
 Lord, I've hae sportin' by and by,
 For my gowd guinea:
 Though I should heid the buckskin kye
 For't in Virginia

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
 'Tw is neither broken wing nor limb,
 But twa-three draps about the wame
 Seace through the feather
 And bath a yellow George to clam
 And thole their blethers!

It puts me aye as mad's a hare,
 So I can rhyme nor write nae man;
 But pennyworths agam is fair,
 When time's expedient:
 Meanwhile I am, respected sir,
 Your most obedient.

¹ Partridge.
² Know.

³ Stroked
⁴ Trouble

⁵ Lectures.

EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A COUNTRY POET.

DAVID SILLAR, a native of Torbolton, was for many years a schoolmaster at Irvine. He was a man of considerable accomplishments, and published a volume of poems in the Scottish dialect, which is still in request among collectors, in consequence of his connection with the great master of Scottish song Gilbert Burns. ¹ 1782, with reference to this epistle. — "Among the earliest of his poems was the Epistle to Davie. Robert often composed without any regular plan. When anything made a strong impression on his mind, so as to rouse it to any poetic exertion, he would give way to the impulse, and embody the thought in rhyme. If he hit on two or three stanzas to please him, he would then think of proper introductory, connecting, and concluding stanzas, hence the middle of a poem was often first produced. It was, I think, in the summer of 1784, when, in the interval of harder labour, Robert and I were weeding in the garden, that he repeated to me the principal part of this epistle. I believe the first idea of Robert's becoming an author was started on this occasion. I was much pleased with the epistle, and said to him I was of opinion it would bear being printed, and that it would be well received by people of taste; that I thought it at least equal, if not superior, to many of Allan Ramsay's epistles, and that the merit of these, and much other Scottish poetry, seemed to consist principally in the knack of the expression, but here there was a strain of interesting sentiment, and the Scottishism of the language scarcely seemed affected, but appeared to be the natural language of the poet. That, besides, there was certainly some novelty in a poet pointing out the consolations that were in store for him when he should go a legging — Robert seemed well pleased with my criticism."

January 1785.

WHILE winds frae aff Ben I omend blaw,
And ha' the doot, w' driving saw,
And hing us o'er the ugle,*
I set me down to pass the time,
And spin a veise or twa o' rhyme,
In hamely westlin juggle.¹
While frosty winds blaw in the drift,
Ben to the chimbl lug,²
I gudge a wee the great folk's gift,
That live sae bien³ and sung.
I tent⁴ legs, and want less
Then roomy fire-side,
But hanker and canker
To see them cuss'd puds

It's hardly in a body's power
To keep at times frae being sour,
To see how things are shar'd,
How best o' chieft⁵ are whilk⁶ in want,
While coofs⁶ on countless thousands rant,
And ken na how to wear't,
But, Davie, lad, ne'er fa' h⁷ your head,
Though we live little gear,⁸

¹ Homely west
lin dialect

² Chimney-sweep

³ Comfortable

⁴ Heed

⁵ Fellows

⁶ Goods

* Double us up over the fire. Burns's hue is a magnificent description of what may be seen on a cold winter day in a small country house, with its badly-fitting windows and doors.

We're fit to win our daily bread,
 As lang's we're hale and fier;¹
 "Mair spier na, nor fear na,"²
 Auld age ne'er mind a feg,³
 The last o't, the warst o't,
 Is only but to beg.

To lie in kilns and barns at e'en,
 When banes are crazed, and bluid is thin,
 Is doubtless great distress!
 Yet then content could make us blest;
 E'en then, sometimes, we'd snatch a taste
 Of truest happiness.
 The honest heart that's free frae a'
 Intended fraud or guile,
 However Fortune kick the ba',
 Hae ye some cause to smile:
 And mind still, ye'll find still,
 A comfort this nae sma';
 Nae mair then, ye'll care then,
 Nae faither can we fa'.

What though, like commoners of air,
 We wander out we know not where,
 But either house or hall?
 Yet nature's charms—the hills, and woods,
 The sweeping vales, and foaming floods—
 Are free alike to all.
 In days when daisies deck the ground,
 And blackbirds whistle clear,
 With honest joy our hearts will bound
 To see the coming year:
 On bines, when we please, then,
 We'll sit and sowth⁴ a tune:
 Syne rhyme till't, we'll time till't,
 And sing't when we hae dune.

It's no in titles nor in rank -
 It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
 To purchase peace and rest:
 It's no in making muckle man;⁵
 It's no in books; it's no in lear;
 To make us truly blest;
 If happiness hae not her seat
 And centre in the breast,
 We may be wise, or rich, or great,
 But never can be blest:
 Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
 Could make us happy lang:
 The heart aye's the part aye
 That makes us right or wrang.

¹ Whole and sound.² More ask not, nor fear not.³ Fig.⁴ Whistle.⁵ Much more.

I hink ye that sic³ as you and I,
 Wha diudge and drive through wet and dry,
 Wi' never-ceasing toil;
 Think ye, are we less blest than they?
 Wha scarcely tent² us in their way,
 As hardly worth their while?
 Alas! how aft in haughty mood,
 God's creatures they oppress!
 Or else, neglecting a' that's guid,
 They riot in excess!
 Baith careless and fearless
 (Of either heaven or hell!)
 Esteeming and deeming
 It's a' an idle tale!

Then let us cheerfu' acquiesce;
 Nor make our scanty pleasures less,
 By pining at our state;
 And, even should misfortunes come,
 I here wha sit hae met wi' some,
 An s'thankfu' for them yet
 They gie the wit of age to youth;
 They let us ken oursel;
 They make us see the naked truth,
 The real guid and ill.
 Though losses and crosses
 Be lessons right severe,
 There's wit there, ye'll get there,
 Ye'll find me other where.

But tent me, Davie, aye o' hearts!
 (To say aught less wad wrang the cates,
 And flattery I detest.)
 This life ha' joy¹ for you and I;
 And joys that riches ne'er could buy:
 And joys the very best.
 There's a' the pleasures o' the heart,
 The lover and the friend;
 Ye hae your Meg,* your dear 'part
 And I my duling Jean!
 It warms² me, it charms m',
 To mention but her name;
 It heats me, it beets³ me,
 And sets me a' on flame!

Oh, all ye powers who rule above!
 O Thou, whose very self art love!
 Thou know'st my words sincere!
 The life-blood streaming through my heart,

¹ Such² Heed.³ Rekindles.

* Sillar's sweetheart was a lass of the name of Margaret Orr. She did not become Mrs. Sillar.

Or my more dear immortal part,
 Is not more fondly dear !
 When heart-concording care and grief
 Deprive my soul of rest,
 Her dear idea brings relief
 And solace to my breast.
 Thou Being, all-seeing,
 Oh, hear my fervent prayer !
 Still take her, and make her
 Thy most peculiar care !

All hail ! ye tender feelings dear !
 The smile of love, the fondly tear,
 The sympathetic glow !
 Long since, this world's thorny way,
 Had number'd out my easy days,
 Had it not been for you !
 Fate still has blest me with a friend,
 In every ease and ill,
 And oft a more endearing band,
 A tie more tender still.
 It lightens, it brightens
 The tenebrous scene,
 To meet with, and greet with
 My Davie or my Jean !

Oh, how that name inspires my style !
 The words come skelpin',¹ rank and file,
 Amass before I ken !²
 The ready measure rips as fine
 As Phœbus and the famous Nine
 Were glowerin' owie my pen.
 My spavied³ Pegasus will limp,
 Till am e he's fairly het,
 And then he'll lurch, and stilt, and jump,⁴
 And in an unco fit :
 But lest then, the beast then,
 Should rue this hasty ride,
 I'll hight now, and dight⁵ now
 His sweaty, wizen'd⁶ hide.

EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK,

AN OLD SCOTTISH BARE.

JOHN LAPRAIK was a rustic votary of the Muses. Burns speaks of him as that "very worthy and freetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalthani, near Muirkirk, which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some

¹ Dancing
² Know.

³ Spavined
⁴ Hobble, halt, and jump.

⁵ Wipe
⁶ Withered.

connexion as security for some persons concerned, in that villainous bubble, the Ayr Bank."

April 1, 1785.

WHILE briers and woodbines budding green,
And patricks scraichin¹ loud at e'en,
And morn'g poussie² whiddin seen,
Inspire my Muse,
This freedom in an unknown fien³.
I pray excuse

On Fasten-e'en we had a rockin',⁴
'To ca' the crack⁵ and weave our stockin';
And there was muckle fun and yokin',
Ye needna doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin'⁴
At sang about.

There was ae sang, among the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleased me best,
That some kind husband had address
To some sweet wife:
It thur'd the heart-strings through the breast,
A' to the life †

I've scarce heard aught described sae weel,
What generous manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
Or Beattie's wark?'⁷
They tauld me 'twas an odd kind chiel⁵
About Murkuk.

It pat me fidgin-fam⁶ to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,⁷
Then a' that I ent⁸ him round declar'd
He had mgine;⁹
That name excell'd it, I w caun mear't,
It was sae fine

That, set him to a pint of ale,
And either dounce¹⁰ or meriy tale.
Or rhymes and sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catche.
'Twae'n Inverness and Teviotdale
He had few match'es.

¹ Partridges squeaming

⁵ Fellow

⁸ Knew

² The hae

⁶ Made me fulget with

⁹ Gimm-

³ To drive the talk.

⁷ desir

¹⁰ Sober

⁴ Bout

⁷ Inquired

¹ Lads and lasses used to meet in a neighbour's house, the lasses lat sang their knitting or sewing with them, some of them even carrying their distaff with them, so that the homely duties might be engaged in while the flirting, the song, and the gossip prevailed. A meeting of this kind was termed "a rockin'."

† The title of this song is, "When I upon thy bosom lean"

Then up I gat, and swore an aith,
 Though I should pawn my pleugh and graith,¹
 Or die a cadger pownie's death,
 At some dike back,
 A pint and gill I'd gie them baith
 To hear yout crack.

But, first and foremost, I should tell,
 Amaist as soon as I could spell,
 I to the crambo-jingle² fell,
 Though rude and rough :
 Yet crooning³ to a body's sel
 Does weel enough.

I am nae poet, in a sense,
 But just a rhymèr, like by chance,
 And hae to learning nae pretence,
 Yet what the matter?
 Whene'er my Muse does on me glance,
 I jingle at her.

Your critic folk may cock their nose,
 And say, "How can you e'er propose,
 You, wha ken hardly verse frae proe,
 To mak a sang?"
 But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
 Ye're maybe wiang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
 Your Latin names for horns and stools;
 If honest nature made you fools,
 What sairs your grammar?
 Ye'd better ta'en up spades and shools,
 Or knappin'-hammers.*

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,⁴
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks,⁵ and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 And syne⁶ they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire!
 That's a' the learning I desire;
 Then, though I diudge through dub and mire
 At pleugh or cat,
 My Muse, though ha'nely in attire,
 May touch the heart.

¹ Tackle² Loggerel versifying³ Humming⁴ Blockhead⁵ Year old cattle.⁶ Then.

* Hammers for breaking stones

Oh for a spunk o' Allan's¹ glee,¹
 Or Fergusson's, the bauld and slee,²
 Or bright Lapraik's, my friend to be,
 If I can hit it !
 That would be lea' enough for me,
 If I could get it !

Now, sir, if ye hae friends enow,
 Though real friends I b'lieve are few,
 Yet, if your catalogue be fu',
 I'se no insist,
 But gif ye want ae friend that's true,
 I'm on your list.

I winna³ blaw about mysel ;
 As ill I like my fauts to tell ;
 But friends and folk that wish me well,
 They sometimes roose⁴ me ;
 Though I maun own, as mony still
 As far abuse me.

There's ae wee faut⁵ they whiles lay to me,
 I like the lasses—Gude forgie me !
 For mony a pack they wheedle frae me,
 At dance or fan ;
 Maybe some ither thing they gie me,
 They feel can spare.

But Mauchline race, or Mauchline fair,
 I should be proud to meet you there ;
 We'se gie ae night's discharge to Care,
 If we forgather,
 And hae a swap⁶ o' rhymin' ware
 Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap,⁷ we'se gai⁸ him clatter,
 And kirsen⁹ him wi' reekin' water ;
 Syne we'll sit down and tak our whittie,¹⁰
 To cheer our heart ,
 And faith, we'se be acquainted better
 Before we part.

There's naething like the honest nappy :¹¹
 Whar'll ye e'er see men sae happy,
 Or women¹² sonsie, saft, and sappy *
 'Tween morn and morn,
 As them wha like to taste the drappy
 In glass or horn !

¹ Allan Ramsay² Sly³ Will not.⁴ Praise.⁵ Small fault.⁶ An exchange.⁷ Measure⁸ Make⁹ Christen¹⁰ Hearty draught.¹¹ Whisky

Or women comply, soft, and melting

I've seen me dars't¹ upon a time,
 I scarce could wink, or see a styne,²
 Just ae half-mutchkin does me pume,³
 Aught less is little,
 Then back I rattle on the rhyme,
 As gleg's a whittle!⁴

Awa' ye selfish wa'ly race,
 Wha' think that havins,⁵ sense, and grace,
 E' in love and friendship, should give place
 To catch-the-plack!⁶
 I dunn't like to see your face,
 Nor hear your crack

But ye whom social please charms,
 Whose hearts the tide o' kindness warms,
 Who hold your being on the terms,
 "Each aid the others,"
 Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
 My friends, my brothers.

But, to conclude my long epistle,
 As my auld pen's worn to the gissle,
 Twa lines frae you would gae me fiddle,⁷
 Who am, most fervent,
 While I can either sing or whistle,
 Your friend and servant

SECOND EPISTLE TO LAPRAIK

It is easy to see that Burns—notwithstanding his humility and his praise and worship of the humbler lights of Scottish song, several of whom are only now known to their countrymen through his allusions and laudations—knew his power. One would much like to know what was the real feeling regarding him of those for whose benefit in his early postles he lavished such a wealth of poetic imagery.

2.

Ed 21, 1795.

WHINE new-ca'd kye rowte⁷ at the stake,
 And pownus reek⁸ in plough or bank,⁹
 This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
 To own I'm debtor
 To h' nest-hearted, auld Lapraik,
 For his kind letter.

Fo'jesket sun,¹⁰ wi' weary legs,
 Rattlin' the corn out-owie the rigs,*

¹ Stupid

² See in the least

³ As keen as a knife

⁴ Decorum

⁵ To seek after money

⁶ Bustle

⁷ Driven cows low

⁸ Smoke

⁹ Harrow

¹⁰ Worn sore with fatigue

* He had been sowing—very heavy work—now rendered needless through the introduction of machinery

Or dealing through amang the naigs
 Their ten-hours' bite,
 My awkward Muse sair pleads and begs
 I wouldna write.

The tapetless runfeezled lizzie,¹
 She's saft at best, and something lazy,
 Quo' she, "Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
 This month and mair,
 That, trouth, my head is grown richt dizzy,
 And something sair."

Her dowff² excuses pat me mair.
 "Conscience," says I, "ye thowless jade!³
 I'll write, and that a hearty blaud,⁴
 This vera night;
 So dinna ye affront your trade,
 But rhyme it right

"Shall hauld Lapland, the king o' hearts,
 Though mankind were a pack o' caters,
 Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
 In terms sae friendly,
 Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
 And thank him kindly?"

Sae I gat pipet in a blink,⁵
 And down gael stumple in the ink:
 Quo' I, "Before I sleep a wink,
 I vow I'll close it,
 And if ye winna mak it clink,
 By Jove I'll pro-e it!"

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
 In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
 Or some hotch potch* that's richtly neither,
 Let time mak proof,
 But I shall scribble down some blether⁶
 Just clean aff-loot.⁷

My worthy friend, ne er grudge and cup,
 Though Fortune use you hard and slup,
 Come, kittle⁷ up your moodland-haup
 Wi' gleesome touch!
 Ne er mind how Fortune waff and waur;
 She's but a bitch.

¹ The heedless and ex-
 hausted jade
² Silly

³ Lazy jade
⁴ Quantly
⁵ Twinkling

⁶ Nonsense
⁷ Tickle

* Hotch-potch, the name of a soup made of all sorts of vegetables. No
 other explanation can give the meaning the poet intended conveying
 † Scottishism for extemporaneous

EPISTLES.

She's gien me mony a jirt and fleg,¹
 Sin' I could striddle owre a rig;
 But, by the Lord, though I should beg,
 Wi' lyart pow,²
 I'll laugh, and sing, and shake my leg,
 As lang's I dow!³

Now comes the sax and twentieth simmer
 I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,⁴
 Still persecuted by the limmer⁵
 Frae year to year:
 But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,⁶
 I, Rob, am here,

Do ye envy the city gent,
 Behint a kist to lie and sk'ent,*
 Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
 And muckle wame,⁷
 In some bit brugh to represent
 A bailie's name?

Or is't the paughty,⁸ feudal thane,
 Wi' ruffled sark and glancing cane,
 Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
 But lordly stalks,
 While caps and bonnets aif are ta'en,
 As by he walks.

O Thou wha gies us each guid gift!
 Gie me o' wit and sense a lift,
 Then turn me, if 'Thou please, adriit,
 Through Scotland wide;
 Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
 In a' their pride!

Were this the charter o' our state,
 "On pain o' hell be rich and great,"
 Damnation then wou'd be our fate
 Beyond remead;
 But, thanks to Heaven, that's no the gate
 We lean our creel!

For thus the royal mandate ran,
 When first the human race began,
 "The social, friendly, honest man,
 Whate'er he be,
 'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
 And none but he!"

¹ Given me many a
 jerk and fright
² Gray head.

³ Can
⁴ Timber.
⁵ Ja le

⁶ Girl
⁷ Big paunch.
⁸ Haughty.

* Behind a counter to lie and leer.

O mandate, glorious and divine !
The ragged follower, o' the Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils ! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons o' Mammon's line
Are dusk as night.

Though here they scrape, and squeeze, and growl,
Their worthless nievfu'¹ of a soul .
May in some future carcase howl,
The forest's fright ;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may Lapruk and Burns arise,
To reach their native kindied skies,
And sing their pleasures, hopes, and joy,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year !

EPICLIL TO JOHN GOUDIE, KILMARNOCK,

ON THE PUBLICATION OF HIS ESSAYS

JOHN GOUDIE'S ESSAY ON the authority of the Holy Scriptures appeared in 1781, and attracted a considerable amount of attention. He was a tradesman in Kilmarnock. The following epistle was sent to him on the publication of a new edition of his work.

O GOUDIE ! terror of the Whigs,
Dread of black coats and reverend wigs,
Sour Bigotry, on her fist legs,
Gunn'² looks back,
Wishin' the ten Egyptian plagues
Wad seize you quick.

Poor gapin', glowcin' Superstition,
Waes me ! she's in a sul condition,
Lie ! bung Black Jock,³ her stae physician,
To see her water
Alas ! there's ground o' great suspicion
Sho'll ne'er get better

Auld Orthodoxy long did grapple,
But now she's got an unco ripple,⁴
Haste, gie her name up i' the chirp,
Nigh unto death ;
See how she fetches at the thiapple,⁴
And gasps for breath !

¹ Handful
² Gunning

³ Puns in the back
and loins

⁴ Throat

* The Rev John Russell, Kilmarieck

Enthusiasm's past redemption,
 Gaen in a galloping consumption,
 Not a' the quacks, wi' a' their gumption,¹
 Will ever mend her.
 Her feeble pulse gies strong presumption
 Death soon will end her.

'Tis you and Taylor^{*} are the chief,
 Wha aie to blame for this mischief;
 But gin the Lord's an folk gat leave,
 A toom² tar-barrel
 And twa red peats³ wad send relief,
 And end the quarrel.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM SIMPSON,

OCHILTREE.

WILLIAM SIMPSON was schoolmaster of the parish of Ochiltree. Mr Chambers tells us that he had sent the poet a rhymed epistle in praise of the "Twa Herds."

May 1785

I GAT your letter, winsome⁴ Willie;
 Wi' glatchu' heart I thank you brawlie,⁵
 Though I maun say't, I wad be silly,
 And unco van,
 Should I believe, my coavin' billie⁶
 Your flatterin' strain.

But I've believe ye kindly meant it,
 I sud be laith to think ye luntit
 Ironie satire, sauleless sklentit⁷
 On my poor Muse;
 Though in sic phrasin⁸ terms ye've peevit it,
 I scarce excuse ye.

My sense wad be in a creel,[†]
 Should I but dare a hope to speel,
 Wi' Allan or wi' Gilbertfield[‡] †
 The brags o' fame;
 Or Fergusson,[§] the witer chiel,
 A deathless name.

¹ Knowledge² Empty³ Two burning peats⁴ Hearty⁵ Heartyly⁶ Fellow⁷ Obliquely directed⁸ Flattering^{*} Dr Taylor of Norwich -D-[†] In the vernacular a man wrong about the head is said to be in a creel[‡] Allan Ramsay, and William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, a contemporary of Ramsay's[§] Robert Fergusson, the poet

(O Fergusson, thy glorious parts
 Ill suited law's dry musty arts;¹
 My curse upon your whunstone hearts,
 Ye E'nbrugh gentry !
 The tithe o' what ye waste at cartes
 Wad stow'd his pantry ?

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
 O! lasses gie my heart a screed,¹
 As whiles they're like to be my dead,
 (O sad disease¹)
 I kittle² up my rustic reed,
 It gies me ease.

Auld Corla* now may fidge fu' fun,³
 She's gotten poets o' her ain,
 Chieft¹ wha then chanters wima him,⁵
 But ture then lays,
 Till echoes a' resound again
 Her weel sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
 To set her name in measur'd style ;
 She lay like some unkenn'd of isle
 Beside New Holland,
 Or where wild-mecting oceans boil
 Besouth Magellan

Ramsay and famous Fergusson
 Gied Forth and lay a lift aboon ;
 Yarrow and Tweed, so mony a tune,
 Owie Scotland sing,
 While Irtim, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
 Nabodly sing.

Th' Hissus, Liber, & ha' es, and Seme,
 Glide sweet in mony a tunefu' line !
 But, Willie, set your fit to me,
 And cock your crest,
 We'll ga⁶ our streams and burnies fine
 Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld Corla's plains and fells,
 Her moors red-brown wi' heather-bell,
 Her banks and braes, her dens and dells,
 Where glorious Wallace
 Aft bare the gae,⁷ as story tells,
 For a' southron billes.

¹ Rent

² Kittle

³ Fidget with joy

⁴ Fellows

⁵ Will not spare

⁶ Make

⁷ Oft beat the bell.

* Burns often used this phrase in speaking of the district of Kyle.

At Wallace' name what Scottish blood
 But boils up in a spring-tide flood !
 Oft have our fearless fathers strode
 By Wallace' side,
 Still pressing onward, red-wat shoel,¹
 Or glorious died.

Oh, sweet are Coila's haughs² and wood,
 When simtwhites chant among the buds,
 And jinkin'³ hares, in amorous whids,*
 Their loves enjoy,
 While through the braes the cushat croods⁴
 With wailfu' cry !

Even winter bleak has charms to me,
 When winds rave thro' the naked tree,
 Or frost on hills of Och tree
 Are hoary gray :
 Or blinding drifts wild-furious, flee,
 Darkening the day !

O Nature ! a' thy shows and forms,
 To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms !
 Whether the summer kindly warms
 Wi' life and hae it,
 Or winter howls, in gusty storm,
 The lung, dark night !

The Muse, nae voer ever fand⁵ hei,
 Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
 Adown some trotting burn's me under,
 And nō think lang ;
 Oh, sweet to stray, and pensive ponder
 A heart-felt sang !

The war'ly race may dudge and drive,
 Hog-shouter, jundie,⁶ stretch, and strive—
 Let me fau Nature's face describe,
 And I, wi' pleasure,
 Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
 Bum ower then treasure.

Fareweel, "my rhyme-composing brither !" ⁷
 We've been ower lang unkenn'd to ither :⁷
 Now let us lay our heads thegither,
 In love fraternal ;
 May Envy wallop in a tether,⁸
 Black fiend, infernal !

¹ Their shoes red in
 blood.

² Meadows.

³ Dodging.

⁴ Coos.

⁵ Found.

⁶ Jossle, push.

⁷ Too long unknown
 to each other.

⁸ Rope.

* A word expressive of the quick, nimble movements of the hare.

While Highlandmen hate tolls and taxes ;
 While moorlan' herds like guil fat braxies,*
 While *terra firma* on her axis
 Diurnal turns,
 Count on a friend, in faith and practice,
 In ROBERT BURNS.

POSTSCRIPT.

My memory's no worth a preen :¹
 I had amangst forgotten clean
 Ye bade me write you what they mean
 By this New Light,†
 'Bout which our heids sae aft hae been
 Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callan,²
 At grammar, logic, and sic talents,
 They took nae pains their speech to balance,
 Or rules to gie,
 But spak their thoughts in plain, braud lallans,³
 Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the moon,
 Just like a sark, or pan of shoon,
 Wore by degrees, till her last roon,⁴
 Gaed past their viewin',
 And shortly after she was done,
 They gat a new one.

This pass'd for certain—undisputed :
 'T ne'er cam i' then heads to doubt it,
 Till chiefs⁵ gat up and wad confute it,
 And ca'd it wrang ;
 And muckle din there was about it,
 Baith loud and lang.

Some herds, weel learn'd up⁶ the beuk,⁷
 Wad threap⁸ and folk the thing nasten⁹ ;
 For 'twas the auld moon turn'd a new,¹⁰
 And out o' sight,
 And backlin¹⁰ comm', to the leuk
 She grew main bright.

This was deny'd it was affirm'd ;
 The herds and husels¹⁰ were alarm'd ,

¹ Pim.² Juveniles³ Lowland speech⁴ Shred⁵ Fellows⁶ Book⁷ Argue⁸ Corner⁹ I reckon¹⁰ Flocks* Sheep which have died of disease are called *braxies*.

† An allusion to the "Twa Herds."

The reverend gray-beards raved and storm'd
 That beardless laddies
 Should think they better were inform'd,
 Than their auld daddies,¹

Frae less to man it gaed to sticks,
 Frae words and aiths to clout, and meks,²
 And mony a fallow gat his licks,³
 Wi' hearty crunt,⁴
 And some, to lean them for their tricks,
 Were hang'd and brunt.

This game was play'd in mony lands,
 And Auld-Light caddies bure⁵ sic hands
 That, faith, the youngsters took the sands,
 Wi' muckle shanks,⁶
 Till lands forbade, by strict commands,
 Sic bloody pranks.

But New-Light herds gat sic a cove,⁷
 Folk thought them run'd stick and stowe,⁸
 Till now amast on every knowe
 Ye'll find ane plac'd,
 And some then New-Light fan awa',
 Just quite barefaced

Nae doubt the Auld-Light flocks are bleatin',
 Then zealous herds are vex'd and sweatin',
 Mysel, I've even seen them greetin',⁹
 Wi' gamin' spite,
 To hear the moon sae sadly lied on,
 By word and write

But shortly they will cove the loon,¹⁰
 Some Auld-Light herds in neibor towns
 Are muid't, in things they ca' balloon
 To tak a flight,
 And stay ae month amang the moons,
 And see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
 And When the auld moon's gawn to sca'e them,
 The hindmost shand,¹¹ they'll fetch it wi' them,
 Just i' their pouch,
 And when the New-Light billies¹² see them,
 I think they'll crouch!

¹ Fathers² Blows and cuts³ G. i. a beating⁴ Dint.⁵ Fellows bore⁶ Legs⁷ Such a fright⁸ Stump and rump.⁹ Crying¹⁰ Rascals¹¹ Last shree¹² Fellows.

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter¹
 Is naething but a "moonshin^e matter;"
 But though dull prose-folk I am e'platter
 In logic tulzie,²
 I hope we bairnies ken some better
 Than mind sic bulzie.³

THIRD EPISTLE TO JOHN LAPRAIK

September 13.

GOOD speed and milder^{*} to you, Johnny,
 Good health, hale han's, and weather bonny;
 Now when ye're uckan⁴ down fu' canny
 The staff o' bread,
 May ye ne'er want a stoup o' bran'y
 To clear your head.

May Boreas never thrash your ngs,[†]
 Nor kick your ruggles⁵ aff your legs,
 Sendin' the stuff o'er muns and hags;⁶
 Like drivin' wrack;
 But may the tapmast grain that wags
 Come to the sack

I'm bizzie too, and skelpm'⁷ at it,
 But bitter, dandin'⁸ showers hae wat it,
 Sae my auld stumple j en I gat it
 Wi' muckle wark,
 And took my joctleg and whatt it,⁹
 Take ony clark.

It' now twa month that I'n your dei tor,
 For your laaw, mouchless, dateless letter,
 Absoun' me for harsh ill nature
 On holy men.
 While did a hair yoursel ye're better,
 But mair profane

But let the kirk-folk sing their Te ls,
 Let's sing about our noble scls,
 We'll cry nae jads!¹⁰ frae heathen hells
 To help or rooae us,
 But broomster wives,¹¹ and whisky stills,
 They are the muses

¹ Goss up.² Contention.³ Brawls.⁴ Cutting.⁵ Stooks or shocks of
corn.⁶ Morasses.⁷ Driving at it.⁸ Wind-driven.⁹ Clasp-knife and sharp-
pointed it.¹⁰ Muses.¹¹ A. J. C. A. C. S.

^{*} Good speed and better than that
[†] Never shake the corn in your ridges.

Is grown right eenie¹ now she's done it,
 Lest they should blame her,
 And rouse their holy thunder on it
 And anathem her.

I own 'twas rash, and rather hardy,
 That I, a simple, country bardie,
 Should meddle wi' a pack sae studdy,
 Wha, if they ken me,
 Can easy, wi' a single wordie,
 Lowse hell upon me.

But I gae mair at their grimaces,
 Their sighin', cantin', grace-proud faces,
 Their three-mile prayers, and half-mile graces,
 Then taxin'² conscience,
 Whare greed, revenge, and pride disgraces
 Waur nor then nonsense.

There's Gawn * misca't³ waur than a beast,
 Wha has mair honour in his breast
 Than mony scores as guid's the priest
 Wha sae abuse't him.
 And may a baul no crack his jest
 What way they've use't him?

See him, the poor man's friend in need,
 The gentleman in word and deed,
 And shall his fame and honour bleed
 By worthless skullums,⁴
 And not a muse erect her head
 To cove the blabums?⁵

O Pope, had I thy satire's darts,
 To gie the rascals their deserts,
 I'd rip them rotten, hollow hearts,
 And tell aloud
 Their jugglin' hocus-poems arts,
 To cheat the crowd.

God knows, I'm no the thing I should be,
 Nor am I even the thing I could be,
 But twenty times I rather would be
 An atheist clean,
 Than under gospel colours hid be
 Just for a screen.

¹ Timorous
² Strivichin,

³ Misnamed
⁴ Wretches

⁵ Fellow.

An honest man may like a glass,
 An honest man may like a lass,
 But mean revenge, and malice fause,¹
 He'll still disdain,
 And then cry zeal for gospel laws,
 Like some weak knave.

They take religion in their mouth;
 They talk o' mercy, grace, and truth,
 For what?—to gie their malice skonth²
 On some poor wight,
 And hunt him down, o'er right and truth,
 To ruin straight.

All hail, Religion! maid I love!
 Pardon a Muse sae mean mine,
 Who, in this rough imperfect life,
 Thus dares to name thee;
 To stigmatise false friends of thine
 Can ne'er defame thee.

Though blotch'd and foul wi' mony a stain,
 And far unworthy of thy train,
 With trembling voice I tune my strain
 To join with those
 Who boldly durst thy cause maintain
 In spite o' foes:

In spite o' crowds, in spite o' mobs,
 In spite o' undermining jobs,
 In spite o' dark banditti stabs
 At worth and merit,
 By scoundrels, even wi' holy robes,
 But hellish spirit.

O Ay! my den, my native ground,
 Within thy presbyterian bound,
 A candid liberal band is found
 Of public teachers,
 As men, as Christians too, renown'd,
 And manly preachers.

Sir, in that circle you are nam'd,
 Sir, in that circle you are fam'd,
 And some, by whom your doctrine's blamed,
 (Which gies you honour),
 Even, sir, by them your heart's esteem'd,
 And winning manner.

¹ False² Scope

Pardon this freedom I have ta'en,
 And if impertinent I've been,
 Impute it not, good s^r, in aue
 Whase heart ne'er wrang'd ye,
 But to his utmost would befrien'
 Aught that belang'd yc.

SECOND EPISTLE TO DAVIE,

A BROTHER POET.

•AULD NERBOR,

I'm three times doubly o'er yom debtor,
 For your auld-fairant¹ frien'ly letter,
 Though I maun say't, I doubt ye flatter,
 Ye speak sic faith,
 For my p^rint, silly, rhymn' clatter
 Some less maun san.²

Hale be your heart, hale be your fiddle;
 Lang may your elbow pink and diddle,³
 To cheer you through the weary widdle,⁴
 O' war'ly cares,
 Till hains' hains kindly cuddle⁵
 Your auld gray hairs.

But Davie, aad, I'm rede ye're glaukit;⁶
 I'm tauld the Muse ye hae negleckit,
 And gif it's sac, ye ~~ad~~ be hicket
 Until ye fyke;⁷
 Sic hains as you sud ne'er be faiket,⁸
 Be hant⁹ wha like.

For me, I'm on Tarnas-us' bunk
 Rivin' the word, to gaur them clmk;
 Whiles dais't wi' love, whil' dais't wi' drink,
 Wi' jads or masous;
 And whiles, but aye owre late, I t^rink
 Braw sober lessons

Of a' the thoughtless sons o' man,
 Commen' me to the burdie clan;
 Except it be some idle plan
 O' rhymn' clmk,
 The devil-hack¹⁰ that I sud han,
 They ever think

¹ Sagacious² Must serve³ Elbow-dodge and jerk⁴ Struggle¹⁰ The devil a bit

I
EPISTLES.

Nae thought, nae view, nae scheme o' livin',
Nae cares to gie us joy or grievin';
But just the pouche put the nieve¹ in,
And while aught's there,
Then hiltie skiltie, we gae scrievin',²
And fash³ nae mair.

Leeze me⁴ on rhyme 'n's aye a treasure,
My chief, amast my only pleasure,
At hame, a-fiel', at wark, or leisure,
The Muse, poor hizzie!⁵
Though rough and raploch⁶ be her measure,
She's seldom lazy.

Hand to the Muse, my dainty Davie.
The waul⁷ may play you mony a shavie,⁸
But for the Muse she'll never leave ye,
Though e'er so pair,
Na, even though jumpin' wi' the spavie⁹
Face, loo to doon.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SMITH

JAMES SMITH was a merchant in Manchester. He was one of the early
friends of Burns.

"Friendship 's mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much"—BLYND.

DEAR SMITH, the sleest,¹⁰ pankie¹¹ thief,
That e'er attempted stealth or rief,¹²
Ye surely hae some warlock brief¹³
Owie human hearts;
For ne'er a bosom yet was prief
Against your arts.

For me, I swear by sun and moon,
And every star that blinks aboon,
Ye've cost me twenty pair, of shoon¹⁴
Just gann to see you;
And evey ither pair that's done,
Mair ta'en I'm wi' you.

That auld capricious carlin, Nature,
To mak amends for scrimpit¹⁵ stature,

¹ First.

² Helter skelter, we go smoothly.

³ Trouble.

⁴ A term of endearment, an expression of happiness or pleasure.

⁵ Liss.

⁶ Course.

⁷ Trick.

⁸ Spavin.

⁹ Slyest.

¹⁰ Knowing.

¹¹ Robbery.

¹² Spell.

¹³ Shoes.

¹⁴ Stunted.

She's turn'd you aff, a human creature
On her first plan ;
And in her freaks, on every feature
She's wrote, "The Man."¹

Just now I've ta'en the fit o' rhyme,
My barmie¹ noddle's working prime,
My fancy yerkut² up sublime
Wi' hasty summon :
Hae ye a leisure moment's time
To hear what's comin'?

Some rhyme a neighbor's name to lish ;
Some rhyme (vain thought !) for needfu' cash ;
Some thynie to count the country clash,³
And raise a din ;
For me, an aim I never lash,
I rhyme for fun.

The star that rules my luckless lot
Has fated me the russet coat,
And damn'd my fortune to the goat ;
But in requit,
Has blest me wi' a random shot
O' country wit.

This while my notion's ta'en a sklent,⁴
To try my fate in guid black pent ;
But still, the man I'm that way bent,
Something cries, "Hoolie!"⁵
I rede⁶ you, honest man, tak tent,⁷
Ye'll shaw you folly.

"There'sither poet's nouch your betters,
Far seen in Greek, deep men o' letters,
Hae thought they had insured then debtors
A' future ages ;
Now moths deform in shapeless tatters
Their unknown pages."

Then farewell hopes o' laurel-boughs,
To garland any poetic brows !
Henceforth I'll rove where busy ploughs
Are whistling thrang,⁸
And teach the lanchy heights and howes,⁹
My rustic sang.

¹ Yeasty
² Fermented
³ Gossip.

⁴ Twist,
⁵ Beware
⁶ Warn.

⁷ Care
⁸ Follow.

I'll wander on, with tentless¹ heed
 How never-halting moments speed,
 Till Fate shall snap the brittle thread;
 Then, all unknown,
 I'll lay me with the inglorious dead,
 Forgot and gone!

But why o' death begin a tale?
 Just now we're living sound and hale,
 Then top and maintop crowd the sail,
 Heave Care ower side!
 And hnge, before Enjoyment's gale,
 Let's tak the tide.

This life, sae fu's I understand,
 Is a' enchanted fairy land,
 Where Pleasure is the magic wand,
 That, wielded right,
 Mak's hours like minutes, hand in hand,
 Dance by fu' light.

The magic wand then let us wield;
 For, once that five-and-forty's speel'd,²
 See, crasy, we try, joyless Fidd,³
 Wi' wrinkled face,
 Comes ho-un', lumph,⁴ o'er the field,
 Wi' creepin' pace

When aince life's day draws near the gloamin',
 'Then fareweel vacant-careless roamin',
 And fareweel cheerfu' tankards foamin',
 And social noise,
 And fareweel, dear deluding woman!
 The joy of joys!

O Life! how pleasant is thy morning,
 Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning,
 Cold-pausing Fauton's lesson scorning,
 We frisk away,
 Like schoolboys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
 We cve the rose upon the brier,
 Unmindful that the thorn is near,
 Among the leaves;
 And though the piny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

¹ Aimless
² Climbed.

³ Age
⁴ Coughing, lumping

Some, lucky, find a flowery spot,
For which they never toild o' swat;
They drink the sweet and eat the fat
But care or pain,
And, haply, eye the hawen hut
With high disdain.

With steady aim some fortune chase;
Keen hope does every sniew trace;
Through fat, through foul, they urge the race,
And seize the prey:
Then canne, in some cozie place,
They close the day.

And others, like your humble servan',
Poor wights! nae rules nor roads observin';
To right or left, eternal -weavin',
They zig-zag on;
Till crust with age, ob care and starvin',
They aften groan.

Alas! what bitter toil and stamming-
But trace with peevish, poor complaining!
Is Fortune's heikle Luna wanning?
I'en let her gang!
Beneath what light she has remaining,
Let's sing our sang.

My pen I here fling to the doon,
And kneel, "Ye Powers!" and warm implore,
"Though I should wander Terra o'er,
In all her chimes,
Grant me but this, I ask no more,
Aye rowth! o' rhymes.

"The dreeping roasts to country land,
Till ticks hug frae their beards;
Gie fine brow claes to fine life-guards,
And maids of honour!
And yill and whisky gie to cannie!
Untill they scamper."

"A title, Dempster* merits it;
A garter¹ gie to Willie Pitt;
Gie wealth to some be-lodger'd cu,
In cent per cent,
But gie me feal, sterling wit,
And I'm content

* Abundance.

¹ Tinkers.

² Are nauseated.

George Dempster of Dunnichen, a paragon of wits of the time.

Burns had, and this tended to a friendship warmer than ordinary. Cromek tells us the following in regard to the Master Tootie of this epistle. "He lived in Mauchline, and dealt in cows. It was his common practice to cut the nicks or markings from the horns of cattle, to disguise their age, and so bring a higher price."

MOSGAVILLE, May 3, 1786.

I HOLD it, sir, my bounden duty
To warn you how that Master Tootie,
Alas, I and M'Gaun,
Was here to hire you lad away
'Bout whom ye spak the tither day,
And wad hae done't aff han' ;
But lest he learn the callan¹ ticks,
As faith, I muckle doubt him,
Take scrapin' out auld Crammie's nicks,*
And tellin' lies about 'em ;
As hove² then, I'd have thon,
Your clerkship he should saun,
If sae be, ye may be
Not fitted o'ther where.

Although I say't, he's glee³ enough,
And 'bout a house that's rude and rough,
The boy might learn to swear ;
But then wi' you he'll be sae taught,
And get sic fur example straught,
I haena ony fear.
Ye'll catechise him every quirk,
And shore⁴ him weel wi' hiel⁵ ;
And gar him follow to the kirk —
Aye when ye gang yoursel.
If ye then mair be then
Frae hame, this comin' Friday ;
Then please, sir, to lea'e, sir,
The orders wi' your lady.

My word of honou I hae gien,
In Paisley John's, that night at e'en,
To meet the warld's worm,
To try to get the twa to gree,
And name the rules⁶ and the fees,
In legal mode and form :
I ken he weel a snick can draw,⁷
When simple bodies let him ;

¹ Boy

² More willingly.

³ Sharp.

⁴ Threaten

⁵ Avaricious creature

⁶ Farthest distance

⁷ Can take advantage of

And if a devil be at a',
 In faith he's sure to get him.
 To phrase you and praise you,
 Ye ken your laureate scorn:
 The prayer still you shate still
 Of grateful MINSTREL BURNS.



POETICAL INVITATION TO MR JOHN KENNEDY.

JOHN KENNEDY who was at one time factor to the Marquis of Breadalbane, had taken a great interest in the success of the first edition of Burns' poems.

Now Kennedy, if foot or horse
 E'er bring you in by Mauchline cross,¹
 Lo d, m, there's lasses t' re, wad force
 A hermit's fancy,
 And down the gate, in faith they're worse,
 And mair unchancy.

But, as I'm sayin', please step to Dow's,
 And taste sic gear as Johnnie brews,
 Till some bit callant² bring me news,
 That you are there,
 And if we dinna haud a bouze
 I'se ne'er droul man.

It's no I like to sit and swallow,
 'Then like a swine to puke and wallow.
 But gie me just a true good fallow,
 Wi' right ingine,³
 And spunkie,⁴ ance to make us mellow,
 And then we'll shine.

Now, if ye're ane o' warld's folk,
 Wha rate the weaver by the cloak,
 And sklent⁵ on poverty then joke,
 Wi' bitter sneer,
 Wi' you no friendship will I troke,⁶
 Nor cheap, nor dear.

But if, as I'm mfoundd weel,
 Ye hate, as ill's the very deil,
 The flinty heart that canna feel —
 Come, sir, here's tae you!
 Hae, there's my haun', I wiss you weel,
 And guid be wi' you.

¹ Mauchline market cross
² Boy.

³ Gams or temperament
⁴ Whisky is meant.

⁵ Throw
⁶ Exchange.

EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

THIS epistle was addressed to Andrew Aiken, the son of his old friend Robert Aiken, writer in Ayr.

May 1786.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
 A something to have sent you,
 Though it should serve nae other end
 Than just a kind memento ;
 But how the subject-theme may gang,
 Let time and chance determine ;
 Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
 Perhaps turn out a sermon.

Ye'll try the world fu' soon, my lad,
 And, Andrew dear, believe me,
 You'll find mankind an unco squad,
 And muckle they may grieve ye :
 For care and trouble set your thought,
 Even when your end's attain'd,
 And a' your views may come to nought,
 Where every nerve is strain'd.

I'll no say men are villains a' ;
 The real, harden'd, wicked,
 Wha hie nae check but human law,
 Are to a few restricted :
 But, och ! mankind are muck¹ weak,
 And little to be trusted ;
 If self the wavering balance shake,
 It's rarely right adjusted !

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
 Their fate we shouldna censure,
 For still the important end of life
 They equally may answer ;
 A man may hae an honest heart,
 Though poortith homily stare him ;
 A man may tak a neighbor's part,
 Yet hae na cash to spare him.

Aye free, aff han' your story tell,²
 When wi' a bosom cronie,³
 But still keep something to yoursel
 Ye scarcely tell to ony.
 Conceal yoursel, as weel's ye can
 Frae critical dissection ;
 But keek³ through every other man
 Wi' shapen'd, sly inspection

¹ Very

² Upon compulsion

³ I look pryingly

The sacred love o' weel-placed love,
 Luxuriantly indulge it ;
 But never tempt the illicit rove,
 Though naething should divulge it ;
 I waive the quantum o' the sin,
 The hazard of concealing ;
 But, och ! it hardens a' within,
 And petrifies the feeling !

To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
 Assiduous wait upon her ;
 And gather gear by every wile
 That's justified by honour ;
 Not for to hule it in a hedge,
 Nor for a tram-attendant ;
 But for the glorious privilege
 Of being independent.

The feat o' hell's a sangman's whip
 To hand the wretch in order ;
 But where ye feel your honour grip,
 Let that aye be your border .
 Its slightest touches, instant pause—
 Debar a' side pretences ;
 And resolutely keep its laws,
 Uncausing consequences.

The great Creator to revere
 Must sure become the creature ;
 But still the preaching cant forbear,
 And even the rigid feature ;
 Yet ne'er with wits' profane to range,
 Be complaisance extended ;
 An atheist laugh's a poor exchange
 For Deity offended !

When ranting round in Pleasure's ring
 Religion may be blestled ;
 Oh if she gie a random sting,
 It may be little minded ;
 But when on life we're tempest-driven,
 A conscience but a canker—
 A correspondence fix'd wi' Heaven
 Is sure a noble anchor !

Adieu, dear, amiable youth !
 Your heart can ne'er be wanting !
 May prudence, fortitude, and truth
 Erect your brow undaunting !

In ploughman phrase. "God send you speed,"¹
 Still daily to grow wiser :
 And may you better reck the rede
 Than ever did th' adviser.

EPISTLE TO MR M'ADAM OF CRAIGENGILLAN

WRITTEN ON RECEIPT OF A LETTER, CONGRATULATING HIM ON HIS POETIC EFFORTS.

SIR, o'er a gill I gat your card,
 I trow¹ it made me proud ;
 "See wha tak's notice o' the bard !" ²
 I lap² and cried fu' loud.

Now deil-ma-care about their jaw,
 The senseless, gawky³ million ;
 I'll cock my nose aboon them a' -
 I'm roos'd⁴ by Craigen-gillan !

'Twas noble, sir, 'twas like yourself,
 To grant your high protection -
 A great man's smile, ye ken fu' well,
 Is aye a blest infection

Though by his^{*} banes wha in a tub
 Match'd Maccodman Sandy[†] -
 On my ain legs, through dirt and dub,
 Independent stand aye.

And when those legs to gnu'd warm kail⁵
 Wi' welcome cannae⁶ bear me,
 A lee dike-side,⁶ a splo⁷ tail,
 And barley scone⁸ shall cheer me.

Heaven spare you lang to kiss the breath
 O' mony flowery summers¹ -
 And bless your bonny lasses bath-
 I'm tauld they're⁹ lo'esome kummers !⁹

And God bless young Dunaskin's laird,
 The blossom of our gentry !
 And may he wear an auld man's beard,
 A credit to his country.

¹ Vow

² I caped

³ Stupid

⁴ Praised

⁵ Broth

⁶ A shady wall side

⁷ The young ones

⁸ Cake.

⁹ Heart-aching creatures

^{*} Diogenes.

[†] Alexander the Great.

EPISTLE TO MAJOR LOGAN

MAJOR LOGAN, a retired military officer lived at Park House near Ayr, with his mother and sister

Hail thairm¹ inspirin, rattlin Willie !
Though I ontune sord be rough and hilly
To every fiddling, rhyming billic,
We never heed,
But tak it like the unback'd hilly,
Proud o' her speed

When idly go you² whiles we saunter,
Yin, fancy buks, aw we canter,
Up hill, down brie, till some mischanter,³
Some ill k hog hole,
Arrests us, then the sentry and banter
We're forced to thole⁴

Hale be your heart ! hale be your fiddle !
I ang may your elbuck jink and diddle,⁵
To cheer you through the weiry widdle⁶
O this wild wail,
Until you on a cummock did lie⁷
A gray hurd tail

Come wealth, come poortith, late or soon
Heaven send your heart string aye in tune,
And screw your temper pins a' yon,
A fift or mair,
The melancholous, luvy croon⁸
O' canker care !

May still your life frae day to day
Be lent / n, o in the play,
But ill set / n the gay
Humorous flow :
A sweeping, kudding, bauld strathpey -
Lincot ! Bivot !

A blessing on the cheery gang
Wha dearly like a jig or ring,
And never think o' right and wrang
By square and rule,
But as the clegs⁹ o' feeling stung
Are wise or fool !

¹ Fiddle string² Walking aimlessly³ Mishap⁴ Bear⁵ I blow dodge and
jerk⁶ Strus gle.Until you hobble on
a staff⁸ Dr me⁹ Gadflies

* These two lines also occur in the Second Epistle to David.

My hand-waled¹ cuise keep hard in chase
 The harpy, hopdock,² purse proud race,
 Wha count on poontith as disgrace —
 I hen tuncless heart: I
 May fireside discords jai a base
 Lo a' their parts I

But come, your hand, my carelless bither—
 I oth' thei wul', if there's amthei—³
 And that there is I've hittle swither⁴
 About the matter—
 We cheek for chow shall jog thegither,
 I se ne ei bid better

We ve faults and fulings—granted cleerly
 We re frail backsliding mortals merely
 I ve s bonny squad, priests wyte⁴ them sheerly,⁵
 I or our grand fa',
 But still—but still—I like them dearly
 God bless them a I

Ocho I¹ for poor Castalran drinkers,
 When they fa' foul o' earthly junkies,⁶
 The witching, cused, delicious blinkies
 Hae put me hyte,⁸
 And gart me weet my waul rife winkies,⁹
 Wi' grinin'¹⁰ spite

But ly you me on '—and that's high swearin'—
 And every str withy my hearin' I
 And by her een wha was a dear ane I¹¹
 I'll ne cr fuiget,
 I hope to gie the jads¹¹ a cle rin'
 In fur play yet

My lo s I mourn, but not repent it,
 I'll seek my purse where I ant¹² it,
 Ane to the Indies I were wonted,
 Some cantrip¹³ ho I,
 By some sweet elf I'll yet be dinted¹
 Then, I re I amou I

I nites me, haismains respectuuses
 To sentimental sister Suir,

¹ Chosen
² Morey loving
³ Doubt
⁴ Flame
⁵ Sorely

⁶ Sprightly girls
 I pretty girls
⁸ Me I
⁹ Sleepy eyelids

¹⁰ Grinning
¹¹ I love
¹² I see
¹³ Witching

¹ The allusion here is to J an Armour at this time their intimacy had ceased

And honest Lucky ; no to roose¹ ye,
 Ye may be proud,
 That sic a couple Fate allows ye
 To grace your blood.

Nae man at present can I measurie,
 And trouth my rhymin' ware's nae treasure ;
 But when in Ayr, some half-hour's leisure,
 Be't light, be't dark,
 Sir Bard will do himsel the pleasure
 To call at Park.

MOSSGIEVE, Oct. 30, 1780.

ROBERT BURNS,
 " " " " " "

TO THE GUIDWIFE OF WAUCHOPE HOUSE.

MRS SCOTT of Wauchope, to whom this epistle was addressed, was a lady of much taste and talent. She was niece of Mrs Cockburn, authoress of the original version of "The Flowers of the Forest."

GUIDWIFE,

I mind it weel, in early date,
 When I was beardless, young, and blate,²
 And first could thrash the barn,
 Or haul a yokin' at the pleugh ;
 And though forfoughten³ san enough,
 Yet unco proud to learn :
 When first amang the yellow corn
 A man I reckon'd was,
 And wi' the lave⁴ ilk merry morn
 Could rank my rig and lass,
 Still shearing, and clearing,
 The tither stock'd raw,
 Wi' clavers and haver,⁵
 Weaving the day awa',—

Even then, a wi-h, (I mind its power,)
 A wish that to my latest hour
 Shall strongly heave my breast—
 That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
 Some usefu' plan or benk could make.
 Or sing a sang at least.
 The rough bdr-r-thistle, spreading wide
 Amang the bearded bear;
 I turn'd the weeder-clips aside,
 And spared the symbol dear :

¹ Praise.
² Bashful

³ Fatigued
⁴ Rest.

⁵ Tille stories and
 gossip

No nation, no station,
My envy e'er could raise,
A Scot still, but blot still,
I knew nae higher praise.

But still the elements o' sang,
In formless jumble, right and wrang,
Wild floated in my brain;
Till on that hairst¹ I said before,
My partner in the merry coie,
She roused the forming strain:
I see her yet, the sonsie quean,²
That lighted up my jingle,
Her witching smile, her pauky een,
That gart my heart-strings tingle!
I fired, inspir'd,
At every kindling keek,³
But bashing, and dashing,
I fear'd aye to speak.

Health to the sex! ilk guid chiel⁴ says,
Wi' merry dance in winter-days,
And we to share in common:
The gust o' joy, the balm of woe,
The saul o' life, the heaven below,
Is rapture-giving woman.
Ye surly sunnys,⁵ who hate the name,
Be maulfu' o' your mither:
She, honest woman, may think shame
That ye're connected with her
Ye're wae⁶ men, ye're nae men,
That slight the lovely deary;
To shame ye,⁷ disclaim ye,
Ilk honest bukie⁸ swears.

For you, no brel to barn and hyre,
Wha sweetly tune the Scottish lyre,
Thanks to you for your line
The mailed plaid ye kindly spare
By me should gratefully be war,⁹
I'd please me to the Nine
I'd be nae vauntie o' my hap,¹⁰
Douce hingin' owie my carpie,¹⁰
Than ony ermine ever lap,
Or proud imperial purple.

¹ Harvest.
² Comely lass
³ Glance
⁴ Fellow.

⁵ Blockheads.
⁶ Woful
⁷ Fellow.
⁸ Worn.

⁹ Covering.
¹⁰ Decorously hargling
over my crupper.

Fareweel then, lang heal then,
 And plenty be your fa',
 May losses and crosses
 Ne'er at your hallan' ca'!

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM CREECH

WILLIAM CREECH was the publisher of the first Edinburgh edition of the poet's works. He was the most celebrated publisher of his time in Edinburgh, and it was his good fortune to be the medium through which the works of the majority of that band of eminent men who made Edinburgh distinguished in literature during the latter half of the eighteenth century passed to the world. This epistle was written during the poet's border tour and while Creech was in London.

AUD chuckie² Reekie's³ sair di trest,
 Down droops her once w' l bumsht cret,
 Nae joy her bonny luskit naest
 Can yield a⁴,
 Her darling birl that she lo'es best,
 Willie's awa'!

O Willie was a witty wight,⁵
 And had o' things an unco slight,⁶
 Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight,
 And tugs an' l l rwa
 I at nae they'll bush her hilt a fright
 Willie's awa'

The stiffest o' them a' he fow'd,
 The bauldest o' them a' he cow'd,
 They durst nae mair than he allow'd,
 That was a law
 We've lost a lunkie⁸ weel w'ith gowd -
 Willie's awa'!

Now gawbies⁹ tawpies, gowks,¹⁰ and fools
 I see colleges and bouding schools,
 May sprout like summer pu'ldock¹⁰ stools
 In glen or shaw,
 He wha could bush them down to mools¹¹—
 Willie's a ga'!

The brethren o' the Commerce Chamber^{*}
 May mourn their loss wi' doo f' clumous,

¹ Porch² Interlly a hen³ Edinburgh⁴ Decorated⁵ At all⁶ Fellow⁷ A great knowledge⁸ Fellow⁹ Simpletons, slaves—Gowk

means literally cuckoo,

¹⁰ also a fool¹¹ Load¹² The dust^{*} The Chamber of Commerce of which Creech was secretary

He was a dictionar and grammar
 Amang them a';
 I fear they'll now mak mony a stammer¹—
 Willie's awa'!

Nae mair ye see his levee door
 Philosophers and poets pour,
 And toothy critics by the score,
 In bloody law!
 The adjutant o' a' the core—
 Willie's awa'!

Now worthy Gregory's^{*} Latin face,
 Tytler's[†] and Greenfield's[‡] modest grace;
 Mackenzie,[§] Stewart,^{||} sic a brace
 As Rome ne'er saw;
 They a' maun[¶] meet some ither place—
 Willie's awa'!

oor Burns—e'en Scotch drink canna quicken
 He cheeps³ like some bewilder'd chicken,
 Scared frae its minnie⁴ and the cleckin⁵
 By hoodie-craw;
 Giff's gien his heart an unto kickin'—
 Willie's awa'!

Now every sour-mou'd gurnin' bhellum,³
 And Calvin's folk, are fit to fell him;
 And self-conceited critic skellum⁷
 His quill may draw;
 He wha could bawlie⁸ warl thou bellum⁹—
 Willie's awa'!

Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
 And I den scenes oh crystal Jed,
 And Littrick banks now roaring red,
 While tempests blaw
 But every joy and pleasure's fled—
 Willie's awa'!

May I be Slander's common speech;
 A text for Infamy to preach;
 And lastly, streekit¹⁰ out to blench
 In winter snaw,

¹ Stumble.² Must.³ Chirps.⁴ Mother.⁵ Brood.⁶ Talking fellow.⁷ A term of contempt.⁸ Easily.⁹ Attacks.¹⁰ Stretched.^{*} Dr. James Gregory.[†] Professor of Rhetoric in the University.[‡] Henry Mackenzie.^{||} Tytler of Woodhouselee.[¶] Dugald Stewart.

When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
 Though far awa'!

May never wicked Fortune touzle¹ him!
 May never wicked men bamboozle him!
 Until a pow² as auld's Methusalem
 He cany³ claff⁴!
 Then to the blessed New Jerusalem,
 Fleet wing awa'!

EPISTLE TO HUGH PARKER *

MR HUGH PARKER WAS A Kinninchock merchant, and one of his early friends.

IN this strange land, this uncouth clime,
 A land unknown to prose or rhyme,
 Where words ne'er cross the Muse's heckles,[†]
 Nor limpit in poetic shackles;
 A land that Prose did never view it,
 Except when drunk he stacht⁴ through it;
 Here, ambush'd by the chimla cheek,⁵
 Hid in an atmosphere of reek,⁶
 I hear a wheel thum i' the neuk,⁷
 I hear it—for in vain I leuk
 The red peat gleams, a fiery kernel,
 Enhusk'd by a fog infernal.
 Here, for my wonted rhyming raptures,
 I sit and count my sins by chapters;
 For life and spunk like other Christians,
 I'm dwindled down to mere existence;
 Wi' nae converse but Gallowa' bodies,
 Wi' nae kenn'd face but Jenny Geddes[‡]
 Jenny, my Pegasean pride!
 Down⁸ she saunters down Nithside,
 And aye a westlin leuk she throws,
 While tears hap o'er her auld brown nose
 Was it for this wi' canny care,
 Thou bure the hair through many a shire?
 At howes or hillocks never stumbled,
 And late or early never grumbled?
 Oh, had I power like inclination,
 I'd heeze⁹ thee up a constellation,

¹ Tangle

² Head

³ Careful

⁴ Staggered

⁵ Chummy corner

⁶ Smoke

⁷ Corner

⁸ Sully

⁹ Raise

* This epistle was written on one of his journeys while connected with the Excise

† In a note to the Address to the Tooth-ache, a description of a heckle is given—
 A reference to it will make the poet's meaning obvious

‡ The poet's mare

To canter with the Sagittaræ,
 Or loup the ecliptic like a harp;
 Or turn the pole like any arrow;
 Or, when auld Phœbus bids good-morrow,
 Down the zodiac urge the race,
 And cast dirt on his godship's face;
 For I could lay my bread and kail
 He'd ne'er cast saut upo' thy tail.
 W'r a' this care and a' this grief,
 And sma', sma' prospect of relief,
 And nought but peck-neek i' my head,
 How can I write what ye can read?
 Torbolton, twenty-fourth o' June,
 Ye'll find me in a better tune,
 But till we meet and weet our whistle,
 Tak this excuse for rae epistle.

ROBERT BURNS.

FIRST EPISTLE TO R. GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY

ROBERT GRAHAM of Fintry was a Commissioner of Excise. Burns, in writing to Mrs. Dunlop, enclosed a copy of this epistle, and says, "Since I am the way of transcribing, the following lines were the production of yesterday, as I jogged through the wild hills of New Cumnock. I intend to insert them, or something like them, in an epistle which I am going to write to the gentleman on whose friendship my private hopes depend, Mr. Graham of Fintry, one of the worthiest and most accomplished gentlemen, not only of this country, but, I will dare to say, of this age."

WHEN Nature her great masterpiece design'd,
 And franted her last, best work, the human mind,
 Her eye intent on all th' amazing plan,
 She form'd of various parts the various man.

Then first she calls the useful many forth;
 Plain plodding industry and sober worth;
 Thence peasants, farmers, native sons of earth,
 And merchandise' whole genus take their birth:
 Each prudent cit a warm existence find,
 And all mechanics' many-apron'd kind,
 Some other rarer sorts are wanted yet,
 The lead and buoy are needful to the net;
 The *caput mortuum* of gross desires
 Makes a material for mere knights and squares;
 The martial phosphorus is taught to flow,
 She kneads the lumpish philosophic dough,
 Then marks th' unyielding mass with grave designs,
 Law, physic, politics, and deep divines:
 Last, she sublimes th' Aurora of the poles,
 The flashing elements of female souls.

The order'd system fair before her stood,
 Nature, well pleas'd, pronounced it very good
 But ere she give creating labour o'er,
 Half just, she tried one curious labour more
 Some spumy, fiery, & misfatur matter,
 Such as the slightest breath of air might scatter ;
 With such alacrity and conscious glee
 (Nature may have her whim as well as we,
 Her Hogakakut perhaps she meant to show it)
 She forms the thing, and christens it—a Poet,
 Creature, though oft the prey of care and sorrow,
 When blest to day unmindful of to-morrow.
 A being form'd to muse his graver friends
 Admired and proud—and there the homage ends :
 A mortal quite unfit for Fortune's strife,
 Yet oft the sport of all the ills of life,
 Fitted to enjoy each pleasure he bestows,
 Yet haply wanting wherewithal to live,
 In vain to wipe each tear, to heal each grief,
 Yet frequent all unheeded in his own

But honest Nature is not quite a Turk,
 She laugh'd at first, then felt for her poor work.
 Pitying the propleless climber of man's kind,
 She cast about a standard tree to find,
 And, to support his helpless wooden state,
 Attach'd him to the generous truly great,
 A title, and the only one I claim,
 To lay strong hold for help on countless Cæciliam

Pity the tuneless Muscs' hapless train,
 Weak, timid handsmen on life's stormy main
 Then heave no selfish stern absorbent stuff,
 That never gives—though humbly takes enough,
 The little fate allows, they share as soon,
 Unlike sage, proverb'd, wisdom's hard-wrung boon.
 The world were blest did bliss on them depend
 Ah that "the friendly ear should wait a friend"
 Yet prudence number o'er each sturdy son,
 Who life a id wisdom at one ree begun,
 Who feel by reason and who give by rule,
 (Instincts a brute, and sentiment a fool)
 Who make poor will do wait upon I should—
 We own they're prudent, but who feels they're good?
 Ye wise ones, hence! ye hurt the social eye!
 God's image rudely etch'd on base alloy!

But come, ye who the go-like pleasure know
 Heaven's attribute distinguish'd—to bestow
 Whose arms of love would grasp the human race :
 Come thou who givest with all a courtier's grace ;

Friend of my life, true patron of my rhymes !
 Prop of my dearest hopes for future times.
 Why shrinks my soul half blushing, half-afraid,
 Backward, abash'd to ask thy friendly aid ?
 I know my need, I know thy giving hand,
 I crave thy friendship at thy kind command ;
 But there are such who court the tuneful Nine—
 Heavens ! should the branded character be mine !
 Whose verse in manhood's prime sublimely flows,
 Yet vilest reptiles in their begging prove
 Mark, how their lofty independent spirit
 Soars on the spinning wing of injured merit !
 Seek not the proofs in private life to find
 Fity the best of words should be but wind !
 So to heaven's gate the lark's shrill song ascends,
 But grovelling on the earth the carol ends

In all the clamorous cry of starving want
 They dun benevolence with shameless front ;
 Oblige them, pitious for their ills I live,
 They persecute you all your future days !
 Fie my poor soul such deep damnation stain,
 My horny fist assume the plough again,
 The picaresque jacket let me patch once more,
 On eightpence a week I've lived before,
 Though, thanks to Heaven, I did even that last shift,
 I trust, meantime my boon is in thy gift
 That, plac'd by thee upon the wing of flight,
 Where, man and nature fancy in her sight,
 My Muse may imp her wing for some sublimer flight.

EPISIII TO JAMES EARL OF GLENCONNER

My gentleman James Plunk in his Northside tour, and advised I might
 writing to a correspondent he says I am just
 returned from Mullingar. My old friend who I took with me was highly
 pleased with the bargain and advised me to accept of it. It is the most
 intelligent sensible farmer in the county and he has staggered me a
 good deal. The personages alluded to in the epistle were friends or acquaintances
 of Mr. Plunk.

A friend comrade dear, and brother sinner,
 How's all the folk about Glenconner ?
 How do ye this blue eastlyn win',
 That's like to blow a body blin' ?
 For me, my faculties are frozen,
 My dearest member nearly frozen !
 I've sent you here, by Johnnie Simson
 Two sage philosophers to glump on !

Smith, wi' his sympathetic feeling,
 And Reid, to common sense appealing,
 Philosophers have fought and wrangled,
 And meikle Greek and Latin mangled,
 Till wi' their logic-jargon tired,
 And in the depth of science nursed,
 To common sense they now appeal.
 What wives and wabsters¹ see and feel.
 But, hark ye, friend! I charge you strictly,²
 Peruse them, and return them quickly,
 For now I'm grown sae caised donce³
 I pray and powder butt the house,
 My shins, my lane,⁴ I there sit roasin',
 Perusing Burns, Brown, and Boston;
 Till by and by, if I haud on,
 I'll grant a real gospel-groin.
 Already I begin to try it,
 To cast my cen up like a pyet,⁵
 When by the gun she tumbles o'er,
 Fluttering and gasping in her gore:
 Sae shortly you shall see me bairn,
 A burning and a shining light.

My heart-warm love to gud auld Glen,
 The ace and wale⁶ of honest men,
 When bending down wi' auld gray hairs,
 Beneath the load of years and cares,
 May He who made him still support him,
 And views beyond the grave comfort him,
 His worthy family, far and near,
 God bless them a' wi' grace and gear!

My auld schoolfellow, preacher Willie,
 The manly tar, my Masop Billie,
 And Auchenbay, I wish him joy,
 If he's a parent, lass or boy,
 May he be dad, and Meg the mither,
 Just five-and-forty years thegither!
 And no forgetting Wabster Charlie,
 I'm tauld he offers very fairly.
 And, Lord, remember Singing Sannock,
 Wi' hale breeks, saxpence, and a hammock.⁷
 And next my auld acquaintance, Nancy,
 Since she is fitted to her fancy;
 And her kind stars hae airted⁸ till her
 A good chiel wi' a pickle siller.⁹

¹ Weavers² Serious³ By myself⁴ Magpie⁵ Choice.⁶ Whole breeches, sixpence,
and an oat cake⁷ Directed⁸ Some money.⁹ Some money.

My kindest, best respects I sen' it,
 To cousin Kate and sister Janet;
 Tell them, sae me, wi' chiefs be cautious,
 For, faith, they'll aiblins¹ fin' them fashious;²
 To grant a heart is fairly civil,
 But to grant a maidenhead's the devil.
 And lastly, Jamie, for yourself,
 May guardian angels tak a spell,
 And steer you seven miles south o' Hell:
 But first, before you see heaven's glory,
 May ye get mony a merry story,
 Mony a laugh, and mony a drink,
 And aye enough o' needfu' clink³;

Now fare ye weel, and joy be wi' you;
 For my sake this I beg it o' you,
 Assist poor Samson a' ye can,
 Ye'll find him just an honest man:
 Sae I conclude, and quat my chanter,
 Yours, saint or sinner,

ROB THE RANTER.

LETTER TO DR. BLACKLOCK,

IN ANSWER TO A LETTER

It was the receipt of a letter from Dr. Blacklock to Mr George Lawrie of Kilmarnock, which led Burns to abandon the idea of emigrating to the West Indies. Dr. Blacklock was educated by the Church; but becoming afflicted with blindness, he was unable to follow the profession he had chosen.

He kept a boarding-school for young men attending college, acting as a sort of tutor to them. His immediate appreciation was not the only instance of his discernment and kindness. Professor Walker says, "If the young men were enumerated whom he drew from obscurity, and enabled, by education, to advance themselves in life, the catalogue would naturally excite surprise."

EDINBURGH, October 21, 1789

Wow, but your letter made me vammie!¹
 And are ye hale, and weel, and cantie?²
 I kenn'd it still your wee bit jannet
 Wad bring you to.
 Loul send you aye as weel's I wad ye,
 And then ye'll do.

The ill-thief blaw the Heron* south!
 And never drink be near his drouth!³

¹ Perhaps

² Troublesome

³ Money

⁴ Proud

⁵ The great

⁶ List

* "Heron, author of a History of Scotland published in 1800 and, among various other works, of a respectable life of our poet himself"—CURRIE

He tauld myself¹ by word o' mouth,
 He'd tak my letter;
 I lippen'd² to the chiel in trouth,
 And baile³ nae better.

But aiblins honest Master Hieron
 Had at the time some dainty fair one
 To ware lus theologic care on,
 And holy study;
 And thed o' sauls to waste his lear on,
 E'en tried the body.

But what d'ye think, my trusty fier,⁴
 I'm turn'd a granger⁵—Peace be here!
 Parnassian queans,⁶ I fear, I fear,
 Ye'll now disdain me!
 And then my fifty poun' a year
 Will little gain me.

Ye glaikit,⁶ glesome, dainty damies,
 Wha, by Castalia's winplin' streamies,
 Lowp, sing, and lave your pretty limbies,
 Ye ken, ye ken,
 That strang Necessity supreme is
 'Mang sons o' men.

I hae a wife and twa wee laddies,
 They maun hae brose and hats o' guddies;⁷
 Ye ken yoursels my heart right proud is:
 I needna vaunt,
 But I'll sned besoms⁸—thraw saugh woodies,⁹
 Before they want.

Lord, help me through this wold o' care!
 I'm weary sick o't late and air;
 Not but I hae a richer share
 Than mony ithers,
 But why should ae man better fare,
 And a' men brithers?

Come, firm Resolve, take thou the van,
 Thou stalk o' carl-hemp in man!¹⁰
 And let us mind, faint heart ne'er wan
 A lady fair:
 Wha does the utmost that he can,
 Will whiles¹⁰ do mai'.

¹ Trusty.² Deserv'd.³ Friend.⁴ Expresses.⁵ Lasses.⁶ Foolish.⁷ Rags o' clothing.⁸ Cut brooms.⁹ Twist willow withes.¹⁰ Sometimes.

* The male hemp—that which bears the seed;

But to conclude my silly rhyme,
 (I'm scant o' verse, and scant o' time,)
 To make a happy fire-side clime
 To weans and wife;
 That's the true pathos and sublime
 Of human life.

My compliments to sister Beckie :
 And eke the same to honest Lucky,
 I wat she is a dainty chuckie,*
 As e'er tread clay !
 And gratefully, my guid auld cockie,†
 I m' yours for aye.
ROBERT BURNES

SECOND EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ OF FINTRY
 ON THE CLOSE OF THE DISPUTED ELECTION BETWEEN SIR JAMES JOHNSTON
 AND CAPTAIN MILLER, FOR THE DUMFRIES DISTRICT OF BOROUGHES.

FINTRY, my stay in worldly strife,
 Friend o' my Muse, friend o' my life,
 Are ye as idle 's I am ?
 Come then, wi' uncouth, kintra fleg,¹
 O'er Pegasus I'll fling my leg,
 And ye shall see me try him.

I'll sing the zeal Drumlanaig² hear,
 Wha left the all-important cair;
 Of princes and their dailin's ;
 And, bent on winning borough towns,
 Came shaking hands wi' wabster louns,
 And kissing barefit carlins.⁴

Combustion through our boroughs rold,
 Whistling his roaring pack abroad,
 Of mad, unmuzzled hor. ;
 As Queensberry "buff and blue" infus'd,
 And Westcote's and Hopetoun hould
 To every Whig defiance.

But cautious Queensberry left the war,
 The unmanic'd dust might soil his star ;

¹ Country kick.

² Furfurated women.

* Chuckie—literally, hen. Used as a term of endearment in speaking of a woman.

† Cockie—literally, cock. Used in the same sense as chuckie.

‡ The fourth Duke of Queensberry, of infamous memory.

§ Sir James Johnston, the Tory candidate.

Besides, he hated bleeding :
But left behind him heroes bright,
Heroes in Cassean fight,
Or Ciceronian pleading.

Oh, for a throat like huge Mons Meg,
To muster o'er each ardent Whig
Beneath Drumlanrig's banners ;
Heroes and heroines commix,
All in the field of politics,
To win immortal honours.

M'Mundo* and his lovely spouse
(Th' enamour'd lambs kiss her bows !)
Led on the Loves and Graces :
She won each gaping luggess' heart,
While he, all-conquering play'd his part
Among their wives and lasses.

Craigdarroch † led a light-arm'd corps ;
Tropes, metaphors, and figures pour,
Like Hecla streaming thunder :
Glenriddel, ‡ skill'd in rusty coils,
Blew up each Tory's dark designs,
And bared the treason under

In either wing two champion : fought,
Redoubt'd Stung, § who set at naught
The wildest savage Tory :
And Welsh, || who ne'er yet flinch'd his ground.
High-waved his magnum-bonum round
With Cyclopean fury.

Miller brought up the artillery ranks
The many-pounders of the Banks,
Restless desolation !
While Maxwelton, that brion bold,
Mid Lawson's ¶ port entrench'd his hoist,
And threaten'd worse damnation.

To these, what Tory he's oppos'd ;
With these, what Tory warriors clos'd,
Surpasses my discerning :
Squadrons extended long and large,
With furious speed rush'd to the charge,
Like raging devils diving.

* The Chamberlain of the Duke of Queensberry at Drumlanrig, a friend of the poet's.

† Ferguson of Craigdarroch.

‡ Captain Riddel of Glenriddel, also a friend of the poet's.

§ Provost Stang of Dumfries.

|| Sheriff Welsh.

¶ A wine merchant in Dumfries.

What verse can sing, what prose narrate,
The butcher deeds of bloody Fate
Amid this mighty tulzie!¹
Grim Horror grinn'd—pale Terror roar'd,
As Murther at his thrapple shored,²
And Hell mix'd in the bulzie!³

As Highland crags by thunder cleft,
When lightnings fire the stormy lift,⁴
Hurl down wi' crashing rattle:
As flames among a hundred woods;
As headlong foam a hundred floods;
Such is the rage of battle!

The stubborn Tories dare to die;
As soon the rooted oaks would fly
Before th' approaching feller:
The Whigs come on like Ocean's roar,
When all his wintry billows pour
Against the Buchan Bullers.*

Lo, from the shades of Death's deep night,
Deputed Whigs enjoy the fight,
And think on former daring,
The mistle-murtherer of Charles†
The Magna-Carta flug unfurl,
All deadly gules its bearing

Nor wanting ghosts of Toiy fame,
Bold Scrimgeour ‡ follow, gallant Grahame, §
Auld Covenanters shiver.
(Forgive, forgive, much-wrong'd Montrose!
While death and hell engulf thy foes,
Thou liv'st on high for ever!

Still o'er the field the combat burns,
The Tories, Whigs, give way by turns,
But Fate the word has spoken,
For woman's wit and strength o' man,
Alas! can do but what they can
The Toiy rank, are broken!

¹ Conflict

² Threatened

³ Broil

⁴ Immement

* The Bullers of Buchan - The name given to a huge recess in the rocks of the Aberdeenshire coast near Peterhead, which being open to the east, the sight of the waters raging in it is grand to the extreme.

† The executioner of Charles I. was masked.

‡ John Earl of Mar.

§ The great Marquis of Montrose.

Oh that my een were flowing burns !
 My voice a liness that mourns
 Her darling cub's undoing !
 That I might greet, that I might cry,
 While Tories fall, while Tories fly,
 And furious Whigs purring !

What Whig but wails the good Sir James !
 Dear to his country by the names,
 Friend, patron, benefactor !
 Not Pulteney's wealth can Pulteney save !
 And Hopetoun falls, the generous brave !
 And Stewart,* bold as Hector.

Thou, Pitt, shalt rue this overthrow,
 And I hurlow growl at a case of woe
 And Melville melt in wailing !
 Now Fox and Sheridan rejoice !
 And Bulwer chafing, "O Prince, arise !
 Thy power is still prevailing "

I or your poor friend, the bard, for
 He hears, and only hears, the wail,
 A cool spectator purely
 So when the storm the forest rends,
 The robin in the hedge descends,
 And sober chirps securely

A kditional verse in Closeburn MS --

Now for my friends' and brethren's sakes,
 And for my dear-loved I and o' Cakes,
 I pray with holy fire
 I ord, send a rough hood to o' hell,
 O ca' r' wad Scotland buy or sell,
 To guard them in the mure !

THIRD EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ OF DUNFEE

I AM crippled of an arm, and now a leg,†
 About to beg scraps for leave to beg
 Dull, little & tedious, dejected and dejected,
 (Nature adverse to a crippled scribe !)

* Stewart of Hillside

† In writing to Mrs Dunlop, on the 7th of February 1801, Burns tells her that, by a fall not from my horse but with my horse, I have been a cripple for some time and thus is the first day my arm and hand have been able to serve me in writing.

Will generous Graham list to his poet's wail?
 (It soothes poor Misery, heark'ning to her tale,)
 And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
 And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade?

Thou, Nature! partial Nature! I arraign;
 Of thy caprice maternal I complain
 The lion and the bull thy care have found,
 One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground;
 Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
 Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell,
 Thy minions, kings, defend, control, devour,
 In all th' omnipotence of rule and power,
 Foxes and statesmen subtle wiles insure,
 The cat and polecat stink, and are secure,
 Tords with thou poison, doctors with thee drug,
 The priest and hedgehog in their roles are snug,
 Even silly woman has her warlike arts,
 Her tongue and eyes—her diadem I spurn and darts.
 But, oh! thou bitter stepmother and I aid
 To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the bard!
 A thing unteachable in worldly skill,
 And half an idiot, too, more helpless still;
 No heels to bear him from the opening dun;
 No claws to dig his hated sight to shun,
 No horns, but those by luckless Hyacinth worn,
 And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn
 No nerves olfactory, Minimon's trusty ear,
 Clad in rich Dulness' comfortable fur,—
 In naked feeling, and inaching pride,
 He bears the unbroken blast from every side
 Vampire hookscissors diam him to the heart,
 And scorpion critics curcleless venom dart

Critics!—appall'd I venture on the name,
 Those cut-throat brandits in the piths of fame
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes!
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
 By blockheads' druing into madness' tongue
 His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
 By miscreants' torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear
 Ioul'd, bleeding, tortured, in the unequal strife,
 The hapless poet flounders on through life,
 Iull; fled each hope that once his bosom fired,
 And fled each muse that glorious once inspired,
 Low sunk in squalid unprotected age,

* The allusion here is to Alexander Munro, the Professor of Anatomy in the University of Edinburgh in Burns's day.

Dead even resentment for his injured page,
 He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage.
 So, by some hedge, the generous steed deceased,
 For half-starved snarling curs a dainty feast,
 By toil and famine worn to skin and bone,
 Lies senseless of each tugging lurch's son.

O Dulceness ! portion of the truly blest !
 Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest !
 Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
 Of Fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
 If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
 With sober selfish ease they sip it up.
 Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
 They only wonder "some folks" do not starve.
 The grave sage hen thus easy picks his frog,
 And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog
 When Disappointment snaps the clue of Hope,
 And through disastrous night they darkling grope,
 With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
 And just conclude that "fools" are fortune's care."
 So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
 Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle Muse's mad-cap trim,
 Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain !
 In equanimity they never dwell,
 By turns in soaring heaven or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, Fate, relentless and severe,
 With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear !
 Already one stronghold of hope is lost—
 Glencairn, the truly noble, lies in dust ;
 (Fled, like the sun eclipsed as noon appears,
 And left us darkling in a world of tears.)
 Oh ! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish prayer !—
 Fintry, my other stay, long bless and spare !
 Through a long lifeless hopes and wishes crown,
 And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down !
 May bliss domestic smooth his private path,
 Give energy to life, and soothe his latest breath,
 With many a filial tear ending the bed of death !

FOURTH EPISTLE TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ. OF FINTRY.

THE following lines were the acknowledgment of the favour the previous epistle asked. Cunningham justly says, "Robert Graham of Fintry had the merit of doing all that was done for Burns in the way of raising him out of the toiling humility of his condition, and enabling him to serve the Muse without dread of want."

I, ALL, no goddess to inspire my strains,
 A fabled Muse may suit a bard that feigns ;

Friend of my life ! my ardent spirit burns,
And all the tribute of my heart returns,
For boons accorded, goodness ever new,
The gift still dearer, as the giver you.

Thou orb of day ! thou other paler light !
And all ye many sparkling stars of night ;
If aught that giver from my mind efface ;
If I that giver's bounty e'er disgrace ;
Then roll to me along your wandering spheres,
Only to number out a villain's years !





EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS, ETC.

THOUGH FICKLE FORTUNE HAS DECEIVED ME.

"THE following," says Burns, "was written extempore, under the pressure of a heavy train of misfortunes, which, indeed, threatened to undo me altogether. It was just at the close of that dreadful period mentioned already, (in *Commonplace-book*, March 1784.) and though the weather has brightened up a little with me since, yet there has always been a tempest brewing round me in the grim sky of futurity, which I pretty plainly see will, some time or other, perhaps ere long, overwhelm me, and drive me into a more doleful dell, to pine in solitary, squalid wretchedness."

THOUGH fickle Fortune has deceived me,
 She promised fair and perform'd but ill,
 Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereaved me,
 Yet I hear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence as far's I'm able,
 But if success I must never find,
 Then come, Misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
 I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

ON JOHN DOVE, INNKEEPER, MAUCHLINE.

THE subject of the following lines was the landlord of the Wharfedale Arms in Mauchline.

HERE lies Johnny Pigeon;
 What was his religion?
 Whae'er desires to ken,
 To some other war!
 Maun follow the carl,
 For here Johnny Pigeon had name!

Strong ale was ablution—
 Small beer persecution, *
 A dram was *memento mori*,
 'But a full flowing bowl
 Was the saving his soul,
 And port was celestial glory.

TO A PAINTER.

THE artist to whom these lines were addressed was at work on a picture of Jacob's dream, with which it would seem the poet was hardly satisfied

DEAR —, I'll gie ye some advice,
 You'll tak it no uncivil:
 You shouldn't paint at angels' mair,
 But try and paint the devil.

To paint an angel's kittle wark,
 Wi' ould Nick there's less danger,
 You'll ensy draw a weel-kent face,
 But no sae weel a stranger

R. B.

EPITAPH ON THE AUTHOR'S FATHER

THE following lines were inscribed on a small head stone erected over the grave of the poet's father in Alloway Kirkyard —

O YE whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
 Draw near with pious reverence, and attend!
 Here lie the loving husband and dear remains,
 The tender father, and the generous friend;

The pitying heart that felt for human woe,
 The dauntless heart that scorn'd no human pride
 The friend of man, to vice alone a foe,
 "I on even his feelings I would to virtue's side." *

A FARLOWLET

*These lines formed the conclusion of a letter from Burns to Mr John Kennedy, dated Kilmunock, August 1786

FARLOWLET, *dear friend*! may guid luck hit you,
 And, mung her favourites admit you!
 If e'er Detraction shone to smite you,
 May nane believe him!
 And only deil that thinks to get you,
 Good I ord der give him.

* Goldsmith

ON A WAG IN MAUCHLINE

THE wag here meant was James Smith, his friend.

LAMENT him, Mauchline husbands a',
 He often did assist ye,
 For had ye staid whole year-awa',
 Your wives they ne'er had miss'd ye.
 Ye Mauchline bairns, as on ye pass
 To school in bands thegither,
 Oh, tread ye lightly on his grass—
 Perhaps he was your father.

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION

MOSSGATE, 1786

SIR,

Yours this moment I unseal,
 And faith, I am gay and hearty!
 To tell the truth and shame the deil,
 I am as fou as Batic.

But foorsday, sir, my promise keel,
 Expect me o' your party,
 If on a beastie I can speel,
 Or hurl in a cantie.—R. B.

TO A YOUNG LADY IN A CHURCH

BEING in church when the parson gave out as his text a passage of Scripture containing a severe denunciation of sinners, and noticing that a lady friend had a difficulty in finding it in her Bible, the poet wrote the following verse on a piece of paper, and handed it to her

FAIR maid, you need not take the hint,
 Nor idle texts pursue,
 'Twas *guilty sinners* that he meant,
 Not *angels* such as you!

VERSES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF HERRINGSON, THE POET, BY A COPY OF
 THAT AUTHOR'S WORKS PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY IN EDINBURGH,
 MARCH 17, 1787.

CURSE on ungrateful man, that can be pleased,
 And yet can starve the author of the pleasure!
 O thou, my elder brother in misfortune,

By far my elder brother in the Muses,
With tears I pity thy unhappy fate !
Why is the bard unprized by the world,
Yet hils so keen a relish of its pleasures ?

ON THE ILLNESS OF A FAVOURITE CHI

*Now health forsakes that angel face,
Nae mair my dearie smiles ;
Pale sickness withers ilka grace,
And a' my hopes beguiles.

The cruel Powers reject the prayer
I hourly mak for thee !
Ye heavens, how great is my despair,
How can I see him die !

EXTEMPORE ON TWO LAWYERS.

THE following cleverly hits off two of the most eminent leaders of the Scottish bar in the past day. The Lord Advocate was Mr Hay Campbell, and the Dean of Faculty, Mr Henry Fiskine.

LORD ADVOCATE

He clench'd his pamphlets in his fist,
He quoted and he hunted,
Till in a declamation just
His argument he tinct¹ it ;
He gap'd for't, he gap'd² for't,
He found it was awa', man ;
But what his common sense cam short,
He ek'd out wi' law, man.

DEAN OF FACULTY

Collected Harry stood a wee,
Then open'd out his arm, man ;
His lordship sat, wi' mefu' ee,
And eyed the gathering stow, man :
Like wind-driven hail, it did a' ail,
Or torrents owre a hnn, man ;
The Bench sae wise lift up their eyes,
Half-waken'd wi' the din, man.

THE HIGHLAND WELCOME

CUNNINGHAM says:—“ Burns, on repræssing the Highland bonnet, in 1787, turned round and bade farewell to the hospitalities of the north in the happy

¹ Lost.

² Groped

but gave Another account states that he was called on for a toast at table, and
The Highland Welcome much to the pleasure of all who heard him.

WHEN Death's dark stream I fully o'er,
A time that surely shall come,
In heaven itself I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

EXTEMPORI ON WILLIAM SMELLIE,

AUTHOR OF THE "PHILOSOPHY OF NATURAL HISTORY," AND MEMBER OF
THE ANTIQUARIAN AND ROYAL SOCIETIES OF EDINBURGH

SMELLIE belonged to a club called the Crochallan Fencibles of which Burns
was a member

SHKEWD Willie Smellie to Crochallan came,
The old cock'd hat, the gray surtout, the same,
His bristling beard just rising in its might,
'Twas four long nights and days to shaving night,
His uncomb'd grizzly locks, wild stirring, thatch'd
A head for thought profound and clear unmatched
Yet though his caustic wit was biting, rude,
His heart was warm, benevolent, and good

VERSES WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE INN AT CARRON

The following lines were written on being refused admittance to the Carron
iron works —

We came na here to view your works
In hopes to be mair wise,
But only lest we ging to hell,
It mair be nae surprise
But when we tirk'd at your door,
Your portet doubtit nae here us,
Sae mair should we to hell's yetts come,
Your billy Satan sair us!

LINKS ON THE WING STIRRING PALACE

The following lines were scratched with a diamond on a pane of glass in a
window of the inn at which Burns put up, on the occasion of his first visit to
Stirling

HENRI Stuart's once in glory reign'd,
And laws for Scotland's weal ordain'd;
But now unroof'd their palace stands,
Their sceptic's away'd by other hands;

The injured Stuart line is gone,
A race outlandish fills their throne—
An idiot race, to honour lost.
Who know them best despise them most.

THE REPROOF

RASH mortal, and slanderous poet, thy name
Shall no longer appear in the records of fame,
Dost not know, that old Mansfield, who writes like the Bible,
Says, The more 'tis a truth, sir, the more 'tis a libel?

LINES

WRITTEN UNDER THE PICTURE OF THE CELEBRATED MISS BURNS

MISS BURNS was a 'gray lady well known to the 'fast' young fellows of the Scottish metropolis in the poet's day

CEASE, ye prudes, your envious railing,
Lovely Burns has charms - confess,
True it is, she had one failing—
Had a woman ever less?

ON INCIVILITY SHOWN TO HIM AT INVERARY

When at Inverary the inn the poet put up it being full of visitors to the Duke of Argyll, he received some attention from the people of the house, and reprobated their behaviour in the following lines

Whoe'er he be that sojourns here,
I pity much his case,
Unless he come to wait upon
The lord their god, & his Grace
There's naething here but Highland pride,
And Highland could and hunger,
If Providence has sent me here
I was surely in His anger

ON A SCHOOL MASTER

WILLIAM MITCHELL was schoolmaster of the parish of Clack in Inverclyde. Burns made his acquaintance during his first visit to Glasgow, in 1787

HIRE he Willie Michie's laces,
O Satan, when ye tak him,
Gi' him the schoolin' o' your ways,
I or eleven deils he'll mak 'em!

VERSES

ADDRESS'D TO THE LANDLADY OF THE INN AT ROSSLYN.

MY blessings on you, sonsie wife ;
 I ne'er was here before ,
 You've gien us walth for horn and knife,
 Nae heart could wish for more.

Heaven keep you free frae care and strife,
 Till far ayont four-score ;
 And, while I toddle on through life,
 I'll ne'er gang by your door

ON ELPHINSTONE'S TRANSLATION OF MARTIAL'S
"EPIGRAMS."

"STOOPING at a merchant's shop in Edinburgh," says Burns, "a friend of mine one day put Elphinstone's translation of Martial into my hand, and desired my opinion of it. I asked permission to write my opinion on a blank leaf of the book, which being granted, I wrote this epigram."

O THOU, whom Poesy abhors !
 Whom Prose has turned out of doors !
 Heard'st thou that groan ?—proceed no farther—
 'Twas laurell'd Mutual roaring, "Mutther !"

INNOCENCE

Innocence
 Looks gaily-smiling on ; while rosy Pleasure
 Hides young Desire amid her flowery wreath,
 And pours her cup luxuriant : mantling nigh
 The sparkling heavenly vintage—Love and Bliss !

LINES

WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS IN THE INN AT MOFFAT.

WHILE Burns was in the inn at Moffat, the heroine, the "burning, lovely Davies," of one of his songs happened to pass in the company of a tall and portly lady, and on a friend asking him why God had made Miss Davies so small and the other lady so large, he replied—

ASK why God made the gem so small,
 And why so huge the granite ?
 Because God meant mankind should set
 The higher value on it.

LINES

SPOKEN EXTEMPORÉ ON BEING APPOINTED TO THE EXCISE.

SEARCHING auld wives' barrels,
 Och, hoit' the day !
 That clarty barn should stain my lauch;
 But--what'll ye say?
 These movin' things, ca'd wives and weans
 Wad move the very hearts o' stanes !

EPITAPH ON W—.

STOP, thief ! Dame Nature cried to Death,
 As Willie drew his latest breath ;
 You have my choicest model ta'en,
 How shall I make a fool again ?

* ON A PERSON NICKNAMED THE MARQUIS.

THE hero of this epitaph, the landlord of a hotel in Dumfries, asked the poet
 to write his epitaph. He could hardly be pleased with the result.

HERE lies a mock Marquis, whose titles were sham'd ;
 If ever he rise it will be to be damn'd

TO JOHN M'MURDO, ESQ

JOHN M'MURDO, steward of the Duke of Queensberry.

O! could I give thee India's wealth
 As I this tittle send !
 Because thy joy in both would be
 To share them with a friend

But golden sands did never give
 The Heliconian stream ;
 Then take what gold could never buy--
 An honest bard's esteem.

TO THE SAME

Best be M'Murdo to his latest day !
 No envious cloud o'ercast his evening ray ;



No wrinkle furrow'd by the hand of Care,
Nor ever sorrow add one silver hair !
Oh, may no son the father's honour stain,
Nor ever daughter give the mother pain !

ON CAPTAIN FRANCIS GROSE

CAPTAIN GROSE being in the company of the poet on a convivial occasion and in the full enjoyment of his humorous sallies begged a few lines on himself. Assuming the huge proportions of the genial antiquary with his eye, he repeated the following line

THE devil got notice that Grose was a dying,
So whip at the summon old Satan came flying
But when he approach'd where I Francis lay moaning
And saw each bedpost with its bulge a groaning,
Astonish'd, confounded, cried Satan, "By God !
I'll wait 'em, ere I take such a damnable load !

ON GRIZZEL GRIM

HIRE him with Death and Grizzel Grim,
I include a ugly witch
O Death how horrible thy taste
To lie with such a bitch !

ON MR BURTON

A CAVALI acquaintance of the poet, Mr Burton a young Englishman became very pressing that he should write his epitaph. In vain was Birmingham the bard objected that he was not sufficiently acquainted with his character and habit to do justice for the task the request was constantly repeated with a *Dem my eyes*. I have here an epitaph for me oh death riv' blood do Burns write a epitaph for me. O ercome by importunity, Burns at last took out his pencil and wrote the following

HIRE cursing swearing Bitchon lies,
A lurch, a beam or Dem my eyes !
Who in his life did little good,
And his last words were — Dem my blood !

POETICAL REPLY TO AN INVITATION

THE king's most humble servant, I
(in scarcely spare a minute,
But I'll be with you by and by,
Or else the devil's in it

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAR.

"BURNS at one period," says Cunningham, "was in the habit of receiving the *Star* newspaper gratuitously, but as it came somewhat irregularly to hand, he sent the following lines to head-quarters, to insure more punctuality."—

DEAR Peter, dear Peter,
We poor souls of metre,
Are often neglectit, ye ken;
For instance, your sheet, man,
(Though glad I'm to see't, man,)
I get it no ae day in ten.

ON BURNS'S HORSE BEING IMPOUNDED.

WHEN in Carlisle, Burns's horse was impounded for trespassing on some grounds belonging to the corporation. On being made acquainted with the circumstances, the mayor gave orders that it should be liberated at once, saying, "Let him have it, by all means, or the circumstance will be heard of for ages to come." As the following verse was then written, the mayor's prophecy has come true.

Was e'er puir poet sae befitted,
The master drunk—the horse committed?
I'm harmless beast! tak thee nae care,
Thou'lt be a horse when he's nae-mair (*mayor*).

LYNES

SENT TO A GENTLEMAN WHOM HE HAD OFFENDED

THE gentleman was Mr. Riddell of Woodley Park, at whose table, while under the influence of wine, he had been guilty of an undue freedom of speech. The apology and reputation made in the following verses were warmly accepted.—

THE friend whom wild from wisdom's way
The fumes of wine infuriate send,
(Not moony madness more astray,)—
Who but deplores that hapless friend?

Mine was the insensate frenzied part!
Ah! why should I such scenes outlive!
Scenes so abhorrent to my heart!
'Tis thine to pity and forgive.

VERSES TO JOHN RANKINE

ON HIS WRITING TO THE POET THAT A GIRL IN THAT PART OF THE COUNTRY WAS WITH CHILD BY HIM.

I AM a keeper of the law
In some sma' points, although not a';

Some people tell me g'in I fa',
 Ae way or ither,
 The breakin'g of ae point, though sma',
 Breaks a' thegither.

I hae been in for't ance or twice,
 And winna say o'er fa' for thrice,
 Yet never met with that surprise
 That broke my rest,
 But now a rumour's like to rise,
 A whaup's i' the nest.

ON SEEING MISS FONTENELLE IN A FAVOURITE
 CHARACTER

SWIFT *naivete'* of feature,
 Simple, wild, enchanting elf,
 Not to thee, but thanks to Nature,
 Thou art acting but thyself.

Wert thou awkward, stiff affected,
 Spinning na' a're, torturing art,
 Loves and graces all rejected,
 Then indeed thou'dst act a part.

ON GABRIEL RICHARDSON, BREWER, DUMFRIES

HERR brewer Gabriel's fire's extinct,
 And empty all his kailds:
 He's blest—if, as he brew'd, he drink—
 In upright honest morals.

THE BLACK-HEADED EAGLE:

A FRAGMENT ON THE DEFEAT OF THE AUSTRIANS BY DE MOURIER,
 AT GEFAPLE, NOVEMBER 1792

THE black-headed eagle,
 As keen as a beagle,
 He hunted owre height and owre howe;
 But fell in a trap
 On the bracs o' Geinappe,
 E'en let him come out as he dowe.

ON A SHEEP'S-HEAD

THE following two verses are respectively the grace before and the grace after meat given impromptu at the Globe Tavern, Dumfries, on an occasion when the chief dish was a sheep's head

O LORD, when hunger pinches sore,
Do Thou stand us in stead,
And send us from Thy bounteous store
A tup or wether head!—Amen.

O Lord, since we have feasted thus,
Which ~~we~~ so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spit!—Amen.

ON THE DEATH OF A LAP-DOG NAMED ECHO.

WHILE Burns was on a visit to Kennore Castle, a favourite lap-dog named Echo died. At the request of the lady of the house, he wrote the following epitaph on it—

In wood and wild, ye warbling throng,
Your heavy loss deplore,
Now half-extinct your powers of song;
Sweet Echo is no more.

Ye jingling, screeching things around,
Scream your discordant joys;
Now half your din of tuneless sound
With Echo silent lies.

ON SEEING THE BEAUTIFUL SPAN OF LORD GALLOWAY

THESE and the three following verses were written as political squibs during the heat of a contested election:—

WHAT dost thou in that mansion find?
Fit, Galloway, and find
Some narrow, dirty, dungeon cave,
The picture of thy mind!

' ON THE SAME.

No Stewart art thou, Galloway,
 The Stewarts all were brave;
 Besides, the Stewarts were but fools,
 Not one of them a knave.

* ON THE SAME.

BRIGHT ran thy line, O Galloway,
 Through many a far-famed sire!
 So ran the far-famed Roman way,
 So ended — in a snare!

TO THE SAME,

ON THE AUTHOR'S BEING INTENDED WITH HIS RESENTMENT

SPARE me thy vengeance, Galloway,
 In quiet let me live:
 I ask no kindness at thy hand,
 For thou hast none to give.

HOWLET FACE.

WRITTEN on being told that one of the Lords of Justiciary, while visiting Mr. Miller of Dalswinton, had dined so freely, that on entering the drawing-room, he was all but incapable of seeing. Pointing to the lovely daughter of the house, he asked Mr. Miller, "Wha's yon howlet faced thing in the corner?" Burns handed the lines to Miss Miller.

How daur' ye ca' me howlet-faced,
 Ye ugly glowering spectre?
 My face was but the keekin'-glass,
 And there ye saw your picture!

THE BOOK-WORMS.

WRITTEN inside the book on finding a splendidly-bound, but uncut and worm-eaten, copy of Shakspeare in a magnificent library.

THROUGH and through the inspid leaves,
 Ye maggots, make your windings;
 But, oh, respect his lordship's taste,
 And spare the golden bindings!

EPIGRAM ON BACON.

AT Brownhill, a posting station fifteen miles from Dumfries, Burns was dining on one occasion in the company of a commercial traveller, who pressed him for a sample of his craft. The landlord, whose name was Bacon, thrust himself somewhat offensively into the company of his guests. This, it would seem, was not the first offence of the kind.

AT Brownhill we always get dainty good cheer,
And plenty of bacon each day in the year;
We've all things that's neat, and mostly in season,
But why always BACON?—come, give me a reason.

THE EPIGRAM

IN this stinging epitaph, Burns satirises Mrs. Riddell of Woodley Park. She had offended him by seeming to pay more attention to some officers in the company than to the poet. He lived to repeat him of his injustice to this accomplished lady, who (as already noted) was during his life a kind and considerate friend, and, after his death, an ardent defender of his character.

• HERE lies, now a prey to insulting neglect,
What once was a butterfly, gay in life's beam.
Want only of wisdom denied her respect,
Want only of goodness denied her esteem.

ON MRS. KEMBLE.

AFTER witnessing her performance in the part of Yario at Dumfries

KEMBLE, thou cur'st my unbelief
Of Moses and his rod;
At Yario's sweet notes of grief
The rock with tears had flow'd.

THE CREED OF POVERTY.

"WHEN the Board of Excise," says Cunningham, "informed Burns that his business was to act, and not think, he read the order to a friend, turned the paper, and wrote as follows:—"

IN politics if thou wouldst mix,
And mean thy fortunes be;
Bear this in mind—"Be deaf and blind,
Let great folks hear and see."

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S POCKET-BOOK

THE following lines indicate how strongly Burns sympathised with the cause of freedom at the commencement of the French Revolution

GRANT me, indulgent Heaven that I may live
To see the miscreants feel the pain they give,
Deal Freedom's sacred treasures free as air,
Till slave and despot be but things which were.

THE PARSON'S LOOKS

ON some one remarking that he saw falsehood in the very look of a certain
reverend gentleman, the poet replied

THAT there is falsehood in his looks
I must and will deny,
They say their master is a knave—
And sure they do not lie.

EX TEMPORE,

PINNED TO A LADY'S COACH.

If you rattle along like your mistress's tongue,
Your speed will out rival the dart;
But a fly for your load, you'll break down on the road,
If your stuff be as rotten 's her heart.

ON ROBERT RIDDEL.

THE following lines were traced with a diamond on the window of the hermitage of Friars' Cuse, the first time he visited it after the death of Mr Riddel:—

To Riddel, much-lamented man,
This ivied cot was dear;
Reader, do not value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere.

ON EXCISEMEN

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW IN DUMFRIES.

"ONE day," says Cunningham, "while in the King's Arms Tavern, Dumfries, I was overheard a country gentleman talking disparagingly concerning excise-

men The poet went to a window, and on one of the panes wrote this rebuke with his diamond "—

YE men of wit and wealth, why all this sneering
'Gainst poor excisemen? give the cause a hearing;
What are your landlords' rent-rolls? taxing ledgers,
What premiers—what **even monarchs**? mighty gaugers;
Nay, what are priests, those seeming godly wise men?
What ~~are~~ they, pray, but spiritual excisemen?

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A WINDOW OF THE GLOBE TAVERN, DUMFRIES

THE graybeard, old Wisdom, may boast of his treasures
Give me with gay Folly to live;
I grant him his calm-blooded, time-seek'd pleasures,
But Folly has raptures to give.

THE SELKIRK GRACE.

THIS grace, now famous as the Selkirk grace, was an impromptu on being asked to say grace at dinner while on a visit to the Earl of Selkirk.

SOME hae meat, and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we hae meat, and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.

EPITAPH ON A SUICIDE.

EARTH'd up here lies an imp o' hell,
Planted by Satan's dibble
Poor silly wretch I **he's** damn'd himsel
To save the Lord the trouble.

TO DR. MAXWELL,

ON MISS JESSIE STAIG'S RECOVERY.

"How do you like the following epigram," says the poet, in a letter to Thomson, "which I wrote the other day on a lovely young girl's recovery from a

fever! Doctor Maxwell was the physician who seemingly saved her from the grave, and to him I address the following:—

MAXWELL, if merit here you crave,
That merit I deny;
You save fair Jessie from the grave?—
An angel could not die.

THE PARVENU.

IMPROMPTU on hearing an illiterate *parvenu* boasting in company of the great people he knew.

No more of your titled acquaintances boast,
And in what lordly circles you've been;
An insect is still but an insect at most,
Though it crawl on the head of a queen!

POETICAL INSCRIPTION

FOR AN ALTAR TO INDEPENDENCE.

THOU of an independent mind,
With soul resolved, with soul resign'd;
Prepared power's proudest frown to brave,
Who wilt not be, nor have, a slave;
Virtue alone who dost revere,
Thy own reproach alone, dost fear
Approach this shrine, and worship here.

EXTEMPORE TO MR. SYME,

ON REFUSING TO DINE WITH HIM.

JOHN SYME of Ryedale was a gentleman of education and talent, and a friend and companion of the poet's. In his invitation, Mr. Syme had promised him the best of company and the best of cookery.

Dec. 17, 1795.

No more of your guests, be they titled or not,
And cookery the first in the nation;
Who is proof to thy personal converse and wit
Is proof to all other temptation.

TO MR SYME *

WITH A PRESENT OF A DOZEN OF PORIER

JERUSALEM JAFFRA DUMFRIES

OH hail the malt thy strength of mind,
 Or hops the flavour of thy wit,
 • 'Twere drink for first of humankind
 A gift that e'en for Syme were fit.

—

INSCRIPTION ON A COFFIN

THOU'ST death in the cup sure beware!
 Nay, more there is hazard in touching,
 But who can avow the full truth?
 The man and his wine's sad bewitching!

—

THE TOAST

On being called on for a toast at a dinner given by the Dumfries Volunteers in honour of King George the Great victory on April 17. Burns gave the following cumulative toast

INSPIRED of a songster I'll give you a toast
 There's the memory of those on the twelfth that we lost!
 • That we lost, did I say? nay by Heaven that we found,
 For their fame it shall last while the world's eyes round

The next in succession, I give you 'The King'
 Whoe'er would betray him on high may he swing!
 And here's the grand finale, Our free Constitution,
 As built on the base of the great Revolution
 And long may politics not to be crumpled,
 Let Anarchy cursed, and be Tyranny dunned,
 And who would to Liberty betray a loyal
 May his son be a hangman, and he his first to slay!

—

ON THE POET'S DAUGHTER

These lines were written on the death of the poet's only daughter by
 Fern Armour

• HERE lies a rose, a budding rose,
 Blasted before its bloom
 Whose innocence did sweets disclose
 Beyond that flower's perfume.

To those who for her loss are grieved,
 This consolation's given—
 She's from a world of woe relieved,
 And blooms a rose in heaven.

ON A COUNTRY LAIRD

SIR DAVID MAXWELL of Carlouness had given Burns some cause for offence during the heat of a contested election. The poet never failed to strike hard on such occasions, and in many cases unjustly.

Bless the Redeemer, Carlouness,
 With grateful lifted eyes,
 Who said that ne the soul alone,
 But body, too, must rise;

For had He said, "The soul alone
 From death I will deliver,"
 Alas! alas! O Carlouness,
 Then thou hadst slept for ever!

THE TRUE LOYAL NATIVES.

THE origin of these lines is thus related by Cromek—"When politics ran high the poet happened to be in a tavern, and the following lines—the production of one of 'The True Loyal Natives'—were handed over the table to Burns—

'Ye sons of sedition, give ear to my song,
 Let Syme, Burns, and Maxwell, pervide every throng,
 With Cricken the attorney, and Mundell the quack,
 Send Willie the monger to hell with a smack.

The poet took out a pencil and instantly wrote this reply—"

Ye true "Loyal natives" attend to my song;
 In uproar and riot rejoice the night long,
 From envy and hatred your corps is exempt,
 But where is your shield from the darts of contempt?

EPITAPH ON ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

ROBERT AIKEN, writer, Avy, was one of the poet's most intimate friends,

Know thou, O stranger to the fame
 Of this much-loved, much-honour'd name,
 (For none that knew him need be told)
 A warmer heart Death ne'er made cold!

ON A FRIEND

The name of this friend is unknown.

AN honest man here lies at rest,
As e'er God with His image blest !
The friend of man, the friend of truth ;
The friend of age, and guide of youth ;
Few hearts like his, with virtue warin'd,
Few heads with knowledge so inform'd :
If there's another world, he lives in bliss,
If there is none, he made the best of this.

EPIGRAPH ON TAM THE CHAPMAN

The chapman of this epigraph was a Mr. Kennedy, who travelled for mercer house. The lines were written on his recovery from a severe illness.

As Tam the Chapman on a day
Wi' Death forgather'd by the way,
Weel pleased, he greets a wight sae famous,
And Death was nae less pleased wi' Thomas,
Wha cheerfully lays down the pack,
And there blows up a hearty crack ;¹
His social, friendly, honest heart
Sae tickled Death, they couldna part.
Sae after viewing knives and garters,
Death takes him hame to gie him quarters.

ON GAVIN HAMILTON

THE poor man weeps—he Gavin sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blamed ;
But with such as he, where'er he be,
May I be saved or damn'd !

ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER

HIRE souter Hood in death does sleep ;—
To hell, if he's gane thither,
Sat in, gie him thy gear² to keep,
He'll haud³ it weel thegither.

¹ Gossip.

² Wealth.

³ Hold.

ON A NOISY POLEMIC.

JAMES HUMPHREY, a working mason, a noisy polemic on all matter political and religious, was the "Jamie" of this epitaph. Within the memory of many people now living (in his latter days, he was reduced to beggary), with the view of stimulating a flow of coppers from the strangers coming and going by the Mauchline coach, he would introduce himself as Burns's "bleth'rin' bitch."

BELGOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes :
O Death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin' bitch
Into thy dark dominion !

ON WEE JOHNNY.

HIC JACET WEE JOHNNY

JOHN WILSON, the printer of the Kilmarnock edition of the poet's works,

WHOF'ER thou art, O reader, know
That Death has murder'd Johnny !
And here his body lies fu' low—
For saul he ne'er had ony.

ON A NOTED COXCOMB.

LIGHT lay the earth 'on Billy's breast,
His chicken heart so tender ;
But build a castle on his head,
His skull will prop't it under.

ON MISS JEAN SCOTT OF FOGLEFECHAN.

OH ! had each Scot of ancient times
Been, Jeannie Scott, as thou art,
The bravest heart on English ground,
Had yielded like a coward !

ON A HENPECKED COUNTRY SQUIRE.

As Father Adam first was fool'd,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled—
The devil ruled the woman.

ON THE SAME

O DEATH, hadst thou but spared his life
Whom we this day lament !
We freely wad exchanged the wife,
And been well content !

For as he is, could in his griff
The swap^t we yet will do t ,
Tak thou the carlin's* carcass aff,
Thou'se get the saul to boot

ON THE SAME

ONE Queen Artemisia, as old stories tell
When deprived of her husband she loved so well,
In respect for the love and affection he showed her,
She reduced him to dust and he drank up the powder.

But Queen Nethaplace, of a different complexion,
When called on to order the funeral direction,
Would have cut her dear lord, on a skin for picture,
Not to show her respect, but—to save the expense

JOHNNY PEEP

IN THE CITY OF LONDON, in Cumberland and Lancashire, into a room and
and a three day long I was returning receipt it is when one of the in
the city of London, in Lancashire, I was returned and I made himself at
with the strings. When the sun's new fast in sun is it was pro
I that each I could write a piece of poetry and let sit it in the table with
heater was the winter of the last verse to his house and walk again and
thither three half crown to be spent in entertainment the company. It is
necessaries to say that "Johnny Peep" was the vict

HERE am I Johnny Peep
I saw three sheep,
And these three sheep saw me,
Half a crown apiece
Will pay for their fleece,
And so Johnny Peep gets free

aching

* Carlin—a woman with an evil tongue. In olden times used with reference to a woman suspected of having dealings with the devil.

THE HENPFCKED HUSBAND.

It is said that the wife of a gentleman, at whose table the poet was one day dining, expressed herself with more freedom than propriety regarding her husband's extravagant convivial habits, a rudeness which Burns rebuked in these sharp lines —

CURSED be the man the poorest wretch in life,
The crouching vassal to the tyrant wife !
Who has no will but by her high permission ,
Who has not sixpence but in her possession ,
Who must to her his dear friend's secret tell ;
Who dreads a curtain-lecture worse than hell !
Were such the wife had fallen to my part,
I'd break her joint, or I'd break her heart ,
I'd charm her with the magic of a switch,
I'd kiss her maids, and lick the perverse bitch.

ON ANDREW TURNER

In se'enteen hunder and forty-nine,
Satan took stuff to mak a swine,
And cuist it in a corner :
But wily he changed his plan,
And shaped it something like a man,
And ca'd it Andrew Turner.

A GRACE BEFORE DINNER.

O THOU, who kindly dost provide
For every creature's want !
We bless thee, God of nature wide,
For all thy goodness lent :
And, if it please thee, heavenly Guide,
May never worse be sent ;
But, whether granted or denied,
Lord, bless us with content !—Amen.

ON MR. W. CRUTCHANK.

ONE of the masters of the High School, Edinburgh, and a well-known friend of the poet's.

HONEST Will's to heaven gane,
And mony shall lament him ;
His faults they a' in Latin lay,
In English name e'er kent them

ON WAT.

THE name of the hero of these terrible lines has not been recorded

SIC a reptile was Wat,
Sic a miscreant slave,
That the very worms damn'd him
When laid in his grave.

"In his flesh there's a famine,"
A starved reptile cries ;
"And his heart is rank poison,"
Another replies.

ON THE KIRK O' LAMINGTON, IN CLYDESDALE.

WORSHIPING in the parish church of Lamington, Burns found the weather cold, the place uncomfortable, and the sermon poor—he took his revenge on the parson, the kirk, and the elements, in the following lines :—

As could a wind as ever blew,
A colder kirk, and in't but few,
As could a minister's e'er spak,
Ye'se a be het¹ ere I come back.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER INFANT.

MY blessin's upon thy sweet wee hippie ;
My blessin's upon thy bonny ee-buc²
Thy smiles are sae like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye the dearest and dearest to me !

VERSES

¹ WRITTEN ON A PANE OF GLASS, ON THE OCCASION OF A NATIONAL
THANKSGIVING FOR A NAVAL VICTORY.

Ye hypocrites ! are these your pranks ?
To murder men, and gie God thanks !
For shame ! gie o'er—proceed no further—
God won't accept your thanks for murder³ .

¹ Warm.

² Eyebrow

EPIGRAMS, ÉPITAPHES, ETC.

I MURDER hate by field or flood,
 Though glory's name may screen us ;
 In wars at home I'll spend my blood,
 Life-giving wars of Vegus.

The deities that I adore
 Are social peace and plenty ;
 I'm better pleased to make one more
 Than be the death of twenty.

My bottle is my holy pool,
 That heals the wound, o' care and dool ;
 And pleasure is a want n' trout,
 An' ye drink it dry, ye'll find him out.

ON JOHN BUSHBY.

BUSHBY was a clever lawyer, who had crossed the poet's path in politics frequently

HIRE lies John Bushby, honest man ! -
 Cheat him, devil, gin you can.

LINES TO JOHN RANKINE

THESE lines were written by Burns while on his deathbed, and forwarded to Rankine after his death

He who of Rankine sang lies stiff and dead,
 And a green grassy hillock haps his head ;
 Alas ! alas ! a devilish change indeed !

TO MISS JESSY LEWARS.

"DURING the last illness of the poet," says Cunningham, "Mr Brown, the surgeon who attended him, came in, and stated that he had been looking at a collection of wild beasts just arrived, and pulling out the list of the animals, held it out to Jessy Lewars. The poet snatched it from him, took up a pen,

ard with red ink wrote the following on the back of the paper, saying, 'Now it is fit to be presented to a lady.'—

TALK not to me of savages
From Afric's burning sun,
No savage e'er could rend my heart
As, Jessy, thou hast done.

But Jessy's lovely hand in mine,
A mutual faith to plight,
Not even to view the heavenly choir
Would be so blest a sight.

• THE TOAST.

ON another occasion, during his illness, he took up a crystal goblet, and traced the following lines on it, and presented it to her.—

FILL me with the rosy wine,
Call a toast—a toast divine;
Give the poet's darling flame,
Lovely Jessy be the name;
Then thou mayest freely boast
Thou hast given a peerless toast.

•
ON THE SICKNESS OF MISS JESSY LEWARS

ON Miss Lewar complaining of illness in the hearing of the poet, and he would provide for the worst, and seizing another crystal goblet, he wrote as follows.—

SAY, sages, what's the charm on earth
Can turn Death's dart aside?
It is not purity and worth,
Else Jessy had not died.

•
ON THE RECOVERY OF JESSY LEWARS

ON her recovering health, the poet said, "There is a poetic reason for it," and composed the following.—

BUT rarely seen since nature's birth,
The natives of the sky;
Yet still one seraph's left on earth,
For Jessy did not die.

A BOTTLE AND AN HONEST FRIEND.

WILBERT BURNS had some doubts as to the authenticity of the following lines.—

"There's nane that's blest of humankind
But the cheerful and the gay, man.
Fal, la!, &c.

Here's a bottle and an honest friend !
What wad you wish for mair, man ?
Wha kens, before his life may end,
What his share may be of care, man ?

Then catch the moments as they fly.
And use them as ye ought, man ;
Believe me, Happiness is shy,
And comes not aye when sought, man.

GRACE AFTER DINNER

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Who madest the sea and shore,
Thy goodness constantly we prove,
And, grateful, would adore.

And if it please Thee, Power above,
Still grant us, with such store,
The friend we trust, the fair we love,
And we desire no more.

ANOTHER.

LORD, we thank thee and adore,
For temp'ral gifts we little merit ;
At present we will ask no more—
Let William Hyslop give the spirit !

THE SOULMARTYR AND COVENANT.

MR. ROBERT CARRUTHERS, of Inverness, gives the following account of these lines.—"In 'The Statistical Account of Scotland,' the minister of Balmaghie, in Galloway, quoted the epitaph on a martyr's tombstone,—a stone 'with uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,' and he added this depre-

satirical remark—'The author of which (the epitaph) no doubt supposed himself
to have been writing poetry! Burns was nettled at this unfeeling comment,
and wrote with his pencil on the page —

THE Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear ;
But sacred freedom too was theirs ,
If thou'rt a slave, indulge thy sincer





SONGS.

MY HANDSOME NELL.

Tune—"I am a man unmarried"

THE heroine of this song, Nelly Kilpatrick, was the daughter of the village blacksmith, and the poet's first partner in the labours of the harvest-field. She was the "sonsie quean" he sings of, whose "witching smile" first made his heart-strings tingle. "This song," he says, "was the first of my performances, and done at an early period of my life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity,—unacquainted and uncorrupted with the ways of a wicked world. It has many faults—but I remember I composed it in a wild enthusiasm of passion, and to this hour I never recollect it but my heart melts—my blood salutes, at the remembrance."

Oh, once I loved a bonny lass,
Ay, and I love her still,
And whilst that virtue warms my breast
I'll love my handsome Nell.
Fa, lal de ral, &c

As bonny lasses I hae seen,
And mony full as braw,
But for a modest, gracefu' men,
The like I never saw.

A bonny lass, I will confess,
Is pleasant to the ee,
But without some better qualities
She's no a lass for me.

But Nelly's looks are blithe and sweet;
And, what is best of a'—
Her reputation is complete,
And fair without a flaw.

She dresses aye sae clean and neat,
 Baith decent and genteel;
 And then there's something in her gait
 Gars ony dress look weel.

A gaudy dress and gentle air
 May slightly touch the heart;
 But it's innocence and modesty
 That polishes the dair.

'Tis this in Nelly pleases me,
 'Tis this enchants my soul!
 For absolutely in my breast
 She reigns without control

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

"These two stanzas," says the poet, "which are among the oldest of printed pieces, I composed when I was seventeen."

I DREAM'D I lay where flowers were springing;
 Gaily in the sunny beam,
 Listening to the wild birds singing
 By a falling crystal stream:
 Straight the sky grew black and dour;
 Through the woods the whirlwinds rave
 Trees with aged arms were wailing,
 O'er the swelling drumlike wave.

Such was my life's deceitful morning,
 Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
 But lang or noon, loud tempests storming
 A' my flowery bliss destroy'd.
 Though fickle Fortune has deceived me,
 (She promised fun, and perform'd but ill,)
 Of mony a joy and hope bereaved me,
 I bear a heart shall support me still.

MY NANNIE, O.

Tune "My Nannie, O"

This song has been termed the finest love-song in any language. The poet's father lived to read and admire it. The heroine of it was Agnes (*Stoutie*, Nannie) Fleming, at one time a servant with the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton. She

died unmarried at an advanced age—surely no fit destiny for one who had been the subject of such a strain.

BEHIND yon hills, where Lugar flows
'Mang moors and mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O.

The westlin wind blaws loud and shrill;
The night's baith muck and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And owre the hills to Nannie, O.

My Nannie's charming, sweet, and young,
Nae arifu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile n y Nannie, O.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonny, O:
The opening gowan,¹ wat wi' dew,
Nae puiter is than Nannie, O.

A country lad is my degree,
And few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,²
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But wail's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld guid man delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonny, O;
But I'm as blithe that bruds his pleugh,
And has na care but Nannie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heaven will sen' me, O,
Nae ither care in life have I
But live and love my Nannie, O!

O TIBBIE, I-HAE SEEN THE DAY

Tune—"Invercauld's Reel"

ISABELLA (*Scottie*, Tibbie) Stevens would appear to have considered herself a matrimonial catch, because her father was the owner of a few acres of peat moss, and not to be thrown away on a haan-un-scannum poet.

¹ Daisy.

² Wages.

O TIBBIE, I hae seen the lily
Ye wadna been sae shy,
For lack o' gear ye lightly¹ me,
But, trowth, I can na by

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak² na, but ye l by like stoure³
Ye geck⁴ at me becau⁵ e I m po⁶ r,
But fient a hair eire I

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think
Because ye hae the name o' chiel,⁴
That ye can please me at a wink
Whene'er ye like to try

But sorrow tak him that's srae mean,
Although his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy qucan,⁵
That looks srae proud and high

Although a lud were e eir srae smut,
If that he want the yellow dunt
Ye'll cast yer heid anither out,
And answer him fu' dry

Put if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fit ten to him like a birch,
Though hardly he, for sen e o' leir,
Be better than the kye

But Tibbie lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you srae nice,
The deil a ne wad spier you nane
Were ye as poor as I

There lives a lass in yonder pul,
I wadna gie her in her sark
For thee, wi' a' thy thousand' maul
Ye need na look srae hugh

• ON CRESSNOCK BANKS

Tune— If he be a Fletcher, ne t an' trim

FLIT ON BRW NIP a lily of humble parentage the hero of this song was, when the poet made her a jural e ad me the servant. Her mental attractions were in the first rank so great, that even as he sat next to her in the

¹ Slight.

² Blunt driven by the wind

³ Mock

⁴ Money

⁵ Wench

most cultivated circles of the metropolis, he confessed that she of all the women he had ever met, was the only one who would be likely to make a pleasant companion for life.

ON Cessnock banks there lives a lass,
 Could I describe her shape and mien,
 The graces of her weelfaird¹ face,
 And the glancing of her sparkling een.

She's fresher than the morning dawn,
 When rising Phoebus first is seen,
 When dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash
 That grows the cowslip braes between,
 And shoots its head above each bush ;
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

She's spotless as the flowering thorn,
 With flowers so white and leaves so green,
 When purest in the dewy morn ;
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her looks are like the sportive lamb,
 When flowery May adorns the scene,
 That wantons round its bleating dam ,
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
 That shades the mountain-side at e'en
 When flower-reviving rains are past ,
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
 When shining sunbeams intervene,
 And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush
 That sings off Cessnock banks unseen,
 While his mate sits nestling in the bush ;
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her lips are like the cherries ripe
 That sunny walls from Boreas screen—
 They tempt the taste and charm the sight ;
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

Her teeth are like a flock of sheep
 With fleeces newly washed clean,
 That slowly mount the rising steep
 And she's twa glancing, sparkling een.

¹ Well-favoured.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas ;
And she's twa glancing, sparkling een

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled queen,
But the mind that shines in every grace,
And chiefly in her sparkling een.

ANOTHER VERSION.

ON Cessnock banks a lassie dwells,
Could I describe her shape and mien ;
Our lassies a' she far excels,
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen,
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn ;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's stately, like yon youthful ash
That grows the cowslip braes between,
And drinks the stream with vigour frisk ;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

She's spotless, like the flowering thorn,
With flowers so white, and leaves so green,
When purest in the dewy morn ;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her looks are like the vernal May,
When evening Phœbus shines serene,
While birds rejoice on every spray ;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her hair is like the curling mist
That clumbs the mountain-sides at e'en
When flower-reviving rains are past ;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her forehead's like the showery bow,
When gleaming sunbeams intervene,
And gild the distant mountain's brow ;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

Her cheeks are like yon crimson gem,
The pride of all the flowery scene,
Just opening on its thorny stem,
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.

*Her teeth are like the nightly snow,
When pale the morning rises keen,
While hid the morn'ring streamlet flows;
And she's twa sparkling, roguish een.*

Her lips are like *yon* cherries ripe
That sunny walls from Boreas screen—
They tempt the taste and charm the sight;
And she's twa sparkling, *roguish* een.

Her breath is like the fragrant breeze,
That gently stirs the blossom'd bean
When Phœbus sinks behind the seas;
And she's twa sparkling, *roguish* een.

Her voice is like the evening thrush,
That sings on Cessnock's banks unseen,
While his mate sits nestling in the bush;
And she's twa sparkling, *roguish* een.

But it's not her air, her form, her face,
Though matching beauty's fabled queen,
'Tis the mind that shines in every grace;
And chiefly in her *roguish* een.

MY FATHER WAS A FARMER

Tune—"The Weaver ^{and} his Shuttle, O"

THE following song," says the poet, "is a wild rhapsody, miserably deficient in versification, but the sentiments were the genuine feelings of my heart at the time it was written."

My father was a farmer
Upon the Carrick border, O,
And carefully he bred me
In decency and order, O,
He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing, O,
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding, O.

Then out into the world
My course I did determine, O;
Though to be rich was not my wish,
Yet to be great was charming, O;
My talents they were not the worst,
Nor yet my education, O;
Resolved was I at least to try
To mend my situation, O.

In many a way, and vain essay,
 I courted Fortune's favour, O ;
 Some cause unseen still stept between
 To frustrate each endeavour, O .
 Sometimes by foes I was o'erpower'd ,
 Sometimes by friends forsaken, O ;
 And when my hope was at the top,
 I still was worst mistaken, O .

Then sore harass'd, and tired at last,
 With Fortune's vain delusion, O ,
 I dropt my schemes, like idle dreams,
 And came to this conclusion, O :
 The past was bad, and the future hid ;
 Its good or ill untried, O ;
 But the present hour was in my power,
 And so I would enjoy it, O .

No help, nor hope, nor view had I,
 Nor person to befriend me, O :
 So I must toil, and sweat, and broil,
 And labour to sustain me, O :
 To plough and sow, to reap and mow,
 My father bred me early, O ,
 For one, he said, to labour bred,
 Was a match for Fortune fairly, O

Thus all obscure, unknown, and poor,
 Through life I'm doom'd to wander, O
 Till down my weary bones I lay
 In everlasting slumber, O .
 No view nor care, but shun what'er
 Might breed me pain or sorrow, O ;
 I live to-day as well's I may,
 Regardless of to-morrow, O

But cheerful still, I am as well
 As a monarch in a palace, O ,
 Though Fortune's frown still hunts me down
 With all her wonted malice, O :
 I make indeed my daily bread,
 But ne'er can make it farther, O :
 But as daily bread is all I need,
 I do not much regard her, O .

When sometimes by my labour
 I earn a little money, O ,
 Some unforeseen misfortune
 Comes generally upon me, O :
 Mischance, mistake, or by neglect,
 Or my good-natured folly, O ;
 But come what will, I've sworn it still,
 I'll ne'er be melancholy, O .

All you who follow wealth and power
 With unremitting ardour, O,
 The more in this you look for bliss,
 You leave your view the farther, O.
 Had you the wealth Potosi boasts,
 Or nations to adore you, O,
 A cheerful, honest-hearted clown
 I will prefer before you, O !

JOHN BARLEYCORN

A BALLAD

This is modernised from an English original, well known to lovers of old ballad poetry. The original was first printed in "Jameson's Ballads." Various versions of it current over the country have been printed since.

THERE were three kings into the east,
 Three kings both great and high ;
 And they have sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
 Put clods upon his head ;
 And they have sworn a solemn oath
 John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerful spring came kindly on,
 And showers began to fall :
 John Barleycorn got up again,
 And sore surprised them all.

The sultry suns of summer came,
 And he grew thick and strong ;
 His head well arm'd with pointed spear,
 That no one should him wrong.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
 When he grew wan and pale ;
 His bending joints and drooping head
 Show'd he began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
 He faded into age ;
 And then his enemies began
 To show their deadly rage.

They've ta'en a weapon, long and sharp,
 And cut him by the knee ;
 Then tied him fast upon a cart,
 Like a rogue for forgery.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turned him o'er and o'er.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim;
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him further woe;
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro

They wasted o'er a scorching flame
The marrow of his bones,
But a miller used him worst of all --
He crush'd him 'tween two stones.

And they hae ta'en his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round,
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise;
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
I'll heighten all his joy;
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Though the tear were in her eye

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand,
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY

Laird "Gala Water"

"MONTGOMERY'S PEGGY," says Burns, "who had been bred in a style of life rather elegant, was my dairy for six or eight months." She was a servant in the house of Mr. Montgomery of Colshield. Her charms would appear from his correspondence to have made a considerable impression on the susceptible poet.

ALTHOUGH my bed were in yon muir,
Amang the heather, in my plaidie,

Yet happy, happy would I be,
 Had I my dear Montgomery's Peggy

When o'er the hill beat sultry storm,
 And winter nights were dark and rainy,
 I'd seek some dell, and in my arms
 I'd shelter dear Montgomery's Peggy

Were I a baron proud and high,
 And horse and servants waiting ready,
 Then a' 'twad gie o' joy to me,
 The sharin' wi' Montgomery's Peggy.

MARY MORISON

Tune—"Bide ye yet"

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
 Those smiles and glances let me see
 That make the miser's treasure poor :
 How blithely wad I bide the stour,
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string,
 The dance gaed through the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing—
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
 Though this wae fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said, amang them a',
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, cunst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?
 Or cunst thou break that heart of his
 Whase only fruit is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown ;
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

THE RIGS O' BARLEY

Tune—"Corn Rigs are Bonny."

It was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonny,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa' to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
'Till, 'tween the late and early,
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed
To see me through the barley.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly,
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley.
I kent her heart was a' my ain,
I loved her most sincerely.
I kis'd her owie and owie again,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace!
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly,
She ave shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

I hae been blithe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin'!
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;
I hae been happy thinkin'.
But o' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Though three times doubled fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

Corn rigs, and barley rigs,
And corn rigs are bonny:
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,
Amang the rigs wi' Annie.

PTGGY

Tune—"I had a horse, I had nae mair."

Now western winds and laughter ring
Bring autumn's pleasant weather,
The moorcock springs, on whirling wings,
Amang the blooming heather.

Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
 Delights the weary farmer ;
 And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
 To muse upon my charmer.

The partridge loves the fruitful felis ;
 The plover loves the mountains ;
 The woodcock haunts the lonely dells ;
 The sooting hern the fountains :
 Through lofty groves the cushat¹ loves,
 The path of man to shun it ,
 The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
 The spreading thorn the linnet.

Thus every kind their pleasure find,
 The savage and the tender ;
 Some social join, and lions combine ;
 Some solitary wander ,
 Avaunt, away ! the cruel sway,
 Tyrannic man's dominion ;
 The sportsman's joy, the murdering cat,
 The fluttering, gory pimon !

But Peggy dear, the evening's clear
 Thick flies the skimming swallow ;
 The sky is blue, the fields in view,
 All fading green and yellow :
 Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
 And view the charms of nature ;
 The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
 And every happy creature.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
 Till the silent moon shine clearly ;
 I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
 Swear how I love thee dearly :
 Not vernal showers to budding flowers,
 Not autumn to the farmer,
 So dear can be as thou to me,
 My fair, my lovely charmer !

GREEN GROW THE RASHES, O !

Tune "Green grow the rashes."

THIS is an improvement on an old Scotch song of much spirit, but more, broad
 than it need be.

GREEN grow the rashes, O !
 Green grow the rashes, O !

¹ Wood-pigeon.

The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,
Are spent among the lasses, O!

There's naught but care on every han,
In every hour that passes, O;
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O?

The waul'ly race may riches chase,
And riches still may fly them, O;
And though at last they catch them fast,
Then hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O

But gie me a canny¹ hom at een,
My arms about my dearie O,
And waul'ly care, and waul'ly men,
May a' gae tapsalturne,² O.

For you sae douce,³ ye sweet as thou,
Ye're naught but senseless as a stone;
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw
He dearly loved the lasses, O.

Auld Nature swears the lovely deans
Her noblest work she classes, O;
Her 'prentice hand she tried on man,
And then she made the lasses, O.

THE CURE FOR ALL CARE

• *Tune* - "Prepare, my dear brethren, to the tavern let's fly

No churchman am I for to tail and to wite,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare -
For a big-bellied bottle² the whole of my care

The peer I don't envy, I give laugh and bow,
I scorn not the peasant, though ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory an' care

Here passes the squab on his brother's horse;
There centum per centum, the cat with his mouse,
But see yon the crown, how it waves in the air!
There a big-bellied bottle still eases my care

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die,
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon provèd it fair,
That a big-bellied bottle's a cure for all care

¹ Happy, lucky—quiet

² Top-sy-turvy

³ Grav
V

I once was persuaded a venture to make ;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck ;—
But 'he pursy old landlord just waddl'd up stairs
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

"Life's cares they are comforts,"— a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown ;
And faith, I agree with the old prig, to a hair ;
For a big-bellied bottle's a heaven of a care.

ADDED IN A MASON LODGE.

Then fill up a bumper, and make it o'erflow,
And honours masonic prepare for to throw ;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-bellied bottle when harass'd with care !

MY JEAN¹

Tune—"The Northern Lass "

"The heroine of this sweet snatch," says Cunningham, "was bonny Jean. It was composed when the poet contemplated the West India voyage, and an eternal separation from the land and all that was dear to him."

THOUGH cruel fate should bid us part,
Far as the pole and line,
Her dear idea round my heart
Should tenderly entwine.
Though mountains rise, and deserts howl,
And oceans roar between ;
Yet, dearer than my deathless soul,
I still would love my Jean.

A FRAGMENT.

Tune—"John Anderson my jo "

ONE night as I did wander,
When corn begins to shoot,
I sat me down to ponder
Upon an auld tree root :
Auld Ayr ran by before me,
And bicker'd¹ to the seas ;
A cushat croodled² o'er me,
That echo'd through the braes.

¹ Raced leapingly

² Wood-pig-ron cooed.

WHEN CLOUDS IN SKIES DO COME TOGETHER.

"THE following," says the poet in his *Commonplace Book*, "was an extempore effusion, composed under a train of misfortunes which threatened to undo me altogether."

WHEN clouds in skies do come together
To hide the brightness of the sun,
There will surely be some pleasant weather
When a' their storms are past and gone.

Though fickle Fortune has deceived me,
She promised fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mistress, friends, and wealth bereaved me,
Yet I bear a heart shall support me still.

I'll act with prudence, as far's I'm able;
But if success I must never find,
Then come, Misfortune, I bid thee welcome,
I'll meet thee with an undaunted mind.

ROBIN

Tune—"Dainty Davie"

It is related that when the poet's father rode to Ayr to fetch a doctor, at a rivulet which proved to be in flood he found a gipsy woman sitting on the further side, being unable to get across. Notwithstanding the urgency of his errand, he conveyed her across the stream. On returning home, he found her sitting at the fireside, shortly after the birth of the child, on his being placed in the arms of the gipsy, she gave vent to the predictions which the poet has introduced so happily into the song.

THERE was a lad was born in Kyle,
But wha'na day o' wha'na style,
I doubt it's hardly worth the while
To be sae nice wi' Robin.
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin', rantin' rovin';
Robin was a rovin' boy,
Rantin' rovin' Robin!

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five and twenty days begun,
'Twas then a blast o' Januar win'
Blew hansom in on Robin.

The gossip keekit¹ in his loof,²
Quo' she, wha lives will see the proof,
This waly³ boy will be nae coof⁴—
I think we'll ca' hun Robin.

¹ Looked.² Palm.³ Goodly.⁴ Fool

They have misfortunes great and more,
 But ay, a heart aboon them a',
 He'll be a credit till us a',
 We'll a' be proud o' Kolbin.
 But, sure as three times three mak' nine,
 I see, by illa score and line,
 This chap will dearly like our law,
 So he'll be a' on thee, Kolbin.
 Grand fault, quo' they, I doubt ye' e' mair
 Lie the my lasses lie a' pair,
 But twa rev faults ye may hae wair,
 So bles me' on thee, Kolbin !

THE KISS FORTUNE.

(C) KISSING, Fortune's wilkin' blast
 Has laid my leaf full low, (C) !
 (C) Tearing Fortune's willie blast
 Has laid my leaf full low, (C) !
 My stem was true, my bud was true,
 My blossoms sweet I'd blow, (C) !
 The dew fell fresh, the sun rose mair,
 And made my branches grow, (C) !
 But the leaf is Fortune's wilkin' blast
 Laid e' my blossoms low, (C) !
 But the leaf is Fortune's wilkin' blast
 Laid e' my blossoms low, (C) !

TRY, MARY, MARY, TRY.

"I was"—"I had a horse, I had an air,"
 When first I came to Stewart Kyle,
 My mind it was na' steady;
 We hee'er I gaed, whither I wad,
 A mither's still I had ay,
 That when I came round by Mauchline town,
 Not dreading ony booby,
 My heart was canny, before I thought,
 And by a Mauchline lady,*

A term of endearment

* Jean Armour.

THE BRAES O' BALLOCHMYLE

Tune. "Braes o' Ballochmyle."

This song was composed when Sir John Whiteford and his family were forced out with the family estate, Ballochmyle. Maria was the name of the eldest daughter.

THE Catrine woods were yellow seen,
 The flowers decay'd on Catrine lea,
 Nae laverock¹ sang on hillock green
 But nature sickn'd on the ec
 Through faded groves Maria sang,
 Hersel in heart's bloom the while,
 And aye the wild-wood echoes rang,
 Fareweel the braes o' Ballochmyle !

Low in your wintry beds, ye flowers,
 Again ye'll flourish fresh and fair,
 Ye birdies dumb, in withering bowers,
 Again ye'll charm the vocal air
 But here, alas ! for me nae man
 Shall bid ye charm or floweret smile
 Fareweel the bonny banks of Ayr,
 Fareweel, fareweel ! sweet Ballochmyle !

YOUNG PEGGY

Tune. "The last time I can o'er the muir."

The heroine of this song was the daughter of a small landed proprietor in the poet's neighbourhood. Her wit and beauty had so moved him, that he wrote the song and sent it to her, with a complimentary letter.

YOUNG Peggy blooms our looniest lase,
 Her blush is like the morning,
 The rosy dawn the springing grass
 With pearly gems adorning;
 Her eyes outshine the radest beams
 That gild the passing shower,
 And glitter o'er the crystal streams,
 And cheer each freshening flower.

Her lips more than the cherries bright,
 A richer dye has graced them,
 They charm th' admiring gazer's sight,
 And sweetly tempt to taste them;
 Her smile is like the evening mild,
 When feather'd tribes are courting,
 And little lamhkins wanton wild
 In playful bands disporting.

¹ Lark

Were Fortune lovely Peggy's foe,
 Such sweetness would relent her;
 As blooming Spring unbends the brow
 Of surly, savage Winter.
 Detraction's eye no aim can gain,
 Her winning powers to lessen;
 And spiteful Envy grins in vain,
 The poison'd tooth to fasten.

Ye Powers of Honour, Love, and Truth
 From every ill defend her;
 Inspire the highly-favour'd youth
 The destinies intend her;
 Still fan the sweet connubial flame,
 Responsive in each bosom;
 And bless the dear parental name
 With many a filial blossom.

THE RANTIN' DOG THE DADDIE O'T

Tune "Fast nank o' Fife"

THE subject of this fine and humorous ditty was a girl of the name of Elizabeth Paton, a servant in her mother's house. She was the mother of the child he addressed as—"My soustie, smirking, dear-bought Bess." "I composed it," says the poet, "pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at the time under a cloud."

Oh wha my babie-clouts¹ will buy?
 Oh wha will tent² me when I cry?
 Wha will kiss me where I lie?—
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Oh wha will own he did the faut?
 Oh wha will buy the groann' munt?³
 Oh wha will tell me how to ca't?—
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't

When I mount the creepie-chan,
 Wha will sit beside me there?
 Gie me Rob, I'll seek nae mair,
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lané?
 Wha will mak me fidgin-fan?⁴
 Wha will kiss me o'er again?—
 The rantin' dog the daddie o't.

¹ Baby-clothes

² Heed.

³ The ale to drink a welcome to the birth of the child.

⁴ Fidget with delight.

* The stool of repentance, on which culprits formerly sat on the day they did public penance, and were rebuked in the church

MENIE * ' 1

Tune—"Johnny's Gray Brecks."

THE chorus of the following was borrowed from a song composed by another hand

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
 Her robe assume its vernal hues,
 Her leafy locks wave in the breeze,
 All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

And maun I still on Menie dote,
 And bear the scorn that's in her ee?
 For it's jet, jet black, and it's like a hawk,
 And it winna let a body be!

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
 In vain to me the violets spring;
 In vain to me, in glen or shaw,¹
 The mavis and the lintwhite sing.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
 Wi' joy the tentie² seedsman stalks,
 But life to me's a weary dream,
 A dream of ane that never wauks.³

The wanton coot the water skims,
 Among the reeds the ducklings cry
 The stately swan majestic swims,
 And everything is blest but I.

The shepherd steeks⁴ his faulding slap,⁵
 And owre the moorlands whistles shrill
 Wi' wild, unequal, wandering step,
 I meet him on the dewy hill.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
 Blithe waukens by the daisy's side,
 And mounts and sings on fluttering wings,
 A woe-worn ghast I hamewa'd glide.

Come, Winter, with thine angry howl,
 And raging bend the naked tree;
 Thy gloom will soothe my cheerless soul,
 When nature all is sad like me!

¹ Wood
² Heedful.

³ Wakes
⁴ Shuts

⁵ Gate.

* Vernacular for Marianne.

THERE WAS A LASS

Tune "Duncan Davison"⁶

THERE was a lass, they ca'd her Meg,
 And she held o'er the moon to spin,
 There was a lad that follow'd her,
 They ca'd him Duncan Davison
 The moon was dreigh,¹ and Meg was skeigh,²
 'Tie favour Duncan couldna win,
 For wi' the rock she wad him knock,
 And aye she shook the temper-pin

As o'er the moor they lightly foot,³
 A burn was clear, a glen was green,
 Upon the banks they ca'd them shanks,
 And aye she set the wael between.
 But Duncan swore a haly aith,
 That Meg should be a bride the morn,
 Then Meg took up her spinnin' gnaith,⁴
 And flang them a' out o'er the burn

We'll big a house a wee, wee house,
 And we will live like king and queen,
 Sae blithe and merry we will be
 When ye set by the wheel at e'en
 A man may drink and no be drunk,
 A man may fight and no be slain;
 A man may kiss a bonny lass,
 And aye be welcome back again

AFION WATIER

Tune "The Yellow-bird Lullie"

THERE is some doubt as to who was the bearer of this fine song. Cumrie and Cunningham join in saying that the song was written in honor of Mrs. Dundas of Afion House, while Gilbert Burns, who was not likely to err, attests that he has heard his brother say that it was a tribute to his dearly-loved Highland Mary.

Flow gently, sweet Afion, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise,
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream —
 Flow gently, sweet Afion, disturb not her dream.
 Thou stock-dove, whose echo resounds through the glen,
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
 Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear —
 I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

¹ Tedious.² High minded.³ Went.⁴ Tackle.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,
 Fair mark'd with the courses of clear winding rills;
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below
 Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow,
 There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
 The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
 As gathering sweet flowerets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays,
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream -
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream!

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE

tune - "The deuks dang o'er my duddy"

"The," says the poet, "was a composition of mine before I was at all known in the world. My Highland Lasse [Mary] was a warm-hearted, charming young creature is ever blest to run with generous love." For an account of Highland Mary, see the introductory note to the verses entitled, "To Mary in Heaven." Years after Highland Mary was dead, her mother who greatly admired this song, sang it to her grandchildren.

Not gentle* dames, though e'er so fine,
 Shall ever be my Muse's mine;
 'Then title's a' an empty show;
 Give me my Highland Lassie, O.

Within the glen sae lushy, O,
 Aboon the plains sae rushy, O,
 I set me down wi' right good will,
 To sing my Highland Lassie, O.

Oh, were you hills and valleys mine,
 Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
 The world then the love should know
 I bear my Highland Lassie, O.

But fickle Fortune frowns on me,
 And I must cross the raging sea!
 But while my crimson currents flow,
 I'll love my Highland Lassie, O.

* Gentle is used here in opposition to simple, in the Scottish and old English sense of the word. - *Nae gentle dames* - no high blooded dames. - CURRIE

Although through foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honour's glow,
My faithful Highland Lassie, O.

For her I'll dare the billows' roar,
For her I'll trace the distant shore,
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland Lassie, O.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By sacred truth and honour's band !
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland Lassie, O.

Fareweel the glen sae bushy, O !
Fareweel the plain sae rushy, O !
'To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland Lassie, O !

MARY

June "Blue Bonnets"

AMONG the poet's papers after his death, a copy of the following lines was found inscribed, "A Prayer for Mary." The Mary here alluded to was Highland Mary. The lines were written when the poet was thinking of emigrating.

POWERS celestial ! whose protection
Ever guards the virtuous fair,
While in distant climes I wander,
Let my Mary be your care ;
Let her foun sae fair and faultless,
Fair and faultless as your own,
Let my Mary's kindred spirit
Draw your choicest influence down.

Make the gales you waft around her
Soft and peaceful as her breast ;
Breathing in the breeze that fans her,
Soothe her bosom into rest.
Guardian angels ! oh, protect her,
When in distant lands I roam ;
'To realms unknown while fate exiles me,
Make her bosom still my home !

•WILL YE GO TO THE INDIES, MY MARY?

"IN my very early years," says the poet, in a letter to Mr. Thomson in 1792, "when I was thinking of going to the West Indies, I took the following farewell of a dear girl [Highland Mary]:"—

WILL ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore?
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
Across the Atlantic's roar?

Oh, sweet grow the lime and the orange,
And the apple on the pine;
But a' the charms o' the Indies
Can never equal thine.

I hae sworn by the Heavens to my Mary,
I hae sworn by the Heavens to be true;
And sae may the Heavens forget me
When I forget my vow!

Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
And plight me your hily-white hand;
Oh, plight me your faith, my Mary,
Before I leave Scotia's strand.

We hae plighted our troth, my Mary,
In mutual affection to join;
And curst be the cause that shall part us!
The hour and the moment o' time!

ELIZA

Tune—"Gilderoy."

THE heroine of this song was one of "The Six Belles of Mauchline," Miss Betty Miller. The love here was purely poetical, the mere association of a name with the sentiments proper to love.

FROM thee, Eliza, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us thro'
A boundless ocean's roar;
But boundless oceans roaring wild
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee!

Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
The latest throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

A FAREWELL TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,
'TORBOLION'

Tune - "Good night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

THE following lines were spoken to "The Brethren," by the poet, while on the eve of his intended emigration. The person specially alluded to in this last verse was the Master of the Lodge, Major-General James Montgomery.

Adieu! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the mystic tie!
Ye favour'd, ye enlighten'd few,
Companions of my social joy!
Though I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's shiddy ba',¹
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, though far awa'.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the cheerful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the sons of light.
And, by that hieroglyphic, bright,
Which none but craftsmen ever saw!
Strong Memory on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa'!

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the grand design,
Beneath the Omniscient eye above,
The glorious Architect Divine!
That you may keep the marning line,
Still rising by the plummet's law,
Till order light completely shine,
Shall be my prayer when far awa'.

And you, farewell! whose merit claim,
Justly, that highest badge to wear!
Heaven bless your honour'd, noble name,
To masonry and Scotia dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One round—I ask it with a tear—
To him, the Bard that's far awa'.

THE SONS OF OLD KILBIE

Tune "Shaw-bay."

WRITTEN after visiting the Kilburnock Masonic Lodge. The Willie of the song was William Parker, a Kilburnock book agent, whose name figured in the subscription list of the first edition of the poet's works for thirty copies.

¹ Slippery ball.

Ye sons of old Killic, assembled by Willie,
 To follow the noble vocation ;
 Your thrifty old mother has scarce such another
 To sit in that honoured station.
 I've little to say, but only to pray,
 As prayin'g's the *law* of your fashion ;
 A prayer from the Muse you well may excuse,
 'Tis schilom her favourite passion.

Ye powers who preside o'er the wind and the tide,
 Who marked each element's border ;
 Who formed this frame with beneficent aim,
 Whose sovereign statute is order ;
 Within this dear mansion my wayward Contention
 Or wither'd Envy ne'er enter ;
 My Sectary round be the mystical bound,
 And Brotherly Love be the centre !

SONG

ON THE CHARACTER OF A RUINED FAVOURITE

Lane — Go from my window, love, do "

"By the liberality of Mr. Dick, bookseller, Ann's says Mr. Robert Chalmers in his edition of the poet's works, "the present proprietor of a manuscript of ten leaves, in Turner's hand-writing, and which was formerly in the possession of Miss General Stewart of Strim, were enabled to give the following song, which has not hitherto seen the light." (It is uncommonly lax in versification.)

THE sun he is sunk in the west,
 All creatures retired to rest,
 While here I sit — O sore heart !
 With sorrow, grief, and woe,
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

The prosperous man is a leop
 Nor hears how the whirlwind sweep,
 But M says and I must watch
 The surly tempest blow.
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

There lies the dear paragon of my breast,
 Her cares for a moment at rest ;
 Must I see thee, my youthful pride,
 Thus brought so very low !
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

There lie my sweet babies in her arms,
 No anxious fear their little heart alarms.

But for their sake my heart doth ache,
 With many a bitter throe :
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

I once was by Fortune carest,
 I once could relieve the distrest :
 Now, life's poor support hardly earn'd,
 My fate will scarce bestow :
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

No comfort, no comfort I have !
 How welcome to me were the grave !
 But then my wife and children dear,
 O whither would they go ?
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

O whither, O whither shall I turn !
 All friendless, forsaken, forlorn !
 For in this world Rest or Peace
 I never more shall know !
 And it's O, fickle Fortune, O !

THE LASS OF BALLOCHMYLE.

Tune—"Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff"

WANDERER, in the grounds adjoining Ballochmyle House, Burns encountered Miss Alexander, the sister of Mr. Claud Alexander, a retired East India Officer, who had purchased the estate from Sir John Whitefoord, whose departure he has lamented in "The Braes of Ballochmyle," page 309. On composing the song he sent it to Miss Alexander with the following note, "I had roved out, as chance directed, in the favourite haunts of my Muse on the banks of the Ayr, to view nature in all the gaiety of the vernal year. The evening sun was flaming over the distant western hills: not a breath stirred the crimson opening blossom, or the verdant spreading leaf. It was a golden moment for a poetic heart. Such was the scene and such was the hour—when, in a corner of my prospect, I spied one of the fairest pieces of nature's workmanship that ever crowned a poetic landscape or met a poet's eye. The enclosed song was the work of my return home, and perhaps it but poorly answers what might have been expected from such a scene." Much to his annoyance she took no notice of it, the poet being very possibly at the time unknown to her, having only just come to the neighbourhood. She lived to be proud of the honour done her, dying unmarried in 1843, at the age of eighty-eight.

'Twas even—the dewy fields were green,
 On every blade the pearls hang,
 The zephyrs wanton'd round the heath,
 And bore its fragrant sweets along :
 In every glen the mavis sang,
 All nature listening seem'd the while,
 Except where greenwood echoes rang,
 Among the braes o' Ballochmyle.

With careless step I onward stray'd,
 My heart rejoiced in Nature's joy,
 When musing in a lonely glade,
 A maiden fair I chanced to spy;
 Her look was like the morning's eye,
 Her air like Nature's vernal smile,
 Perfection whisper'd, passing by,
 Behold the lass o' Ballochmyle!

Fair is the morn in flowery May,
 And sweet is night in autumn mild;
 When roving through the garden gay,
 Or wandering in the lonely wild:
 But woman, Nature's darling child!
 There all her charms she does compile;
 Even there her other works are foil'd
 By the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle.

Oh! had she been a country maid,
 And I the happy country swain,
 Though shelter'd in the lowest shed
 That ever rose on Scotland's plain:
 Through weary winter's wind and rain,
 With joy, with rapture, I would toil;
 And nightly to my bosom strain
 The bonny lass o' Ballochmyle!

Then pride might climb the slippery steep,
 Where fame and honours lofty shine;
 And thirst of gold might tempt the deep,
 Or downward seek the Indian mine;
 Give me the cot below the pine,
 To tend the flocks, or till the soil,
 And every day have joys divine
 With the bonny lass o' Ballochmyle

— — —

THE BONNY BANKS OF AYR.

Tune—"Roslin Castle"

THE gloomy night is gathering fast,
 Loud roars the wild inconstant blast;
 Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
 I see it driving o'er the plain;
 The hunter now has left the moor,
 The scatter'd coveys meet secure;
 While here I wander, prest with care
 Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn moun's her ripening corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly.
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave --
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonny banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear!
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierced with many a wound
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonny banks of Ayr.

Farewell old Galloway's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those --
The bursting tears my heart declare;
Farewell the bonny banks of Ayr!

THE BANKS OF DOON.

FIRST VERSION.

This song illustrates a genuine experience. The heroine, a lovely and accomplished woman, the daughter of a gentleman of some fortune in Ayrshire, was deserted by her lover, the son of a wealthy landed proprietor, after she had borne a son to him. A second version follows this.

Ye flowery bank, o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair,
How can ye chant, ye little bird,
And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonny bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou murmur'st o' the happy days
When my false love was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonny bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonny Doon,
To see the woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' hightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae off its thorny tree;
And my fause luvet staw'd the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

SECOND VERSION.

Tune — "Caledonian Hunt's Delight"

YE banks and braes o' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fit o' care!
Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed—never to return!

Oft hae I roved by bonny Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' hightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause luvet stole my rose,
But, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

THE AMERICAN WAR

A FRAGMENT

Tune — "Killiecrankie"

WHEN Guildford good our pilot stood,
And did our helin thrav,¹ man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within America, man;
Then up they gat the mskins'-pat,²
And in the sea did jaw,<³ man;

¹ Stole.

² Turn

³ Tea-pot.

⁴ Flow.

¹ The English Government having imposed a duty on all teas introduced into America the passions of the people rose to fever-heat; and when some East India ships landed at Boston with cargoes of tea, the ships were boarded by force, and the tea-chests tossed into the sea.

And did nae less, in full Congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

Then through the lakes Montgomery* takes,
I wat he wasna slaw, man!
Down Lowrie's burn† he took a turn
And Carleton did ca', man:
But yet, what-reek, he, at Quebec,
Montgomery-like‡ did fa', man:
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

Poor Tammy Gage, within a cage,
Was kept at Boston ha', man;§
Till Willie Howe took o'er the knowe
For Philadelphia, man;
Wi' word and gun he thought a sin
Guid Christian blund to draw, man;
But at New York, wi' knife and fork,
Sir-loin he hackèd sma', man.||

Burgoyne gaed up, like spur and whip,
Till Fraser brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In Saratoga shaw,¹ man.¶
Cornwallis fought as long's he dought,²
And did the buckskins claw, man;
But Clinton's glaive frae rust to save,
He hung it to the wa', man.

Then Montague, and Guildford too,
Began to fear a fa', man;
And Sackville dure,³ wha stood the stouic,⁴
The German chief to thraw,⁵ man;
For Paddy Burke, likè ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
And Charlie Fox turew by the box,
And loosed his tinkler jaw,^{**} man.

Then Rockingham took up the game,
Till death did on him ca', man;

¹ Wood.

² Could.

³ Stubborn.

⁴ Dust.

⁵ Thrawt.

* General Montgomery invaded Canada in 1775, and took Montreal, the British general, Sir Guy Carleton, retiring before him.

† The St. Lawrence.

‡ A compliment to the Montgomeries of Collisfield.

§ An allusion to General Gage's being besieged in Boston by General Washington.

|| Alluding to an inroad made by Howe, when a large number of cattle was destroyed.

¶ An allusion to the surrender of General Burgoyne's army at Saratoga.

** Free-spoken tongue. Tinklers are proverbial for their gift of speech.

When Shelburne meek held up his cheek,
 Conform to gospel law, man;
 Saint Stephen's boys wi' jairing noise,
 They did his measures thrav, man,
 For North and Fox united stocks,
 And bore him to the wa', man.

Then clubs and hearts were Charlie's cartes,
 He swept the stakes awa', man,
 Till the diamond's ace, of Indian race,
 Led him a sair *faux pas*, man;
 The Saxon lady, wi' loud placard,¹
 'On Chatham's boy did ca', man;
 And Scotland drew her pipe, and blew,
 "Up, Willie, waur² them a', man!"

Behind the Throne then Glenville's gone,
 A secret word or twa, man;
 While ssee Dundas aroused the class
 Be-north the Roman wa', man;
 And Chatham's wraith,³ in heavenly graith,
 (Inspired Bardies saw, man,)
 Wi' kindling eyes cried, "Willie, rise!"
 "Would I hae fear'd them a', man?"

But, word and blow, North, Fox, and Co.,
 Gowff'd⁴ Willie like a ba', man,
 Till Suthrons raise, and coost⁵ their claes
 Behind him in a raw, man;
 And Caledon threw by the drone,
 And did her whittle⁶ draw, man;
 And swoot fu' rude, through dirt and bluid,
 To make it guid in law, man.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Tune—"The Birks of Aberfeldy."

THESE lines were composed by the poet after visiting the falls of Moness, near Aberfeldy, in Perthshire.

BONNY lassie, will ye go,
 Will ye go, will ye go,
 Bonny lassie, will ye go
 To the Birks⁷ of Aberfeldy?

¹ Cheers,
² Beat.
³ Ghost.

⁴ Knocked him about. The phrase properly refers to the game of golf.

⁵ Doffed.
⁶ Knife.
⁷ Birches—Birch wood.

⁸ * An allusion to the India Bill, which threw Fox out of office in December 1783.

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
 And o'er the crystal streamlet plays;
 Come, let us spend the lightsome days
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazel's hung,
 The little birdies blithely sing,
 Or lightly flit on wanton wing
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend, like lofty wa's,
 The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
 O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,¹
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
 White o'er the lums the burnie pouts,
 And rising, weets wi' misty showers
 The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at random flee,
 They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
 Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
 In the birks of Aberfeldy.

THE BONNY LASS OF ALBANY.

Tune—"Man's Dream"

"The following song," says Chambers, "is printed from a manuscript book in Burns's hand-writing, in the possession of Mr B. Nightingale of London." The heroine was the natural daughter of Prince Charles Edward, by Clementina Walkinshaw, a lady with whom he lived for many years. She was legitimized by an enactment of the parliament of Paris in 1787, under the title of the Duchess of Albany.

My heart is wild, and unco wae,²
 To think upon the raging sea
 That roars between her gardens green
 And the bonny Lass of Albany.

This lovely maid's of royal blood
 That ruled Albion's kingdoms three,
 But oh, alas! for her bonny face,
 They've wrang'd the Lass of Albany.

In the rolling tide of spreading Clyde
 There sits an isle of high degree,
 And a town of fame whose princely name
 Should grace the Lass of Albany.

¹ Woods.

² Sad.

But there's a youth, a witless youth,
That fills the place where ~~he~~ should be;
We'll send him o'er to his native shore,
And bring our ain sweet Albany.

Alas the day, and woe the day,
A false usurper wan the gre¹
Who now commands the towers and lands—
The royal right of Albany.

We'll daily pray, we'll nightly pray,
On bended knees most fervently,
The time may come, with pipe and drum,
We'll welcome hame fan Albany

LADY ONLIE

Tune—"Kiffin's Rant"

This is an old song improved by Burns for the *Museum*

A' the lad's o' Thornbank,
When they gae to the shore o' Bucky,²
They'll step in and tak a pint
Wi' Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!³

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gund ale at shore o' Bucky,
I wish her sale for her gund ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

Her house sae bien,⁴ her curch⁵ sae clean,
I wat she is a dainty chucky;⁶
And cheerlie blinks the ungle-bleed⁶
Of Lady Onlie, honest Lucky!

Lady Onlie, honest Lucky,
Brews gund ale at shore o' Bucky;
I wish her sale for her gund ale,
The best on a' the shore o' Bucky.

BLITHE WAS SHE.

Tune—"Andrew and his Cutty Gun."

The poet met the heroine of this song at the house of Sir William Murray of Ochertyre. She was a Miss Euphemia Murray of Lantrose, known throughout

¹ Superiority
² Buckhaven

³ Goodwife
⁴ Comfortable

⁵ Kerchief—⁶ covering
ing for the head
⁶ The fireside blaze

her native district as "The Flower of Strathmore" She married Mr. Smythe of Methven, one of the judges of the Court of Session

BLITHE, blithe, and merry 'vas she,
Blithe was she but and ben :¹
Blithe by the banks of Earn,
And blithe in Glentworth glen.

By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw ;²
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.

Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a simmer moon ;
She tripped by the banks of Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.

Her bonny face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lea ;
The evening sun was ne'er sac sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the Lowlands I hae been
But Phemie was the blithe-t lass
That ever trod the dewy green.

BONNY DUNDEE.

Tune—"Bonny Dundee"

BURNS is only answerable for the second verse of the following.

Oh, where did ye get that hauer³-meal haanock ?
Oh, silly blind body, oh, dinna ye see ?
I gat it frae a brisk young sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonny Dundee.
Oh, gin I saw the laddie that gae me't !
Aft has hedoddled⁴ me upon his knee ;
May Heaven protect my bonny Scots laddie,
And send him safe hame to his bairn and me !

My blessin's upon thy sweet wee lippie,
My blessin's upon thy bonny eebree !
Thy smiles are sac like my blithe sodger laddie,
Thou's aye be dearer and dearer to me !

¹ In kitchen and parlour
² Birchen-woods.

³ Oat
⁴ Dandled

But I'll big a bower on yon bonny banks,
Where Tay rins wimplin' by, sae clear;
And I'll clead thee in the tartan sae fine,
And mak thee a man like thy daddie dear

THE JOYFUL WIDOWER.

Tune—"Maggy Lauder."

I MARRIED with a scolding wife,
The fourteenth of November;
She made me weary of my life
By one unruly member.
Long did I bear the heavy yoke,
And many griefs attended,
But, to my comfort he it spoke,
Now, now her life is ended.

We lived full one-and-twenty years
As man and wife together;
At length from me her course she steer'd,
And's gone I know not whither;
Would I could guess, I do profess,
I speak, and do not flatter,
Of all the women in the world,
I never could come at her.

Her body is bestow'd well,
A handsome grave does hide her;
But sure her soul is not in hell,
The devil could ne'er abide her.
I rather think she is aloft,
And imitating thunder;
For why, methinks I hear her voice
Tearing the clouds asunder.

A ROSEBUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

Tune—"The Roseland"

THE heroine of the following song was Miss Crunkshank, daughter of the poet's friend, Mr. Crunkshank, 30 St James Square, Edinburgh. A poem addressed to her will be found at page 143

A ROSEBUD by my early walk,
Adown a corn-en-closed hawk,¹

¹ An open space in a cornfield

Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
 All on a dewy morning
 Ere twice the shades o' dawn awa' fled,
 In a' its crimson glory spread,
 And drooping rich the dewy head,
 It scents the early morning

Within the bush, her covert nest
 A little linnet fondly prest,
 The dew sat chilly on her breast
 Sae early in the morning.
 She soon shall see her tender blood
 The pride, the pleasure o' the wood,
 Among the fresh green leaves bedew'd,
 Awake the early morning

So thou, dear bird, young Jenny fan!
 On trembling string, or vocal an,
 Shall sweetly pay the tender care
 That tends thy early morning
 So thou, sweet rosebud, young and gay,
 Shalt beauteous blaze upon the day,
 And bless the parent's evening ray
 That watch'd thy early morning.

BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

Tune "Neil Gow's Lamentation for Abercromby"

The two following songs were written in praise of Miss Margaret Chalmers, a relative of the poet's friend, Mr Gavin Hamilton

WHERE, braving angry Winter's storms,
 The lofty Ochils rise,
 Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
 First blest my wondering eyes;
 As one who by some savage stream
 A lonely gem surveys,
 Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
 With wit's most polish'd blaze

Blest be the wild sequester'd shade,
 And blest the day and hour,
 Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
 When first I felt their power!
 The tyrant Death, with grim control,
 May seize my fleeting breath,
 But tearing Peggy from my soul
 Must be a stronger death.

MY PEGGY'S FACE.

Tune—"My Peggy's Face."

MY Peggy's face, my Peggy's form,
 The frost of heinit age might warm;
 My Peggy's worth, my Peggy's mind,
 Might charm the first of humankind.
 I love my Peggy's angel air,
 Her face so truly, heavenly fair,
 Her native grace so void of art,
 But I adore my Peggy's heart.

The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
 The kindling lustre of an eye;
 Who but owns their magic sway!
 Who but knows they all decay!
 The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
 The generous purpose, nobly dear,
 The gentle look, that rage disarms—
 These are all immortal charms.

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—"Phanarack dhonn a chruith."

"These verses," says Burns, in his notes in the *Musical Museum*, "were composed on a charming girl, Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M. Ait, physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline, and was born on the banks of the Ayr—but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Harrieston, in Wiltshire, on the romantic banks of the little river Devon."

How pleasant the banks of the clear-winding Devon,
 With green-spreading bushes, and flowers blooming fair;
 But the bonniest flower on the banks of the Devon
 Was once a sweet bird on the banks of the Ayr.

Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flower,
 In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew!
 And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
 That steals on the evening each leaf to renew.

Oh, spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
 With chill hoary wing, as ye usher the dawn!
 And far be thou distant, thou reptile, that seizes
 The verdure and pride of the garden and lawn!

Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
 And England, triumphant, display her proud rose;
 A fairer than either adorns the green valleys
 Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWELL.

Tune—"M'Pherson's Rant."

THE following was designed by the poet as an improvement on a well-known old song entitled, "Macpherson's Lament." The following account of Macpherson is from Mr. Chambers's edition of the poet's works:—"James Macpherson was a noted Highland freebooter of uncommon personal strength, and an excellent performer on the violin. After holding the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Moray in fear for some years, he was seized by Duff of Braco, ancestor of the Earl of Fife, and tried before the sheriff of Banffshire, (November 7, 1700,) along with certain gipsies who had been taken in his company. In the prison, while he lay under sentence of death, he composed a song and an appropriate air, the former commencing thus:—

'I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength;
I squander'd fast my pillage came,
And fell to sham: it length
But dantonly, and wantonly,
And rantingly I'll gae,
I'll play a tune, and dance it roun'
Beneath the gallows-tree'

When brought to the place of execution, on the Gallows-hill of Banff, (Nov. 16,) he played the tune on his violin, and then asked if any friend was present who would accept the instrument as a gift at his hands. No one coming forward, he indignantly broke the violin on his knee, and threw away the fragments, after which he submitted to his fate. The traditionary accounts of Macpherson's immense prowess are justified by his sword, which is still preserved in Duff House, at Banff, and is an implement of great length and weight—as well as by his bones, which were found a few years ago, and were allowed by all who saw them to be much stronger than the bones of ordinary men."

FAREWELL, ye dungeons dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time w'll not be long
On yonder gallows-tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gae'd he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it roun',
Below the gallows-tree.

Oh! what is death but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dared his face, and in this place
I scorn him yet again!

Untie these hands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword!
And there's no a man in all Scotland
But I'll brave him at a word.

I've lived a life of sturt and strife;
I die by treach'rie:
It burns my heart I must depart
And not aveng'd be.

Now farewell light—thou sunshine bright,
 And all beneath the sky !
 May coward shame disdain his name,
 And he wretch that dares not die !

WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad ;
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad :
 Though father and mother should baith gae mad,
 Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.

Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me ;
 Come down the back stairs when ye come to count me ;
 Come down the back stairs and let naeboddy see,
 And come as ye weren coming to me.

STA, MY CHARMER.

Tune-- An Ghrà dubh ciar dhùbh "

STAY, my charmer, can you leave me ?
 Cruel, cruel to deceive me !
 Well you know how much yon grieve me ;
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?
 Cruel charmer, can you go ?

By my love so ill requited ;
 By the faith you fondly plighted ;
 By the pangs of lovers slighted ;
 Do not, do not leave me so !
 Do not, do not leave me so !

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.

THE Strathallan of the following lines was William, fourth Viscount of the name, who fell at Culloden in 1746. The poet, misinformed in this particular, imagines him to have escaped to some secure place after the battle.

THICK' ST night, o'erhang my dwelling !
 Howling tempests, o'er me rave !
 Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
 Still surround my lonely cave !

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
 Busy haunts of base mankind,
 Western breezes softly blowing,
 Suit not my distracted mind.

In the cause of right engag'd,
 Wrongs injurious to redress,
 Honour's war we strongly waged,
 But the heavens denied success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
 Not a hope that dare attend,
 The wide world is all before us—
 But a world without a friend!

THE YOUNG HIGHLAND ROVER.

Tune—"Morag."

Let not blow the frosty breezes,
 The snaws the mountains cover;
 Like winter on me set, since,
 Since my young Highland rover
 Far wanders nations o'er,
 Where'er he go, where'er he stray,
 May Heaven be his warden,
 Return him safe to fair Strathspey,
 And bonny Castle-Gordon!

The trees, now naked groaning,
 Shall soon wi' leaves be hung;
 The birds, downie¹ moaning,
 Shall a' be blithely singing,
 And every flower be springing.
 Sae I'll rejoice the lee-lang day,
 When by his mighty warden
 My youth's return'd to fair Strathspey,
 And bonny Castle-Gordon.

¹ Sadly.

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

•
Tune — "Macgregor of Rnara's Lament."

"I composed these verses," says Burns, "on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raasay, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon, who shot himself out of sheer heartbreak at some mortification he suffered from the deranged state of his finances."

•
 RAVING winds around her blowing,
 Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
 By a river hoarsely roaring,
 Isabella stray'd deploring :—
 ' Farewell hours that late did measure
 Sunshine days of joy and pleasure ;
 Hail thou gloomy night of sorrow,
 Cheerless night that knows no morrow !

"O'er the past too fondly wandering,
 On the hopeless future pondering ;
 Chilly Grief my life-blood freezes,
 Fell Despair my fancy seizes,
 Life, thou soul of every blessing,
 Lead to Misery most distressing,
 Oh, how gladly I'd resign thee,
 And to dark oblivion join thee !"

 MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

Tune — "Drumion Dubh "

"I composed these verses," says the poet, "out of compliment to a Mrs. MacLachlan, whose husband was an officer in the East Indies."

•
 Musing on the roaring ocean,
 Which divides my love and me ;
 Wearying Heaven in warm devotion,
 For his weal where'er he be,—

•
 Hope and Fear's alternate billow
 Yielding late to Nature's law,
 • Whispering, sputts round my pillow
 Talk of him that's far awa'.

•
 Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
 Ye who never shed a tear,
 Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
 Gaudy Day to you is dear.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me;
Downy sleep, the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me—
Talk of him that's far awa'!

BONNY PEGGY ALISON

Tune—"Bless o' Palquhadder."

THE heroine of this song is thought to have been the "Montgomery's Peggy" of the song of that name, and the subject of several other songs.

I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
And I'll kiss thee o'er again;
And I'll kiss thee yet, yet,
My bonny Peggy Alison!

Ilk cue and fear, when thou art near,
I ever mu' defy them, O,
Young kings upon their hance'ld throne
Ain' nae s'ae ble't as I am, O!

When in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure, O,
I seek nae mur o' Heaven to share,
Thun' sic a moment's pleasure, O!

And by thy een, sae bonny blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever, O!—
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never, O!

THE CHIEFTAIN'S LAMENT.

Tune—"Captain O'Kern."

"YESTERDAY" wrote Burns to his friend Cleghorn, "as I was riding through a tract of melancholy, joyless moors, between Gull way and Ayrshire, it being Sunday, I turned my thoughts to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and your favourite air, 'Captain O'Kern,' coming at length into my head, I tried these words to it. I am tolerably pleased with the verses, but as I have only a sketch of the tune, I leave it with you to try if they suit the measure of the music." In reply Cleghorn suggests, "that you would send me a verse or two more, and, if you have no objection, I would have it in the Jacobite style. Suppose it should be sung after the fatal field of Culloden, by the unfortunate Charles." The poet followed his friend's advice.

THE small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning,
The murmuring streamlet winds through the vale,

The hawthorn trees blow, in the dew of the morning,
And wild scatter'd cowslips bedeck the green dale :
But what can give pleasure, or what can seem fair,
While the lingering moments are number'd by care ?
No flowers gaily springing, nor birds sweetly singing,
Can soothe the sad bosom of joyless despair.

The deed that I dared, could it merit their malice,
A king, and a father, to place on his throne ?
His right are these hills, and his right are these valleys,
Where the wild beasts find shelter, but I can find none.
But 'tis not my sufferings thus wretched—forlorn,
My brave gallant friends ! 'tis your ruin I mourn ;
Your deeds proved so loyal in hot bloody trial—
Alas ! can I make you no sweeter return ?

OF A' THE AIR'S THE WIND CAN BLOW

Tune—"Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey"

"I COMPOSED this song," says the poet, "out of compliment to Mrs. Burr during our honeymoon."

OF a' the airts the wind can blow,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonny lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tansy' buds,
I hear her charm the air :
'There's not a bonny flower that springs
By fountain, shaw,¹ or green,
'There's not a bonny bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean.

OH, WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

Tune—"My life is lost to me"

This was also produced in honour of Mrs. Burns, shortly before she took up her residence at Ellisland as the poet's wife

OH, were I on Parnassus' hill !
Or had of Helicon my fill ;

That I might catch poetic skill
 To sing how dear I love thee.
 But Nith maun be my Muse's well,
 My Muse maun be thy bonny Sel,
 On Cainscon I'll glower¹ and spell,
 And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
 For a' the lee-lang summer's day
 I couldna sing, I couldna say,
 How much, how dear, I love thee
 I see thee dancing o'er the green,
 Thy waist sae jump,² thy limbs sae clean,³
 Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
 By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-hild, at aame,
 The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
 And aye I muse and sing thy name—
 I only live to love thee.
 Though I were doom'd to wander on
 Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
 Till my last weary sand was run;
 Till then—and then I'd love thee.

THE FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.

Tune - "Killcrankie."

GILBERT BURNS gives the following account of this ballad—"When Mr. Cunninghame of Enterkin came to his estate, two mansion-houses on it, Enterkin and Annbank, were both in a ruinous state. Wishing to introduce himself with some *à la* to the county, he got temporary erections made on the banks of the Ayr, tastefully decorated with shrubs and flowers, for a supper and ball, to which most of the respectable families in the county were invited. It was a novelty in the county, and attracted much notice. A dissolution of parliament was soon expected, and this festivity was thought to be an introduction to a canvass for representing the county. Several other candidates were spoken of, particularly Sir John Whiteford, then residing at Cloncaird, commonly pronounced Glencaird, and Mr. Boswell, the well-known biographer of Dr. Johnson. The political views of this festive assemblage, which are alluded to in the ballad, if they ever existed, were, however, laid aside, as Mr. Cunninghame did not canvass the county."

Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
 To do our errands there, man?
 Oh, wha will to Saint Stephen's house,
 O' th' merry lads of Ayr, man?

¹ Look.

² Small

³ Well-shaped

Or will we send a man-o'-law?
 Or will we send a sodger?
 Or hum wha led o'er Scotland a'
 The meikle¹ Ursa-Major?

Come, will ye court a noble lord,
 Or buy a score o' lairds, man?
 For worth and honour pawn their word,
 Their vote shall be Glencaird's, man,
 And gies them coin, and gies them wine,
 Another gies them clatter;²
 Annbank, wha guess'd the ladies' taste,
 He gies a Fête Champêtre.

When Love and Beauty heard the news,
 The gay greenwoods among, man;
 Where gathering flowers and busking³ bowers,
 They heard the blackbird's sang, man:
 A vow, they seal'd it with a kiss,
 Sir Politics to fetter,
 As theirs alone, the patent-bliss,
 To hold a Fête Champêtre.

Then mounted Mirth, on gleesome wing,
 O'er hull and dale she flew, man;
 Ilk wimpling burn, ilk crystal spring,
 Ilk glen and shaw⁴ she knew, man:
 She summon'd every social sprite,
 That sports by wood or water,
 On the bonny banks of Ayr to meet,
 And keep this Fête Champêtre.

Cauld Boreas, wi' his boisterous crew,
 Were bound to stakes like kye, man;
 And Cynthia's car, o' silver fu,
 Clamb up the starry sky, man:
 Reflected beams dwell in the streams,
 Or down the current shatter;
 The western breeze steals through the trees
 To view this Fête Champêtre.

How many a robe sae gaily floats!
 What sparkling jewels glance, man!
 To Harmony's enchanting notes,
 As moves the mazy dance, man.

¹ Great.
² Talk.

³ Dressin.
⁴ Wood.

The echoing wood, the winding flood,
 Like paradise did glitter,
 'When angels met, at Adam's yett,¹
 To hold their Fête Champêtre!

When Politics came there, to mix
 And make his ether-stone, man's
 He circled round the magic ground,
 But entrance found he none, man's
 He blush'd for shame, he quit his name,
 Forsook it, every letter,
 Wit humble prayer to join and share
 This festive Fête Champêtre.

THE DAY RETURNS

Tune—"Seventh of November"

In a letter to Miss Chalmers, a friend of the poet's, he says with reference to this song:—"One of the most tolerable things I have long for some time is these two stanzas I made to an old musical gentleman of my acquaintance [Captain Kiddel of Glenriddell] composed for the anniversary of his wedding day."

The day returns, my bosom burns,
 The blissful day we twa did meet;
 Though winter wild in tempest toiled,
 Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
 Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
 And crosses o'er the sultry line,
 Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
 Heaven giv me more - it made thee mine!

While day and night can bring delight,
 Or nature aught of pleasure give,
 While joys above my mind can move,
 For thee, and thee alone - I live!
 When that grim foe of life below
 Comes in between to make us part,
 The iron hand that breaks our band,
 It breaks my bliss - it breaks my heart!

¹ Gate

* "Alluding to a superstition," says Chambers, "which represents adders as forming annually from their slough certain little annular stones of streaked colouring, which are occasionally found, and the real origin of which is supposed by antiquaries to be Druidical."

THE DISCREET HINT.

Lass, when your mither is frae hame,
 May I but be sae bauld
 As come to your bower window,
 And creep in frae the cauld?
 As come to your bower window,
 And when it's cauld and wat,
 Warm me in thy fau bosom—
 Sweet lass, may I do that?"

"Young man, gin ye should be sae kind,
 When our gudewife's frae hame,
 As come to my bower window,
 Whare I am laid my lane,
 To warm thee in my bosom,
 Til tent,¹ I'll tell thee what,
 The way to me lies through the kirk—
 Young man, do ye hear that?"

THE LAZY MIST.

Time—"Here's a health to my true love"

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
 Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill!
 How languid the scenes, how so brightly, appear!
 As Autumn to Winter resigns the pale year.
 The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
 And all the gay foppery of Summer is flown.
 Apart let me wander, apart let me muse,
 How quick Time is flying, how keen Fate pursues!

How long I have lived—-but how much lived in vain!
 How little of life's scanty span may remain!
 What aspects old Time, in his progress, has worn!
 What ties cruel Fate in my bosom has torn!
 How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
 And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
 This life's not worth having with all it can give
 For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

I HAE A WIFE O' MY AIN.

Tune—"Naebody"

THE following lines were written shortly after he 'ad taken his wife home to Ellislant

I HAE a wife o' my ain—
 I'll partake wi' naebody
 I'll tak cuckold frae nane,
 I'll gie cuckold to naebody.
 I hae a penny to spend,
 Ther,—thanks to naebody;
 I hae naething to lend—
 I'll borrow frae naebody.

I am naebody's lord—
 I'll be slave to naebody;
 I hae a gude brad sword,
 I'll tak dunts¹ frae naebody;
 I'll be merry and free,
 I'll be sad for naebody;
 If naebody care for me,
 I'll care for naebody.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to nun?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

Fee, auld lang syne, my dear,
 For auld lang syne,
 We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
 For auld lang syne!

We twa hae run about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae morning sun till dine

¹ Blows.

But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiele,¹
And gie a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right gund willie-waught²
For auld lang syne!³

And surely ye'il be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

MY BONNY MARY

Tune—"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine"

THE first four lines of this song are from an old ballad—the rest are Burns's

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
And fill it in a silver tassie,¹
That I may drink, before I go,
A service to my bonny lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry:
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonny Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rank'd ready:
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle close, thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry:
Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
It's leaving thee, my bonny Mary.

MY HEART WAS ANCE AS BLITHE AND FREE.

Tune—"To the Weavers ye ye go."

* The chorus of this song is taken from a very old ditty.

My heart was ance as blithe and free
As summer days were lang,

¹ Friend

² Draught

³ Cup

But a bonny westlin' weaver lad
Has gait¹ me change my sang.

To the weavers gin ye go, fair mairls,
To the weavers gin ye go,
I rede² you richt, gang theer at night,
To the weavers gin ye go

My mither sent me to the town,
To warp³ a plaiden wab,
But the weary, weary warpin' o't
Has gait⁴ me sigh and sab.

A bonny westlin' weaver lad
Sat working at his loom;
He took my heart as wi' a jet,
In every knot and thrum⁵

I sat beside my warpin'-wheel,
And aye I ca'd it roun';
But every shot and every knock,
My heart it gae a stoun.

The moon was sinking in the west
Wi' visage pale and wan,
As my bonny westlin' weaver lad
Convoy'd me through the glen

But what was said, or what was done,
Shame fa' me gif I tell;
But, oh! I fear the kintra⁶ soon
Will ken as weel's mysel.

BRAW LADS OF GALA WATER

Tune—"Gala Water"

This air and chorus of this song are both very old. Burns wrote the following for "The Scots Musical Museum." He afterwards wrote the second version for Thomson.

BRAW, braw lads of Gala Water;
Oh, braw lads of Gala Water:
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love through the water.

¹ Waru

² Prepare for the loom.

³ Made.

⁴ Thread

⁵ Country

Sae fair¹ her hair, sae brent¹ her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
 Sae whit² her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
 • The man I kiss she's aye my dearie.

O'er yon bank and o'er yon biae,
 O'er yon moss among the heather;
 I'll kilt² ray coats aboon my kner,
 • And follow my love through the water.

Down anang the broom, the broom,
 Down among the broom, my dearie,
 The lassie lost her silken snood,^{*}
 That cost her mony a blut and bleary.³

GALA WATER

SECOND VERSION

THERE'S baw, baw lads on Yarrow braes,
 That wander through the blooming heather;
 Far at Yarrow braes nor Pittulick shaws
 Can match the lads o' Gala Water.

But there is aye, a secret aye,
 Aboon them a' I lu'e him better;
 And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,
 The bonny lad o' Gala Water.

Although his dadlie was nae laird,
 And though I ha'na tackle tocher,⁴
 Yet rich in kindness, true love,
 We'll tent our flocks by Gala Water.

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,
 That cost⁵ contentment, peace, or pleasure;
 The hands and bliss o' mutual love,
 Oh, that's the chiefest world's treasure!

¹ High and smooth
² Tuck up and fix.

³ High and tear
⁴ Much money.

⁵ Bought.

* The snood or riband with which a Scottish lass braided her hair had an emblematical signification, and applied to her maiden character. It was exchanged for the *curle, top, or coil*, when she passed by marriage into the matron state. But if the damsel was so unfortunate as to lose pretensions to the name of maiden without gaining a right to that of matron she was neither permitted to use the snood nor advance to the graver dignity of the curle — SCOTL.

HER DADDIE FORBAD.

Tune—"Jumpin' John"

HER daddie forbad, her munnie forbad
 Forbidden she wadna be :
 She wadna trow't the browst she brew'd
 Wad taste sae bitterlie.

The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonny lassie ;
 The lang lad they ca' Jumpin' John
 Beguiled the bonny lassie.

A cow and a calf, a ewe and a hauf,
 And thretty guid shillin's and three .
 A very guid tocher,¹ a cotter-man's dochter,
 The lass with the bonny black ee.

HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER.

Tune—"The Dusty Miller."

HEY, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty coat ;
 He will win a shilling
 Oi he spend a groat.
 Dusty was the coat,
 Dusty was the colour,
 Dusty was the kiss
 I got frae the miller.

Hey, the dusty miller,
 And his dusty sack ;
 Lecze me on the calling
 Fills the dusty peck.
 Fills the dusty peck,
 Brings the dusty siller
 I wad gie my cantle
 For the dusty miller.

THENIEL MENZIE'S BONNY MARY

Tune—"The Ruffian's Rant"

IN coming by the brig o' Dye,
 At Darlet we a blink did tarry ;

¹ Dower.

As day was dawin in the sky,
We drank a health to bonny Mary.

Theniel Menzie's bonny Mary,
Theniel Menzie's bonny Mary;
Charlie Gregor tuit¹ his plaidie,
Kissin' Theniel's bonny Mary.

Her een sae bright, her brow sae white,
Her haffet² locks as brown's a berry;
And aye they dimpl't wi' a smile,
The rosy cheeks o' bonny Mary.

We lap and danced the lee-lang day,
Till piper lads were wae and weary;
But Charlie gat the spring to pay,
For kissin' Theniel's bonny Mary.

WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY

Tune—"Duncan Gray."

THIS first version of an old song was written for the *Mussum*. The poet afterwards composed a second and more famous version and sent it to Thomson.

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin'³ o't!
Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
When a' the lave⁴ gae to their play,
Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,
And jog the cradle wi' my tae,
And a' for the girdin' o't!

Bonny was the Lammas moon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
Glowerin' a' the hills aboon—
Ha, ha, the girdin' o't!
The girdin' brak, the beast cam down,
I tint my curch⁵ and baith my shoon—
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—
Wae on the bad girdin' o't!

¹ Lost.
² Temple.

³ Binding.
⁴ Others.

⁵ Cap.

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,
 Ha, ha, the gudin' o't !—
 I'se bless you wi' my hindmost breath—
 Ha, ha, the girdin' o't !⁶
 Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—
 The beast again can bear us baith,
 And auld Mess John will mend the skanth;
 And clout¹ the bad gudin' o't.

DUNCAN GRAY

SECOND VERSION. a

DUNCAN GRAY cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 On blithe yule night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't
 Maggie coost her head fu' heigh,
 Look'd asklent and vnce skeigh,²
 Gait poor Duncan stand abeigh,³
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd,⁴ and Duncan pray'd,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,*
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't
 Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
 Gait⁵ his een baith bleert and blin',
 Spak o' lowpin' o'er a linn.
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't

Time and chance are but a tide ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Slighted love is sair to bide ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
 For a haughty hizzie die ?
 She may gae to—France for me !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't

How it comes let doctors tell ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't,

¹ Patch up² Disdainful³ Aloof.⁴ Flattered.⁵ Wept.

* A well-known rocky islet in the mouth of the Frith of Clyde.

Meg grew sick as he grew hale ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Something in her bosom wings,
 For relief a sigh she brings,
 And oh, her een, they spak sic things !
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 Maggie's was a piteous case,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't.
 Duncan couldna be her death,
 Swelling pity smoo'd¹ his wrath ;
 Now they're crone and canty² baith ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Tune—"Up wi' the ploughman

THE fourth and fifth verses only of this I are by Bur the remainder by
 some older

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
 His mind is ever true, jo ;
 His garters knit below his knee,
 His bonnet it is blue, jo

Then up wi' my ploughman lad,
 And hey my merry ploughman !
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

My ploughman he comes hame at e'en,
 He's aften wat and weary ;
 Cast aff the wat, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed, my dearie !

I will wash my ploughman's hose,
 And I will dress his o'erlay ;³
 I will mak my ploughman's bed,
 And cheer him late and early.

* I hae been east, I hae been west,
 I hae been at Saint Johnston ;
 The bonniest sight that e'er I saw
 Was 'he ploughman laddie dancin'.

¹ Smothered

² Cheerful and happy

³ Cravat.

Snaw-white stockin's on his legs,
 And siller buckles glancin' ;
 A gud blue bonnet on his head—
 And oh, but he was handsome !

Commend me to the barn-yard,
 And the corn-mou,* man ;
 I never gat my coggie fu',
 'Till I met wi' the ploughman.

LANDLADY, COUNT THE LAWIN

Tune—"Hey Tutt Taitt."

THE first two verses of this are by Burns ; the others belong to a ditty of an earlier date

LANDLADY, count the lawin,
 The day is near the dawning ;
 Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
 And I'm but jolly fou.
 Hey tutti, taitt,
 How tutti, taitt—
 Wha's fou now ?

Cog and ye were aye fou,
 Cog and ye were aye fou,
 I wad sit and sing to you,
 If ye were ay^e fou.

Weel may ye a' be !
 Ill may we never see !
 God bless the king, boys,
 And the companie !
 Hey tutti, taitt,
 How tutti, taitt—
 Wha's fou now ?

TO DAUNTON ME.

Tune—"To dauntou me."

THE blude-red rose at Yule may blaw,
 The simmer lilies bloom in snaw,

* The gap left in the pile of corn-sheaves in the barn as they are removed to the threshing-floor.

The frost may freeze the deepest sea ;
But an auld man shall never daunt me ,

To daunt me, and me so young,
Wi' his fause heart and flatt'ring tongue,
That's the thing you ne'er shall see ;
For an auld man shall never daunt me

For a' his meal and a' his maut,
For a' his fiesh beef and his saut, •
For a' his gold and white monie,
An auld man shall never daunt me.

His gear may buy him kye and yowes,
His gear may buy him glens and knowes ;
But me he shall not buy nor fee,
For an auld man shall never daunt me.

He hirples¹ twa-fauld as he dow,²
Wi' his teetlless gab³ and his auld beld pow,⁴
And the rain dreeps down frae his red bleer'd ee
That auld man shall never daunt me.

COME BOAT ME O'ER TO CHARLIE.

Tune—"O'er the Water to Charlie."

Come boat me o'er, come row me o'er,
Come boat me o'er to Charlie ;
I'll gie John Ross another bawbee,
To boat me o'er to Charlie.

We'll o'er the water and o'er the sea,
We'll o'er the water to Charlie ;
Come weel, come woe, we'll gath' and go,
And live or die wi' Charlie.

I lo'e weel my Charlie's name,
Though some there be abhoi him :
But oh, to see auld Nick gaun hame
And Charlie's faes before him !

I swea and vow by moon and stars,
And sun that shines so early,
If I had twenty thousand lives,
I'd die as airt for Charlie.

¹ Limp.

² Caw.

³ Mouth.

⁴ Bald head.

RATTLIN', ROARIN' WILLIE

Three—"Rattlin', roarin' Willie!"

"THE hero of this chant," says Burns, "was one of the worthiest fellow in the world—William Dunbar, Esq., writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and colonel of the Crochallan corps—a club of wits, who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments." The last stanza only was the work of the poet.

O RATTIN', roarin' Willie,
 Oh, he held to the fiddle,
 And for to sell his fiddle,
 And buy some other ware;
 But parting 't' his fiddle,
 The suit rear blin't his ee,
 And rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 Oh, sell your fiddle sae fine;
 O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
 And buy a pint o' wine!
 If I should sell my fiddle,
 The wau'p would think I was mad;
 For mony a rantin' day
 My fiddle and I hae had.

As I cam by Crochallan,
 I cannyly kekkit ben—
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie
 Was sitting at yon board en';
 Sitting at yon board en',
 And among guid companie;
 Rattlin', roarin' Willie,
 Ye're welcome hame to me!

MY HOGGIE

Three—"What will I do gin my hoggie die?"

WHAT will I do gin my hoggie die?
 My joy, my pyle, my hoggie!
 'My only beast, I had nae mae,
 And vow but I was vogue!'

I Vm.

* *Hoggie*—a young sheep before it is first shorn

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld
 Me and my faithfu' doggie,
 We heard nought but the roaving hunn,
 Among the braes sae scroggie;¹

But the horlet cried frae the castle wa'
 The blatter² frae the hoggie,
 The tod³ replied upon the hill,
 I trembled for my hoggie

When day did daw, and cocks did crow
 The morning it was foggie,
 An unco tyke⁴ lap o'er the dike,
 And maist his kill'd my hoggie

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

The chorus of this song is old, but the two stanzas are Ben

CHORUS

Up in the morning's no for me,
 Up in the morning early;
 When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Can'd blaws the wind frae east to west,
 The drift is driving sauldy,
 Sae loud and shrill I hear the blast,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly

The birds sit chattering⁵ in the thorn,
 A' day they fire hnt⁶ parely,
 And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
 I'm sure it's winter fairly

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET

Tune—"I'm o'er young to marry yet"

I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
 Wi' unco folk I weary; sa;
 And lying in a man's bed,
 I'm fley'd⁶ wad mak me eerie,⁷ sir

¹ Full of stunted
 bushes.
² Mire-snepe

³ Fox.
⁴ A strange dog.
⁵ Shivering.

⁶ Afraid.
⁷ Timid.

I'm o'er young to marry yet ;
 I'm o'er young to marry yet ;
 I'm o'er young—'twad be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet

My mammy coft¹ me a new gown,
 The kirk maun hac the gracing o't ;
 We're I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
 I'm fear'd ye'd spoil the lacing o't.

Hallowmas is come and gane,
 The nights are lang in winter, sir ;
 And you and I in ae bed,
 In trowth I dare na venture, sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
 Blaws through the leafless tunner,² sir ;
 But if ye come this gate³ again,
 I'll aulder be g'm simmer, sir.

THE WINTER IS PAST

THE winter it is past, and the summer's come at last,
 And the little birds sing on every tree ;
 Now everything is glad, while I am very sad,
 Since my true love is parted from me.

The rose upon the brier, by the waters running clear,
 May have charms for the linnet or the bee ;
 Their little loves are blest, and their little hearts at rest,
 But my true love is parted from me.

My love is like the sun, in the firmament does run.
 For ever is constant and true ;
 But his is like the moon, that wanders up and down,
 And is every month changing anew.

All you that are in love, and cannot it remove,
 I put the pains you endure :
 For experience makes me know that your hearts are full
 o' woe,
 A woe that no mortal can cure.

¹ Bought.

² Trees.

³ Way

OH, WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

Tune—"Willie brew'd a peck o' maut."

SPEAKING of this famous song the poet says—"The air is Allan Masterton's, the song mine. The occasion of it was this—Mr William Nicol of the High School, Edinburgh, being at Moffat during the autumn vacation, honest Allan—who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton—and I went to pay Nicol a visit. We had such a joyous meeting that Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business."

OH, Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to pree;¹
Three blither hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wadna find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw
Aft aye we'll taste the bailey bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys, I trow, are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony may we hope to be!

It is the moon—I ken her horn,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wile us hame,
But, by my sooth, she'll wait a wee!

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loon is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Tune—"Death of Captain Cook."

MARY CAMPBELL, the heroine of this tidid several of his finest songs, belonged to the neighbourhood of Dumoon, a village on the Frith of Clyde. She was in the service of Montgomery of Coltsfield, when Burns first became acquainted with her. She was a beautiful girl, the beau ideal of a "Scotch Lassie," who was as good as she was beautiful. There had been some love passages, though

no, on his part of a serious nature, between them, and when the rupture with the Armour family took place his thoughts stayed towards Mary Campbell. There can be no doubt that very soon a deep and sincere attachment sprang up between them. It was arranged that Mary should leave her place in May, to prepare for her change of condition. Before she went to her father's house they met and parted, when the following ceremony was enacted between them:—

Taking up then positions on the opposite sides of a small brook, and holding a Bible between them, they exchanged vows of fidelity towards each other. They then exchanged Bibles. The copy given to Mary has been preserved; it is in two volumes. On a blank leaf of the first volume is inscribed, in the poet's hand-writing, "And ye shall not wear by my name falsely I am the Lord," (Lev. xix. 12.) In the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oath," (Matt. v. 33.) Another blank leaf in this volume bears his name and his masonic mark.

The lovers never met again. A few weeks after, Mary Campbell died suddenly at Greenock. Recently a monument was erected over her grave by several admirers of the poet. On the third anniversary of the death of Highland Mary Jean Armour, by that time his wife, tells us that, towards the evening, "he grew sad about something, went into the barn yard, where he strolled restlessly up and down for some time although repeatedly asked to come in. Immediately on entering the house he sat down and wrote 'To Mary in Heaven,'" an outpouring of passion, which Foxchart characterises as "the noblest of all his ballads."

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lovest to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Fleeting will not efface
Thine records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickning green;
The fragrant bush, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptur'd scene;
The flowers sprang waiting to be prest,
The birds sang low on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the spect' of wing'd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care;
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary ' dea departed shade '
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?

THE LADDIES BY THE BANKS O' NITH

Line—"Up and waur them a "

We owe
 Dumfri
 former i
 both side
 to miss a
 was the l

following song to a contested election for the representation of the
 nighs in 1789, between Sir James Johnston of Westerhill, the
 ber and Captain Miller of Dalwinton. As Burns had friends on
 took no very strong interest in either, tak
 ing of recording his detestation of the Duke of Queens
 head of the Tory faction who supported Captain Miller.

Thou laddies by the banks o' Nith
 Wad trust his Grace wi' a', Jamie,
 But he'll saur them as he san'd the king,
 Turn tail and rin awa, Jamie

Up and waur¹ them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a',
 The Johnstons hae the guidm' o't,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'

The day he stood his country's friend,
 Or gaed her faes a claw, Jamie,
 Or frae pur man a bleesin' wan,
 That day the duke ne'er saw Jamie.

But wha is he, the country's boast,
 Like him there is na twa, Jamie;
 There's no a callant tents the kye,²
 But kens o' Westerha', Jamie

To end the wark here's Whistlebink,³
 Lang may his whistle blaw, Jamie;
 And Maxwell true o' sterling blae,
 And we'll be Johnstons a', Jamie.

Up and waur them a', Jamie,
 Up and waur them a',
 The Johnstons hae the guidm' o't,
 Ye turncoat Whigs, awa'

¹ Beat

² Boy trust, th

³ Alexander Birtwh

ist of Kirkcubri

THE FIVE CARLINES.

Tune — "Chevy chase"

ANOTHER ballad on the contested election alluded to in the previous song. The five burghs, which together returned a member to parliament, are represented by five carlines (old women): Dumfries, as Maggy on the banks of Nith; Annan, as Blinkin Bess of Annauldale; Kirkcudbright, as Whisky Jean of Galloway; Sanquhar, as Black Joan frae Crichton Peel; and Lochmaben, as Marjory of the Many Lochs.

THERE were five carlines in the south,
They fell upon a scheme,
To send a lad to Lon'on town,
To bring them tidings hame.

Not only bring them tidings hame,
But do their errands there,
And aiblins¹ gowd and honour bath
Might be that laddie's share.

There was Maggy by the banks o' Nith,
A dame wi' pride eneugh,
And Marjory o' the Many Lochs,
A carline auld and tough.

And Blinkin Bess of Annauldale,
That dwelt near Solway-side,
And Whisky Jean, that took her gill
In Galloway sae wide.

And Black Joan, frae Crichton Peel,
O' gipsy kith and kin;—
Five wighter² carlines werena fou,
The sooth countie within.

To send a lad to Lon'on town,
They met upon a day;
And mony a knight, and mony a laird,
Their errand fain wad gae.

Oh, mony a knight, and mony a laird,
This errand fain wad gae,
But nae ane could their fancy please,
Oh, ne'er a ane but twae.

¹ Perhaps

² More powerful;

The first he was a belted knight,
 Bred o' a Border clan;
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 Might nae man him withstan';

And he wad do their errands weel,
 And meikle he wad say;
 And ilka aue at Lon'on court
 Wad bid to him guid-day.

Then neist cam in a sodger youth,[†]
 And spak wi' modest grace,
 And he wad gae to Lon'on town,
 If sae their pleasure was.

He wadna hecht[‡] them courtly gifts
 Nor meikle speech pretend;
 But he wad hecht an honest heart
 Wad ne'er desert his friend

Now, wham to choose, and wham refuse,
 At strife thir carlines fell;
 For some had gentlefolks to please,
 And some wau please themsel.

Then out spak min-mou'd[‡] Meg o' Nith,
 And she spak up wi' pride,
 And she wad send the sodger youth,
 Whatever might betide.

For the auld gudman[‡] o' Lon'on court
 She didna care a pin;
 But she wad send a sodger youth
 To greet his eldest son[§]

Then up sprang Bess of Aunanlale,
 And swore a deadly aith,
 Says, "I will send the Border knight
 Spite o' you carlines baith.

"For far-off fowls hae feathers fair,
 And fools o' clappe are fau;
 But I hae tried this Border knight,
 And I'll try him yet again."

[‡] Promise

[‡] Prim-mountain

* Sir J. Johnston
 † George III

‡ Captain Miles
 § The Prince of Wales

Then Whisky Jean spak owie her drink,
 "Ye weel ken, kimmers a',
 The auld gudman o' Lon'on court,
 His back's been at the wa'."

"And mony a friend that kis'd his cup
 Is now a fremit¹ wight;
 But it's ne'er be said o' Whisky Jean,
 I'll send the Border knight."

Says Black Joan frae Crichton Peel,
 A carline stoor² and grim;—
 "The auld gudman, and the young gudman,
 For we may sink or swim;

"For fools will prat o' right and wrang,
 While knaves laug in their sleeve;
 But wha blows best the horn shall win,
 I'll spier me courtier's leave."

Then slow raise Marjory o' the Lochs,
 And wrinkled was her brow;
 Her ancient weed was russet gray,
 Her auld Scots blud was true

"The Lon'on court set light by me—
 I set as light by them;
 And I will send the sodger lad
 To shaw that court the same"

Sae how this weighty plea may end,
 Nae mortal wight can tell.
 God grant the king, and ilka man,
 May look weel to himsel!

THE BLUE-EYED LASSIE.

Air—"The Blue-eyed Lass"

This heroine of this song was Miss Jean Jeffrey, daughter of the Rev Mr Jeffrey of Lochmaben. Miss Jeffrey married an American gentleman of the name of R. nwick, and it may be worth recording that a daughter of his became the wife of Captain Wilks of the United States Navy, the hero of the affair of the Trent and the capture of the Confederate Commissioners.

I GAID a wae fu' gate³ yestreen,
 A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;

¹ An estranged.

² Austere

³ Road

I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
 'Twa lovely een o' bonny blue.
 'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
 Her lips, like roses, wat wi' dew;
 Her heaving bosom, lily-white--
 It was her een sae bonny blue.

She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she wiled.
 She chum'd my soul--I wist na how,
 And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
 Cam frae her een sae bonny blue
 But spae to speak, and spae to speed,*
 She'll aiblins¹ listen to my vow.
 Should she refuse, I'll lay my deal²
 To her twa een sae bonny blue.

WHEN FIRST I SAW FAIR JEANIE'S FACE

An "Maggie Lander"

This song first appeared in the *New York Mirror* in 1846, with the following notice of the heroine, Miss Rowan (*nee* Miss Jean Jeffrey) mentioned above:—"The lady to whom the following verses—never before published—were addressed, known to the readers of Burns as the 'Blue-eyed Lassie,' is one of a race whose beauties and virtues formed for several generations the inspiration of the masters of Scottish song. Her mother was Agnes Armstrong, in whose honour the touching words and beautiful air of 'Robin Hood's' were composed."¹

WHEN first I saw fair Jeanie's face,
 I couldna tell what auld me,
 My heart went fluttering pit-a-pat,
 My een they almost kail'd me
 She's aye sae neat, sae trim, sae tight,
 All grace does round her hover,
 Ae look deprived me o' my heart,
 And I became a lover.

She's aye, aye sae blithe sae gay,
 She's aye so blithe an' cheery
 She's aye sae bonny, blithe, and gay,
 Oh, gin I were her dearie!

Had I Dundas's whole estate,
 Or Hopetoun's wealth to shine in;
 Did warlike laurels crown my brow,
 Or humble bays entwining—
 I'd lay them a' at Jeanie's feet,

¹ Perhaps

² Death

* A proverbial expression—Give me the chance of speaking and the opportunity of gaining her favour.

SONGS.

Could I but hope to move her,
And prouder than a belted knight,
I'd be my Jeanie's lover.
She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, &c.

But sair I fear some happier swain
Has gain'd sweet Jeanie's favour.
If so, may every bliss be hers,
Though I maun never have her;
But gang she east, or gang she west,
Twist Forth and Tweed all over,
While men have eyes, or ears, or taste,
She'll always find a lover.
She's aye, aye sae blithe, sae gay, &c.

MY LOVELY NANCY.

Tune—"The Quaker's Wife"

"THE following song," says the poet, in a letter to Clarinda, "is one of my latest productions, and I send it to you as I would do anything else, because it pleases myself"—

THINE am I, my faithful fair,
Thine, my lovely Nancy;
Every pulse along my veins,
Every loving fancy.

To thy bosom lay my heart,
There to throb and languish:
Though despair had wrung its core,
That would heal its anguish.

Take away these rosy lips,
Rich with balmy treasure:
Turn away thine eyes of love,
Lest I die with pleasure.

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning:
Love's the cloudless summer sun,
Nature gay adorning.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—"Johnny McGill."

OH, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?
Oh, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, oh, sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I care na thy daddy, his lands and his money,
I care na thy kin, sae high and sae lordly;
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur—
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

WHEN ROSY MAY COMES IN WI' FLOWERS

Tune—"The gardener wi' his paille"

THE song which follows this, Dainty Davie, is an improved version of the
same

WHEN rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers,
Then busy, busy, are his hours—
The gardener wi' his paille.¹
The crystal waters gently fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blow—
The gardener wi' his paille.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews he mann repair—
The gardener wi' his paille.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest,
He flies to her arms he lo'es the best—
The gardener wi' his paille.

DAINTY DAVIE

Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay green-spreading bowers;
And now comes in my happy hours
To wander wi' my Davie.

Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

The crystal waters round us fa',
 The merry birds are lovers a',
 The scented breezes round us blaw,
 A-wandering wi' my Davie.

When purple morning starts the hue,
 To steal upon her early fare,
 Then through the dews I will repair,
 To meet my faithfu' Davie.

When day, expiring in the west,
 The curtain draws o' nature's rest
 I flee to his arms I lo'e best,
 And that's my an, dear Davie.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY

Tune "Highlander's Lament"

The chorus of this song belonged to an old ballad.

My Harry was a gallant gay,
 Fa' stately trode he on the plain;
 But now he's banish'd far away,
 I'll never see him back again.

Oh, for him back again!
 Oh, for him back again!
 I wad gie a' Knockhaspie's land
 For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave¹ gae to their bed,
 I wander dowie² up the glen,
 I set me down and greet³ my fill,
 And aye I wish him back again.

Oh, were some villain's hangit high
 And ilka body had then aye¹
 Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
 My Highland Harry back again.

¹ Rest

² Sad.

³ Weep

BEWARE O' BONNY ANN.

Tune — "Ye gallants bright"

"I COMPOSED this song," says the poet, "out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend Mr Allan Masterton, composer of the air 'Strathallan's Lament'."

YE gallants bright, I rede¹ ye right,
 Beware o' bonny Ann;
 Her comely face sae fu' o' grace
 Your heart she will trepan²
 Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
 Her skin is like the swan;
 Sae jimply³ laced her genty waist,
 'I hat sweetly ye might span

Youth, Grace, and Love, attendant move,
 And Pleasure leads the van
 In a' their charms, and conqu'ring arms,
 They wait on bonny Ann
 The captive hands may chain the hands,
 But love enslaves the man,
 Ye gallants braw, I rede you a',
 Beware o' bonny Ann!

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

Tune — "John Anderson, my Jo"

JOHN Anderson, my jo,¹ John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was a-brow²
 But now your brow is beld, John
 Your locks are like the snow,
 But ble-sings on your frosty jaw,³
 John Anderson, my jo

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thertither,
 And mony a canty⁷ day, John,
 We've hud wi' ane anther:

¹ Warn
² P'nsn are
³ Lightly

⁴ Love - deuv
⁵ Smooth

⁶ Head
⁷ fluppy

Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go ;
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR

Tune—"Cameronian Rant"

THIS is an improved and condensed version of a somewhat wordy ballad, written by a Mr Barclay, an Edinburgh clergyman of some note in his day.

"O! cam ye here the night to shun,
 Or hid the sheep wi' me, man?
 Or were ye at the Sheriff-muir,
 And did the battle see, man?"
 "I saw the battle sair and tough,
 And ickin' red ran mony a sheugh;¹
 My heart, for fear, gae'd sough for sough,
 To hear the thuds, and see the cluds,²
 O' clans frae woods, in taitan duds,³
 Wha glaum'd⁴ at kingdoms three, man.

"The red-coat lads, wi' black cockades,
 To meet them werna slaw, man;
 They rush'd and push'd, and blind outgush'd,
 And mony a bouk⁵ did fa', man:
 The great Argyle led on his files,
 I wat they glanced for twenty miles;
 They hack'd and hash'd while broadswords clash'd,
 And through they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
 Till fey⁶ men died awa', man.

"But had ye seen the philabegs,
 And skyrin⁶ taitan 'jews, man;
 When in the teeth they dared our Whigs
 And covenant true-blues, man;
 In lines extended lang and large,
 When bayonets o'erpower'd the targe.
 And thousands haster'd to the charge,
 Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath
 Drew blades o' death, till out o' breath,
 They fled like frightened doos,⁷ man."

¹ Ditch.

² Clothes

³ Grasped

⁴ Human trunk-body

⁵ Predestined

⁶ Shining.

⁷ Doves.

“ Oh, how deil, Tam, can that be true?
 The chase gaed frae the north, man;
 I saw mysel they did pursue
 The horsemen back to Forth, man;
 And at Dunblane, in my ain sight,
 They took the big wi' a' their might,
 And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
 But, cu-eel lot! the gates were shut;
 And mony a huntit, poor red-coat,
 For fear amais't did swair,¹ man!”

“ My sister Kate cam up the gate
 Wi' crowdie² unto me, man;
 She swore she saw some rebels run
 Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:
 Their left-hand general had nae skill,
 The Angus lads had nae good will
 That day their neighbors' blood to spill;
 For fear by foes that they should lose
 Their cogs o' brose, they scared at blows,
 And hameward fast did flee, man.

“ They've lost some gallant gentlemen
 Among the Highland clans, man;
 I fear my Lord Panmure is slain,
 Or fallen in Whiggish hands, man:
 Now wad ye sing this double fight,
 Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
 And mony bade the world gude-night;
 Then ye may tell how pell and mell,
 By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
 Wi' dying yell, the Tories fell,
 And Whigs to hell did flee, man.

BLOOMING NELLY

Tune.—“ On a Bank of Flowers.”

ON a bank of flowers, in a summer day
 For summer lightly drest,
 The youthful blooming Nelly lay,
 With love and sleep oppress'd,
 When Willie, wandering through the wood
 Who for her favour oft had sued,
 He gazed, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd
 And trembled where he stood.

¹ Swoon

² Oatmeal broth

Her closèd eyes, like weapons sheathed,
 ' Were seal'd in soft repose ;
 Her lips, still as she fragrant breath'd,
 It richer dyed the rose
 The springing lilies sweetly prest,
 Wild-wanton, kiss'd her rival breast ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd—
 His bosom ill at rest.

Her robes, light waving in the breeze,
 Her tender limbs embrace !
 Her lovely form, her native ease,
 All harmony and grace !
 Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
 A faltering, ardent kiss he stole ;
 He gaz'd, he wish'd, he fear'd, he blush'd
 And sigh'd his very soul

As flies the partridge from the brake,
 On fear-inspired wings,
 So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
 Away affrighted springs :
 But Willie follow'd—as he should ;
 He overtook her in the wood,
 He vow'd, he pray'd, he round the maid
 Forgiving all and good.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Tune—"Fauld na Miosg"

'The first half stanza of this song," says Burns, "is old, the rest is mine

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth
 Whoe'er I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods ;

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

THE RANKS OF NITH

Tune — "Robie down a Gouch"

The Thames flows proudly to the sea,
 Where royal cities stately stand;
 But sweeter flows the Nith, to me,
 Where Cummin's ^{*} auld had high command.
 When shall I see that honon'd land,
 That winding stream I love so dear!
 Must wayward Fortune's adverse hand
 For ever, ever keep me here?

How lovely, Nith, thy fruitful vales,
 Where spreading hawthorns gaily bloom!
 How sweetly wind thy sloping dale,
 Where lambskins wanton through the broom!
 Though wandering, now, must be my doom,
 Far from thy bonny banks and braes,
 May there my latest hours consume,
 Among the friends of early days!

TAM'GLEN

Tune — "Tam Glen"

My heart is a-breaking, dear Ailie!¹
 Some counsel unto me come I n';
 To anger them a' is a pity,
 But what will I do wi' Tam Glen?

I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow
 In poontith I might mak a fen,²
 What care I w' inches to wallow,
 If I mauna quarry Tam Glen?

¹ Sister.

² Slab.

There's Lowrie the Laird o' Drumceller,
 "Guid day to you, brute!" he comes ben;
 He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
 But when will he dance like Tam Glen?

My minnie¹ does constantly deave me,
 And bids me beware o' young men,
 They flatter, she says, to deceive me,
 But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddie says, gin I'll forsake him,
 He'll gie me guid hundel marks ten,
 But if it's ordain'd I mairr take him,
 Oh, wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines' deakin,
 My heart to my mou' gied a'sten;²
 For thrice I drew ane without failin,
 And thrice it was written—Tam Glen.

The last Halloween I lay waukin'³
 My droukit⁴ saik-sleeve, as ye ken,*
 His likeness cam up the house staukin',
 And the very gray breeks o' Tam Glen!

Come counsel, dear little! don't tarry—
 I'll gie ye my bonny black hen,
 Gif ye will advise me to mairry
 The lad I lo'e dearly—Tam Glen.

THE TAILOR

Tune—"The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'."

THE tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a';
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a';
 The blankets were thin, and the sheets they were sma',
 The tailor fell through the bed, thimbles and a'.

The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill,
 The sleepy bit lassie, she dreaded nae ill;
 The weather was cauld, and the fiddle lay still,
 She thought that a tailor could do her nae ill.

¹ Mother

² Bound

³ Watching

⁴ Wet.

* For an explanation of this old usage, see Note to Halloween, page 30.

Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
 Gie me the groat again, canny young man;
 The day it is short, and the night it is lang,
 The dearest siller that ever I wan!

There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane:
 There's somebody weary wi' lying her lane;
 There's some that are dowie,¹ I trow wad be fain²
 To see the bit tailor come skippin' again.

YE HAE LIEN WRANG, LASSIE.

CHORUS

Ye hae lien a' wrang, lassie,
 Ye've lien a' wrang;
 Ye've læn in an unco³ bed,
 And wi' a fremit⁴ man.

Your rosy cheeks are turn'd sac wan,
 Ye're gicener than the grass, lassie;
 Your coatie's shorter by a span,
 Yet ne'er an inch the less, lassie.

O lassie, ye hae play'd the fool,
 And ye will feel the scorn, lassie;
 For aye the brose ye sup at e'en,
 Ye bock⁵ them e'th the morn, lassie.

Oh, ance ye danced upon the knowes,
 And through the wood ye sang, lassie;
 But in the herryin'g o' a bee byke,
 I fear ye've got a stang, lassie.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

Tune—"Neil Gow's Lament"

The first half stanza of this song is old; the rest by Burns.

THERE'S a youth in this city,
 It were a great pity

¹ Melancholy.
² Glad.

³ Strange.
⁴ Stranger.

⁵ Vomit.

That he frae our jasses should wander awa';
 For he's bonny and braw,
 Weel favour'd with a',
 And his hair has a nat'ral buckle and a'.
 His coat is the hue
 Of his bonnet sae blue:
 His focket¹ is white as the new-driven snaw,
 His hose they are blae,
 And his shoon like the slae,
 And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'

For beauty and fortune
 The laddie's been countin',
 Weel-favour'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted, and braw;
 But chiefly o' siller,
 That gars him gang till her,
 The penny's the jewel that beautifies a'
 There's Meg wi' the maiken,²
 That fain wad ha' haer him,
 And Susie, whose daddy was laird o' the ha'
 There's lang-tocher'd Nancy
 Maist fatters his fancy
 But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest o' a'

OUR THRISSELS FLOURISH'D FRESH AND FAIR

Twice--"Awa', Whigs, awa'!"

The second and fourth stanzas only are from the pen of the poet, the others belong to a Jacobite song

Our thrissels flourish'd fresh and fair,
 And bonny bloom'd our roses;
 But Whigs cam like a frost in June,
 And wither'd a' our posies.

Awa', Whigs, awa'!
 Awa', Whigs, awa'!
 Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns--
 Ye'll do nae gud at

Our ancient crown's fa'n in the dust--
 Deil blu' them wi' the stone o't;
 And write their names in his black book
 Wha gie the Whigs the power o't!

¹ Ap. under waistcoat

² A well-stocked farm

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my describing;
The Wings cam o'er us for a curse,
And we hae dole wi' thriving.

Gum Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken,
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!¹

COME REED ME, DAME

COME reed² me, dame, come tell me, dame
And nime can tell mair truly,
What colour mair the man be of
To love a woman duly

The carlin, I flew bath up and doun,
And lough and answer'd reidly,
I heard a sang in Annanvale,
A dark man for my lady

But for a country quean like thee,
Young lass, I tell thee fairly,
That wi' the white I've made a shift,
And brown will do fu' rarely

There's mickle love in raven locks,
The flaven ne'er grows yowden,³
There's kiss and ha'ise⁴ me in the brown
And glory in tife gowden.

THE CAPTAIN'S LADY.

Get thee up, mount and go

citeth

Oh, mount and go,
Mount and make you ready;
Oh, mount and go,
And be to a captain's lady.

¹ Fiare.
² Counsel

³ Old woman
⁴ Gray

⁵ Hug or emper.

When the drums do beat,
And the cannons rattle,
Thou shalt sit in state,
And see thy love in battle.

When the vanquish'd foe¹
Sues for peace and quiet,
To the shades we'll go,
And in love enjoy it.

— — —

OH, MERRY HAE I BEEN TEEIHIN' A HECKLE².

Tune—"For Breadalbane's March"

Oh, merry hae I leen teethin' a heckle,
And merry hae I been shapin' a spoon;
And merry hae I been cloutin' a kettle,
And kissin' my Katie when a' was done.
Oh, a' the lang day I ca' at my hammer,
And a' the lang day I whistle and sing,
A' the lang night I cuddle my kimmer,¹
And a' the lang night am as happy's a king.

Bitter in dool I lickit my winnm's,
O' mairying Bess, to gie her a slave:
Blest be the hour she cool'd in her linens,
And blithe be the bird that sings on her grave!
Come to my arms, my Katie, my Katie,
And come to my arms and kiss me again!
Drunken or sober, here's to thee, Katie!
And blest be the day I did it again.

EPPIE ADAIR.

Tune—"My Eppie."

AND oh! my Eppie,
My jewel, my Eppie!
Wha wadna be happy
Wi' Eppie Adair?
By love, and by beauty,
By law, and by duty,
I swear to be true to
My Eppie Adair!

¹ Fondle my deane

And oh ! my Eppie,
 My jewel, my Eppie !
 Wha wadna be happy
 • Wi' Eppie Adair ?
 A' pleasure exile me,
 Dishonour defile me,
 If e'er I beguile thee,
 My Eppie Adair !

YOUNG JOCKEY

Tune—"Young Jockey"

"THE whole of this song," says Stenhouse, "excepting three or four lines, is the production of Burns."

YOUNG Jockey was the blithest lad
 In a' our town or here awa' ;
 Fu' blithe he whistled at the gaud,¹
 Fu' lightly danced he in the ha'.
 He roosed² my een, sae bonny blue,
 He roosed my waist sae gently sma',
 And aye my heart came to my mou'
 When ne'er a body heard or saw.

My Jockey toils upon the plow,
 Through wind and wet, through frost and snow ;
 And o'er the lea I leuk fu' fain
 When Jockey's owen hameward er',
 And aye the night comes round agan,
 When in his arms he takes me a' ;
 And aye he vows he'll be my am,
 As lang's he has a dooth to draw.

WEE WILLIE GRAY

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet ;
 Peel a willow-wand to be him boots and jacket ;
 The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and doublet,
 The rose upon the brier will be him trowse and doublet.

WEE Willie Gray, and his leather wallet,
 Twice a hly flower will be him sark and cravat ;
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet,
 Feathers of a flee wad feather up his bonnet.

¹ Plough

² Praised.

JAMIE, COME TRY ME

Tune "Jamie, come try me."

JAMIE, come try me,
 Jamie, come try me,
 If thou wad win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,
 Could I deny thee?
 If thou would win my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

If thou should kiss me, love,
 Wha could espy thee?
 If thou wad be my love,
 Jamie, come try me.

THE BATTLE OF KILIECRANKIE

Tune "Killicrankie."

The chorus of this song, which celebrates the battle where Viscount Dundee fell in the moment of victory, is old; the rest is from the pen of Burns.

WHARE hae ye been sae braw, lad?¹
 Whare hae ye been sae brankie¹ (1)²
 Oh, whare hae ye been sae braw, lad?
 Cam ye by Killicrankie, (1)²
 An ye had been whare I hae been,
 Ye wadna been sae cantie,³ O,
 An ye had seen what I hae seen,
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

I fought at land, I fought at sea;
 At hame I fought my auntie, O;
 But I met the devil and Dundee,
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O
 The bauld Pictur fell in a fur,⁴
 And Clavers got a clankie, O;
 Or I had fed an Athole gled,⁴
 On the braes o' Killicrankie, O.

¹ Gaudy.² Merry.³ Furrow.⁴ Kite.

GUIDWIFE, COUNT THE LAWIN

Tune - "Guidwife, count the lawin"

GANE is the day, and mirk's the night,
But we'll ne'er stay for fruit o' light,
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,
And blade-ied wine's the rising sun

Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
The lawin, the lawin;
Then, guidwife, count the lawin,
And bring a coggie¹ man

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,
And simple folk maun fecht and fen';
But here we're a' in ae accord,
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

My coggie is a haly pool,
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;
And pleasure is a wanton trout,
An ye drink but deep ye'll find him out.

WHISTLE O'ER THE LAVE O'

Tune - "Whistle o'er the lave o't"

First when Maggy was my care,
Heaven, I thought, was in her air,
Now we're married - spier nae man -

Whistle o'er the lave o't -

Meg was meek, and Meg was mild,
Bonny Meg was nature's child,
Wiser men than me's beguiled -

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

How we live, my Meg and me,
How we love, and how we glee,
I care na by how few may see -

Whistle o'er the lave o't

Wha I wish were maggots' meat,
Dish'd up in her winding sheet,
I could write - but Meg maun see't -

Whistle o'er the lave o't.

¹ Bumpie.

OH, CAN YE LABOUR LEA.

OH, can ye labour lea, young man,
And can ye labour lea?
Gae back the gate ye cam again,
Ye've never scorn me.

I fee'd a man at Martinmas,
Wi' aill-pennies three,
And a' the fant I fan' wi' him,
He couldna labour lea.

The stibble-rig is easy plough'd,
The fallow land is free;
But wha wad keep the handless couf,
That couldn' labour lea?

WOMEN'S MINDS

Tune—"For a' that."

THOUGH women's minds, like winter winds,
May shift and turn, and a' that,
The noblest breast adores them marst,
A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, and a' that,
And twice as muckle's a' that,
The bonny lass that I lo'e best
She'll be my-ain for a' that.

Great love I bear to all the fair,
Their humble slave, and a' that;
But loudly will, I hold it still,
A mortal sin to thaw that.

But there is ane aboon the lave,¹
Has wit, and sense, and a' that;
A bonny lass, I like her best,
And wha a crime d'ic ca' that?

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONNY FACE

Tune—"The Maid's Complaint"

"THESE verses," says Cunningham, "were originally in English; Burns bestowed a Scottish dress upon them, and made them utter sentiments connected with his own affections."

It is na, Jean, thy bonny face,
 Nor shape, that I admire,
 Although thy beauty and thy grace
 Might weel awake desire.
 Something, in a part o' thee,
 To praise, to love, I find;
 But, dear as is thy form to me,
 Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungenerous wish I ha'e,
 Nor stronger in my breast,
 Than if I canna mak thee sae,
 At least to see thee blest.
 Content am I, if Heaven shall give
 But happiness to thee:
 And, as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
 For 'hee I'd bear to die.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Tune—“Lady Badensooth's Reel.”

My love she's but a lassie yet
 My love she's but a lassie yet;
 We'll let her stand a year or twa,
 She'll no be half sae saucy yet
 I rue the day I sought her, O,
 I rue the day I sought her, O;
 Wha gets her needna say she's woo'd,
 But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet
 Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
 Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
 But here I never mis'd it yet.
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
 The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
 And couldna preach for thinkin' o't

‘CA’ THE EWES.

Tune—“Ca’ the Ewes to the Knowe.”

THE fourth and fifth stanzas of this song, written for the *Museum*, are old, with a few alterations by Burns. The version which follows this was written some time afterwards for Thomson's collection.

As I gaed down the water-side,
 There I met my shepherd lad,
 He row'd¹ me sweetly in his plaid,
 And he ca'd me his dearie.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows,
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My bonny dearie !

Will ye gang down the water-side,
 And see the waves sae sweetly glide?
 Beneath the hazels spreading wide
 The moon it shines fu' clearly.

I was bred up at nae sic school,
 My shepherd lad, to play the fool,
 And a' the day to sit in dool,
 And naeboddy to see me.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
 Caul-leather shoon upon your feet,
 And in my arms ye'se he and sleep,
 And ye sall be my dearie.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
 I'se gang wi' you, my shepherd lad,
 And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
 And I sall be your dearie.

While waters wimplē² to the sea ;
 While day blinks in the lift³ sae hie
 'Till clay-could death sall blin' my ee,
 Ye sall be my dearie

CA' THE ROWES.

SECOND VERSION.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,
 Ca' them whare the heather grows
 Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
 My benny dearie !

¹ Wrapt

² Meander.

³ Heaven.

Hark the mavis' evening sang
Sounding Cluden's woods amang !
Then a faulding¹ let us gang,
My bonny dearie.

We'll gang down by Cluden side,
Through the hazels spreading wide.
O'er the waves that sweetly glide,
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,
Where at moonshine midnight hours
O'er the dewy bending flowers,
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear ;
Thou'lt to love and heaven sae dear
Nocht of ill may come thee near.
My bonny dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,
Thou hast stown my very heart :
I can die—but canna part--
My bonny dearie¹

SUMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME

Tune - " Aye Waukin, O "

THIS is an old song, improved by Burns.

SUMMER'S a pleasant time
Flowers of every colour,
The water rins o'er the heugh,¹
And I long for my true love.

Aye waukin, O,
Waukin still and wearie :
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie

When I sleep I dream,²
When I wauk I mearn.²
Sleep I can get nane
For thinking on my dearie.

¹ Steep.

² Tired.

Lanely night comes on,
 A' the lave are sleepin';
 I think on' my bonny lad,
 And I bleer my gen with g'et'in'.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

Tune—"There are few guid fellows when Willie's awa' "

"*When political combustion,*" says the poet, in a letter to Thomson, enclosing this song, "ceases to be the object of princes and patriots, it then, you know, becomes the lawful prey of historians and poets."

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
 I heard a man sing, though his head it was gray;
 And as he was singing, the tears fast down came,
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 The Church is in runs, the State is in jars;
 Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars;
 We daena weel say't, though we ken wha's to blame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame!

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
 And now I greet¹ round their green beds in the yerd.²
 It brak the sweet heart of my faithfu' auld dame—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.
 Now life is a burthen that bows me down,
 Since I tint⁴ my bairns, and he tint his crown;
 But till my last moments my words are the same—
 There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

LOVELY DAVIES.

Tune—"Miss Muir"

BURNS met the heroine of this song and the one following, Miss Deborah Davies, an English lady, at the house of Captain Riddel of Glenriddel. In a letter to the lady, enclosing this song, in a strain of inflated enthusiasm, he says:—"When my theme is youth and beauty—a young lady whose personal charms, wit, and sentiment, are equally striking and unaffected—Heavens! I thought I had lived threescore years a married man, and threescore years before I was a married man, my imagination would hallow the very idea; and I am truly sorry that the enclosed stanzas have done such poor justice to such a subject."

O! how shall I unskillfu' try
 The poet's occupation,

¹ Weeping

² Weep.

³ Earth

⁴ Lost.

The tunefu' powers, in happy hours,
 That whisper inspiration?
 Even they maun dare an effort mair
 Than aught they ever gave us;
 Or they rehearse in equal verse,
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
 Like Phoebus in the morning,
 When past the shower, and every flower
 The garden is adorning.
 As the wretch looks o'er Siberia's shore,
 When winter-bound the wave is;
 Sae droops our heart when we maun part
 Frae charming, lovely Davies.

Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
 That maks us mair than princes;
 A sceptred hand, a king's command,
 Is in her darting glances:
 The man in arms 'gainst female charms
 Even he her willing slave is;
 He hugs his chain, and owns the reign
 Of conquering, lovely Davies.

My Muse to dream of such a theme,
 Her feeble powers surrender;
 The eagle's gaze alone surveys
 The sun's meridian splendour:
 I wad in vain essay the strain,
 The deed too daring brave is;
 I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire
 The charms o' lovely Davies.

THE BONNY WFE THING.

Tune—"Bonny wee Thing"

BONNY wee t'ing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should tine.
 Wishfully I look and languish
 In that bonny face o' thine;
 And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
 Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
 In æ constellation shine;
 To adore thee is my duty,
 Goddess o' this sope o' mine!
 Bonny wee thing, cannie wee thing,
 Lovely wee thing, weir tholl'mine,
 I wad wear thee in my bosom,
 Lest my jewel I should time!

WAR SONG

Air—"Orrison Douglass," or, "The Song of Death"

"I HAVE just finished," says the poet, "a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, 'the following song, which, to fully, the description of Wilkes, and herself the mother of several soldiers, needs neither preface nor apology'"

Scene. A field of battle—Time of the day, Evening. The wounded and dying of the victorious army are supposed to join in the following song—

FAREWELL, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies,
 Now gay with the broad setting sun!
 Farewell loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties!
 Our race of existence is run!

Thou grim King of Terror, thou life's gloomy foe!
 Go, lighten the coward and slave!
 Go teach them to tremble, fell tyrant! but know,
 No terrors hast thou to the brave!

Thou strik'st the dull peasant,—he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves e'en the wreck of a name;—
 Thou strik'st the young hero—a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame!

In the field of proud honour—our swords in our hand,
 Our king and our country to save—
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sand,—
 Oh! who would not die with the brave!

AC FOND KISS.

Tune—"Roy Dal's Lullay"

LEAKIN, A (Mrs. M'Lehose) was the heroine of this song
 admired it much

Byron and Scott

Ac fond kiss, and then we sever;
 Ac farewell, and then, for ever!

Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee

Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him ?
Me, no cheerful twinkle lights me ;
Dark despair around bights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy
But to see her was to love her ;
Love but her, and love for ever.

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met - or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted

Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest !
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest !
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure !

Ac fond kiss, and then we sever,
Ac fareweel, alas ! for ever !
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee !

— — —

GLAOMY DECEMBER

from "Wandering Willie"

the following were written immediately after the last interview with
Clara, in December 1791

ANCE mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December !
Once mair I hail thee, wi' sorrow and care ;
Sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
Parting wi' Nancy, oh ! ne'er to meet mair.

Fond lovers' parting is sweet painful pleasure,
Hope beaming m'd on the soft parting hour ;
But the dire feeling, oh, farewell for ever !
Is anguish wammugled, and agony pure.

Wild as the winter now tearing the forest,
Till the last leaf o' the summer is flown ;
Such is the tempest has shaken my bosom,
Since my last hope and last comfort is gone

Still as I hail thee, thou gloomy December,
 Still shall I hail thee wi' sorrow and care;
 For sad was the parting thou makes me remember,
 Parting wi' Nancy, oh! ne'er to meet mair.

BEHOLD THE HOUR

Tune—"Oran Gaoil."

A MONTH after the interview and parting which the previous song celebrates Mrs M'Lehose (Clarinda) wrote to the poet, bidding him farewell. The feelings evoked by her letter found vent in the following song:—

BEHOLD the hour, the boat arrive,
 Thou goest, thou darling of my heart!
 Sever'd from thee can I survive?
 But Fate has will'd, and we must part.

I'll often greet this singing swell,
 Yon distant isle will often hail:
 "E'en here I took the last farewell:
 There latest mark'd her vanish'd sail!"

Along the solitary shore,
 While flitting sea-fowl round me cry,
 Across the rolling dashing roar,
 I'll westward turn my wistful eye

Happy, thou Indian grove, I'll say,
 Where now my Nancy's path may be!
 While through thy sweets she loves to stray,
 Oh, tell me, does she muse on me?

THE MURK-NIGHT O' DECEMBER

Tune—"O May, thy morn"

THE following is understood to refer to the parting with Clarinda. The darkness in the mood is noticeable enough.

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet
 As the murk night o' December;
 For sparkling was the rosy wine,
 And private was the chamber:
 And dear was she I darena name,
 But I will aye remember,
 And dear was she I darena name,
 But I will aye remember.

And here's to them that, like oursel,
 Can push aboot the jorum;
 And here's to them that wish us weel,
 May a' that's gude watch o'er them!
 And here's, to them we darena tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum,
 And here's to them we darena tell,
 The dearest o' the quorum!

MY NANNIE'S AWA'

Tune—"There'll never be peace," &c.

The following is the last of the Clamda songs,

Now in her green mantle blithe nature arrays,
 And listens the lambskins that bleat o'er the braes,
 While birds warble welcome in ilka green shaw,
 But to me it's delightless—my Nannie's awa'!

The snaw-drap and primrose our woodlands adorn,
 And violets bathe in the wet o' the morn,
 They pain my sad bosom, sae sweetly they blaw,
 They mind me o' Nannie—and Nannie's awa'!

'Thou laverock that springs frae the dew's o' the lawn,
 The shepherd to warn o' the gray breaking dawn,
 And thou mellow mavis that hails the micht fa',
 Give over for pity—my Nannie's awa'!

Come, Autumn sae penur', in yellow and gray,
 And soothe me with tidings o' Nannie's decay.
 The dark dreary winter, and wild driving snow,
 Alone can delight me—now Nannie's awa'!

WANDERING WILLOW

The idea of this song appears to have been taken from an old one, of which the following verses have been preserved.

"Here awa', there awa' here awa', Willie,
 Here awa', there awa', here awa' hie me;
 Long hie I sought thee, or have I sought thee,
 Now I hae gotten my Willie again."

"Through the lang muir I have follow'd my Willie,
Through the lang muir I have follow'd him hame;
Whate'er betide us, nought shall divide us,
Love now rewards all my sorrow and pain."

HIERE awa', there awa', wandering Willie,
Hei awa', there awa', haud awa' hame,
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

'Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting,
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee.
Welcome now simmer, and welcome my Willie—
The simmer to nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your slumbers,
How your dread howling a looser alarms!
Waken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!

But oh, if he's faithless, and mends na his Nannie,
Flow still between us thou wide roaring main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain.

THE DEIL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN.

Tune. "The deil cam fiddling through the town."

LOCKHART gives the following interesting account of this song — "This spirited song was composed on the shores of the Solway, while the poet and a part of his brother excisemen were engaged in watching the motions of a suspicious-looking brig, which had put in there, and which, it was supposed, was engaged in smuggling. The day following that on which she was first seen the vessel got into shallow water, and it was then discovered that the crew were gun-running, and not likely to yield without a struggle. Lewars accordingly was despatched to Dumfries for a party of dragoons, and another officer proceeded on a similar errand to Ecclefechan, leaving Burns with some men under his orders, to watch the brig and prevent landing or escape. Burns manifested considerable impatience while thus occupied, being left for many hours in a wet salt-marsh with a force which he knew to be inadequate for the purpose it was meant to fulfil. One of his comrades he thus abused his friend Lewars in particular, for being slow about his journey, the man answered that he also wished the devil had him for his pains, and that Burns in the meantime would do well to indicate a song upon the slaggard. Burns said nothing, but after taking a few strides by himself among the reeds and shingle, rejoined his party, and chanted to them this well-known ditty."

THE deil cam fiddling through the town,
And danced awa' wi' the Exciseman,
An' ilka wife cries—"Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck o' the prize, man!"

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman ;
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman !

We'll mak' our maun, we'll brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man ;
And mony braw thanks to the mickle black deil
• That danced awa' wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman ,
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman !

There's threesome reels, there's foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man ,
But the ae best dance e'er cam to the land,
Was - the deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman.

The deil's awa', the deil's awa',
The deil's awa' wi' the Exciseman ,
He's danced awa', he's danced awa',
He's danced awa' wi' the Exciseman !

BONNY LESLEY

In a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Burns gives the following account of the origin of this song:—" Apropos!—do you know that I am almost in love with an acquaintance of yours? Know, then, 's not he, "that the heart-struck awe, the distant humble approach, the delight we should have in gazing upon and listening to a messenger of Heaven, appearing in all the unspotted purity of his celestial home, among the coarse, polluted, for inferior sons of men, to deliver to do untidings that should make their hearts swim in joy, and their imaginations soar in transport, such, so delighting and so pure, were the emotions of my soul on meeting the other day with Miss Lizzy Bailie, your neighbour at Mayfield. Mr. Bailie, with his two daughters, accompanied by Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago, on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me, on which I took my horse, (though God knows I could ill spare the time,) and accompanied them four or five or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about noon, I think, when I left them, and riding home I composed the following ballad. You must know that there is an old one beginning with—

'My bonny Lizzy Bailie,
I'll love thee in my plaidie,' &c

So I parodied it as follows."

Oh, 'aw ye bonny Lesley
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For Nature made her what she is,
And never made another.

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,¹
Thy subjects we, before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna skaith¹ thee,
Nor aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonny face,
And say, "I canna winnig thee."

The powers aboon¹ will tent² thee;
Misfortune shan¹ a steel thee:
Thou'lt like thyself sae lovely,
That ill they il ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonia¹
That we may bide² we hae a lass
There's nae again sae bonny.

— — —

CRAIGIE BURN WOOD

BURNS composed the following song to and the sonnet of a Mr. Gillespie, a friend of his. The lady who, by the way, did not survive, even though her lover was so ably assisted by Burns, was the Chloris Miss Fother, of several of his finest ballads. A brief account of the melancholy career of this unfortunate lady will be found at p. 205.

SWEET closes the evening on Craigie-burn Wood,
And blithely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the Spring in the Craigie-burn Wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.

Beyond thee, deane, beyond thee, deane,
And oh! to be lying beyond thee;
Oh, sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep
That's laid in the bed beyond thee!

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nae for me,
While care my heart is winging.

I cannot tell, I mauna tell,
 I darena for your anger;
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 I see the graceful, and tall,
 I see thee sweet and bonny,
 But oh, what will my torment be,
 If thou refuse thy Johnnie?
 To see thee in another's arms,
 In love to lie and langish,
 'I wad be my dear! that will be see,
 My heart wad burn I wad angish.
 But, Jamie, say thou wilt be mine,
 Say thou lo'es me before me;
 And at my days o' life to come
 I'll gratefully adore thee.

SECOND VERSION.

Sweet let's the cave on Langside burn,
 And bid the awl the morn,
 But at the pride o' spring's return,
 (An' auld me nought but sorrow,
 I see the flowers and sprouting trees,
 I hear the wild birds singing
 But what a weary weight o' miserie,
 And care has bosom wringing!
 For, soon would I my griefs impart,
 Yet darena for your anger,
 But secret love will break my heart,
 If I conceal it langer.
 If thou refuse to pity me,
 If thou shalt love another,
 When your green leaves fade—see the
 Around my grave they'll wale.

I TELL THE FRIENDS AND LOVERS.

Alas!—"Cairn Side"

For the friends and I love,
 Driven by Fortune's felly² spite,

Death

² Rebellious

Frae my best-beloved I rove,
 Never mair to taste delight;
 Never mair maun hope to find
 Ease frae toil, relief frae care.
 When remembrance wracks the mind,
 Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall nirk appear,
 Desert ilka blooming shore,
 Till the Fates, nae mair severe,
 Friendship, Love, and Peace restore;
 Till Revenge, wi' laurell'd head,
 Bring our banish'd hame again,
 And ilka loyal bonny lad
 'Cross the seas and win his ain.

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL

Tune—"My Tocher's the Jewel"

Oh meikle thinks my love o' my beauty,
 And meikle thinks my love o' my kin;
 But little thinks my love I ken bawlie¹
 My tocher's² the jewel has charms for him
 It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree;
 It's a' for the honey he'll cherish the bee;
 My laddie's sac meikle in love with the siller
 He cannae hae love to spare for me.

Your proffer o' love's an aul-penny,³
 My tocher's the bargain ye wad buy,
 But an ye be crafty I can cunning,
 Sae ye wi' anther you, fortune maun try.
 Ye're like to the tinner⁴ o' yon rotten wood,
 Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree,
 Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
 And ye'll crack⁵ your credit wi' mae⁶ nor me.

WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO?

Tune—"What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?"

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie,
 What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?

¹ Know well
² Dowry

³ Earnest-money.
⁴ Timber.

⁵ Injure
⁶ More.

Bad luck on the penny that tempted my minnie¹
 T' o sell her poor Jenny for silken and lan'²
 Bad luck on the penny, &c.

He's always compleenin' s'ae mornin' to e'enin',
 He boasts³ and he huples⁴ the weary day lang;
 He's doyl't⁵ and he's dozen,⁶ his bluid it is frozen,
 Oh, deary's the night wi' a crazy auld man!
 He's doyl't and he's dozen, &c.

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he cankers,
 I never can please him, do a' that I can;
 He's peevish and jealous of a' the young fellows:
 Oh, dool⁶ on the day I met wi' an auld man
 He's peevish and jealous, &c.

My auld Auntie Katie upon me tak's pity,
 I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan!
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
 And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
 I'll cross him, and wrack him, &c.

OH, HOW CAN I BE BLITHE AND GLAD?

Tune - "O'er the hills and far awa' "

The poet having found the germ of this song in Herd's collection, thought to have wrought into it some allusion to an incident in his own personal history.

Oh, how can I be blithe and glad,
 Or how can I gang brisk and baw,
 When the bonny lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa'?
 When the bonny lad that I lo'e best
 Is o'er the hills and far awa'?

It's no the frosty winter wind,
 It's no the driving dust and snaw;
 But aye the tear comes in my ee,
 To think on him that's far awa'.
 But aye the tear comes in my ee,
 To think on him that's far awa'.

My father pat me frae his dool,
 My friends they hae disown'd me a'.

¹ Mother
² Coughs

³ Jumps
⁴ Crawled

⁵ Bumped
⁶ Woe.

But I hae aye will tak my part,
The bonny lad that's far awa'.
But I hae aye will tak my part,
The bonny lad that's far awa'.

A pair o' gloves he bought for me,
And silken snoods * he gae me twa;
And I will wear them for his sake,—
The bonny lad that's far awa'.
And I will wear them for his sake,—
The bonny lad that's far awa'.

Oh, weary winter soon will pass,
And spring will cleed the broken-shaw,
And my young baby will be born,
And he'll be bairn that's far awa'.
And my young baby will be born,
And he'll be bairn that's far awa'.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR

Tune. "I do confess thou art sae fair."

THIS song was altered from one by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Anne, consort of James VI. "I think," says Burns, "that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments by giving them a Scots dress."

I do confess thou art sae fair,
I wad bein owie the hugs² in lave,
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak thy heart could move.
I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thoughtless o' thy sweets,
Thy favours are the silly wind,
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rosebud, rich in dew,
Among its native ¹ viers sae coy,
How sure it tines³ its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!
Sic fate, ere lang shall thee betide,
Though thou may gang bloom a while;
Yet sure thou shalt be thrown aside
Like ony common weed and vile.

¹ Birch-wood

² Embrace

³ Lose

* See p. 343-note.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS

Tune - "Yon wild mossy mountains"

This song," says the poet, "alludes to a very private history which it is of no consequence to the

YON wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That muse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock as he pipes on his reed
Where the grouse lead their coveys through the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tends his flock as he pipes on his reed.

Not Gowrie's rich valleys, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild mossy moors,
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd cleft stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.
For there, by a lanely, sequester'd cleft stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Among thae wild mountains shall still be my path
Ilk stream foaming down its aw-green narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.
For there, wi' my lassie, the day-lang I rove,
While o'er us, unheeded, flee the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, although she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share
Her parentage humble as humble can be,
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.
Her parentage humble as humble can be,
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.

To beauty what man but man yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances and blushes a sign?
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts;
And when wit and refinement hae polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een as they flee to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling ee,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her arms,
Oh, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

OH FOR ANE-AND-TWENTY, TAM!

Tune—"The Mandiewort"

AND oh for ane-and-twenty, Tam,¹
 And hey, sweet ane-and-twenty, Tam!
 I'll learn my kin a rattlin' sang,
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They snool¹ me sair, and haud me doon,
 And gar me look like bluntie,² Tam;
 But three short years will soon wheel roun',
 And then comes ane-and-twenty, Tam.

A gloib o' lan',³ a slaut o' gear,⁴
 Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
 At loth or kin I need na spier,⁵
 An I saw ane-and-twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealth, coof,⁶
 Though I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
 But hear'st thou, laddie—there's my loof⁶—
 I'm thine at ane-and-twenty, Tam

BLESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL

Tune—"The sweet lass that lo'es me"

OH, leeze me on my spinning-wheel,
 And leeze me on my rock and reel;
 Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,⁷
 And haps⁸ me fu⁹ and warm at een!
 I'll set me down and sing and spin,
 While laugh descends the summer sun,
 Blest wi' content, and milk and m¹⁰l—
 Oh, leeze me on my spinning-wheel!

On ilka hand the burnies trot,
 And meet below my theekit cot;
 The scented hirk and hawthorn white,
 Across the pool their arms unite,
 Alike to screen the ladies' nest,
 And little fishes' call¹¹er rest:
 The sun blink kindly in the biel,¹¹
 Where blithe I turn my spinning-wheel.

¹ Curl.² A simpleton.³ A portion of ground.⁴ A handful of money.⁵ Fool.⁶ Hand.⁷ Comfortably.⁸ Wraps.⁹ Soft.¹⁰ Cooling.¹¹ Cottage, sheltered place.

On lofty aiks the cushats¹ wail,
 And echo cons the doolfu' tale;
 The lintwhites in the hazel braes,
 Delighted, rival ither's lays.
 The cruk² amang the clover hay,
 The paitick whirr³ o'er the ley,
 The swallow juik⁴ round my shiel,⁵
 Amuse me at my spinning-wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,
 Aboon distress, below envy,
 Oh, wha wad leave this humble state,
 For a' the pride of a' the great?
 Amid their flaring, ille toys,
 Amid their cumbrous, dainsome joys,
 Can they the peace and pleasure feel
 Of Bessy at her spinning-wheel?

NIHISDALE'S WELCOME HAME

WITTEN t. celebrate the return to Scotland of Lady Winifred Maxwell
 descendant of the ancient Earl of Nithsdale

THE noble Maxwells and their powers
 Are coming o'er the Border,
 And they'll gae big Terregle's towers,
 And set them a' in order.
 And they declare Terregle's fair,
 For their abode they choose it;
 There's no a heart in a' the land
 But's lighter at the news o't.

Though stars in skies may disappear
 And angry tempests gather:
 The happy hour may soon be near
 That brings us pleasant weather:
 The weary night o' care andrief
 May hae a joyfu' morrow.
 So dawning day has brought relief—
 Fareweel our night o' sorrow!

COUNTRY LASSIE

Tune—"The Country Lass"

IN slamer, when the hay was mawn,
 And corn waved green in ilka field,

¹ Wood-pigeon.

² Larkspur.

³ Cottage

While clover blooms white o'er the lea,
 And roses blaw in ilka bield,¹
 Blithe Bessie in the mithering shiel,²
 Says, "I'll be wed, come o't what will :"³
 Out spak a dunc in wikkid eild,⁴ —
 "O' gude advisement comes the ill.

"It's ye hae woe's mony ane,
 And, lassie, ye're but young, ye len —
 Then wait a wee, and cannie wale,⁵
 A routhie butt, a routhie ben :⁶
 There's Johnnie o' the Burskie Glen,
 But is his bun, fu' is his byre,
 Tak this frae me, my bonny hen,
 It's plenty beats the luv 's fire."

"For Johnnie o' the Burskie Glen,
 I duna care a single flee,
 He lo'es sae weel his craps and kye,
 He has nae luv, to spare frae me.
 But blithe's the blink o' Robbinc's ee,
 And weel I wat he lo'es me dear.
 Ae blink o' him I wadna gie
 For Bu kic Glen and a' his gear."

"Oh, thoughtless lassie, ye's a' faught,⁶
 The canniest gate,⁷ the stit is saur,
 But aye fu'-hant is fechtin' fast,
 A hungry cae's an unco cae,
 But some will spend, and some will spare,
 And wilfu' folk maun hie then will;
 Syne as ye brew, my maiden fun,
 Keep mind that ye maun drink the yill."

"Oh, gear will buy me rigs o' land,
 An' I gear will buy me sheep and kye.
 But the tender heart o' Robbinc⁸ hae
 The gowd and siller canna buy.
 We may be poor — Robbinc and I,
 Light is the burden hae lads on;
 Content and luv bring peace and joy —
 What mair hae queens upon a throne."

FAIR ELIZA.

This was another unsuccessful attempt on the part of the poet, to advance the love suit of a friend.

¹ Sheltered place.

² Shed.

³ Age.

⁴ Wicked choose.

⁵ A well-filled kitchen
and parour.

⁶ Struggle.

⁷ The worst way.

⁸ Glad some.

TURN again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rue on thy despairing lover!
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
 If to leave thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
 The offence is loving thee
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?
 While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix milk & throe,
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon,
 Not the little sporting fanny,
 All beneath the summer moon
 Not the poet, in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his ee,
 Keen the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

OH, LOVE WILL VENTURE IN.

Oh, love will venture in
 Where it daurna weel be seen;
 Oh, love will venture in
 Where wisdom ance has been;
 But I will down yon river rowe,
 Among the wood-sae glens—
 And a' to pu' a poseie
 To my ain dear May.

The pimperne I will pu',
 The firstling of the year;
 And I will pu' the pink,
 The emblem o' my dear;
 For she's the pink o' womankind,
 And blooms without a peer—
 And a' to be a poseie
 To my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose,
 When Phoebus peeps in view,

For it's like a baumy kiss
 O' her sweet, bonny mou' ;
 The hyacinth's for constancy,
 Wi' its unchanging blue—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure,
 And the lily it is fair,
 And in her lovely bosom
 I'll place the lily there ;
 The daisy's for simplicity,
 And unaffected an—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu',
 Wi' its locks o' siller gray,
 Where, like an aged man,
 It stands at break o' day.
 But the songster's nest within the bush
 I wimna tak away—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu',
 When the evening star is near,
 And the diamond drops o' dew
 Shall be her een sae clear ;
 The violet's for modesty,
 Which weel she fa's to wear—
 And a' to be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round
 Wi' the silken band o' love,
 And I'll place it on her breast,
 And I'll swear by a' above,
 That to my latest draught o' life
 The band shall ne'er remove—
 And this will be a posie
 To my ain dear May.

SIC A WIFE AS WILLIE HAD.

Tune Light Mer of Mordart."

We are indebted to Cunningham for an account of the heroine of this song
 "She was the wife of a farmer who lived near Burns at Ellisland. She was a
 very singular woman. 'tea,' she said, 'would be the ruin of the nation, sugar
 was a sore evil; wheaten bread was only fit for babes, earthenware was a
 pickpocket, wooden floors were but fit for thrashing upon; slated roofs, cold;

feathers, good enough for fowls,' in short, she abhorred change, and, whe ever anything new appeared, such as harrows with iron teeth—'Ay, ay,' s would exclaim, 'ye'll see the upshot!' Of all noddern things she disliked chin most; she called it 'brunt clay,' and said it was only fit for 'haudin' the bre o' stinkin' weeds,' as she called tea. On one occasion, a southern dealer i cups and saucers asked so much for his ware that he exasperated a peasant, who said, 'I canna buy, but I ken ane that will.' 'Gang there,' said he, point- ing to the house of Willie's wife.—'dinna be blate or burd-mouthed; ask a guid penny, she has the riller.' Away went the poor dealer, spread out his wares before her, and summed up all by asking a double price. A blow from her cunimock was his instant reward, which not only fell on his person, but damaged his china.—'I'll learn ye,' quoth she, as she heard the saucers jingle, 'to come wi' yer brazent English face, and yer bits o' bruil clay to the l'!"

WILLIE WASILE dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doodie;
Willie was a wabster¹ guid,
Could stown² a clue wi' ony bodie.
He had a wife was doon and din,
Oh, Tinkler Madgie was her mither;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She has an ee—she has but aue,
The cat has twa the very colour;
Five rusty teeth, forbye³ a stump,
A clapper-tongue wad deave a miller,
A whiskin' beard alont her mou',
Her nose and chin they threatenither—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

She's bow-hough'd, she's hem-shinn'd,
Ae jumpin' leg, a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fun in ilka quarter,
She has a hump upn her breast,
The twin o' that upon her shoulther—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

Auld hauchons by the mgle sits,
And wi' her loof⁶ her face a-vashin',
But Willie's wife is nac sae trig.⁵
She dights her grunzie wi' a hashion,⁷
Her walke meys⁸ like madden-cieels,
Her face wad fyl⁶ the Logan Water—
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

¹ Weaver² [Hare] stolen.³ Besides.⁴ The cat by the fire⁵ place sits.⁶ Palm⁶ Clear⁷ Ample fists

She wipes her mouth with an old

SMILING SPRING COMES IN REJOICING.

Tune—"The Bonny Bell"

THE smiling Spring comes in rejoicing,
 And snail Winter grimly flies,
 Now crystal clear are the falling waters,
 And bonny blue are the sunny skies;
 Fresh 'er the mountains breaks forth the morning,
 The evening gilds the ocean's swell,
 All creatures joy in the sun's returning,
 And I rejoice in my bonny Bell

The flowery Spring leads sunny Summer,
 And yellow Autumn presses near,
 Then in his turn comes gloomy Winter,
 Till smiling Spring again appear.
 Thus seasons dancing, life advancing,
 Old Time and Nature then changes tell,
 But never ranging, still unchanging,
 I adore my bonny Bell.

THE GALLANT WEAVER

Tune—"The Weaver's March"

WHERE Carl * has roamin' to the sea,
 By many a flower and spreading tree,
 There lives a lad, the lad for me,
 He is a gallant weaver
 Oh, I had woe enough of mine,
 They gird me rings and ribbons fine,
 And I was fear'd my heart would turn,<¹
 And I gied it to the weaver.

My daddie sign'd my tocher-hand,²
 To gie the lad that has the land;
 But to my heart I'll add my hand,
 And gie it to the weaver.
 While birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
 While bees delight in opening flowers;
 While corn grows green in summer showers,
 I'll love my gallant weaver.

¹ Lasc² Marriage-deed.

The Carl is a river in Renfrewshire.

SHE'S FAIR AND FAUSE.

Tune—"She's Fair and Fause."

SHE'S fair and fause that causes mys smart,
 I lo'ed her meikle and lang;
 She's broken her vow, she's broken my heart,
 And I may e'en gae hang.
 A coof¹ cam in wi' routh o' gear,²
 And I hae tint³ my dearest dear;
 But woman is but wauld's gear,
 Sae let the bonny lassie gang.

Whae'er ye be that woman love, —
 To this be never blind,
 Nae ferlie⁴ 'tis, though fickle she prove,
 A woman has't by kind.
 O woman, lovely woman fair!
 An angel form's fa'n to thy share:
 'Twad been o'er meikle to gien⁵ thee mair —
 I mean an angel mind.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.

Tune "The Lea-Rig."

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star
 Tells bughtin-time⁶ is near, my jo,
 And owsen frae the furrow'd field
 Return sae dowl⁷ and weary, O;
 Down by the burn, where scented lilies
 Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,
 I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,⁸
 My ain kind dearie, O!

In mirkest⁹ glen, at midnight hour,
 I'd rove, and ne'er be cerie,¹⁰ O,
 If through that glen I gae'd to thee,
 My ain kind dearie, O!
 Although the night were ne'er sae wild,
 And I were ne'er sae wearie, O,
 'T'd meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind dearie, O!

¹ Fool.

² Abundance of wealth.

³ Lost.

⁴ Wonder.

⁵ Have given.

⁶ Folding-time.

⁷ Dull.

⁸ Grassfield-ridge.

⁹ Darkest.

¹⁰ Frightened.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,
 To rouse the mountain deer, my jo;
 At noon the fisher seeks the glen,
 Along the burn to steer, my jo;
 Gie me the hour o' gloamin' gray,
 It maks my heart sae chee'y, O,
 To meet thee on the lea-rig,
 My ain kind deatie, O!

MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WFE THING.

'TIL is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a han'some wee thing,
 She is a bonny wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer;
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewe' time.¹

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a han'some wee thing,
 She is a bonny wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The wauld's wrack we share o't,
 The waistle and the care o't;
 Wi' her I'll blithely bear it,
 And thank my lot divine.

HIGHLAND MARY

Tune - " Kathleen Ogie "

There is another magnificent expression of his passion for Highland Mary. Writing to Thomson, he says — " The following song pleases me. I think it is in my happiest manner. The subject of the song is one of the most interesting passages of my youthful days, and I own that I should be much flattered to see the verse set to an air which would insure celebrity. Perhaps after all, it is the still glowing prejudice of my heart that throws a borrowed lustre over the merits of the composition." See p. 253 for an account of Mary.

Yi lanks, and braes, and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,

¹ He lost.

Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never dumb¹ !
 There summer first unfold her robes,
 And there the longest tarry,
 For there I took the part forsworn
 O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green hick² !
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom !
 As underneath their fragrant shade,
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie,
 For dear to me, as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary !

With many a bow, and lock'd embrace,
 Our parting was full tender,
 And, pledging aft to meet again,
 We tore our souls asunder ;
 But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower-sac early ! —
 Now green's the sod, and earth's the clay
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

Oh, pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
 I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly !
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly !
 And mould'ring now in silent dust
 That heart that lov'd me dearly —
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary !

AULD ROB MORRIS

THE two last lines of the following belong to an old ballad—the rest is the poet's.

THOMAS and Rob Morris that wons in yon glen
 He's the king o' gaird fellows and wale o' auld men ;
 He has gowd in his coffers, he has owsen and kine,
 And ae bonny lassie, his darling and mine.
 She's fiesh as the morning the fairest in May ;
 She's sweet as the evening among the new hay ;
 As blithe and as artless as lambs on the lea,
 And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.

¹ Muddy.

² Dwell.

³ Choice.

But oh ! she's an heiress,—and Robin's a laird,¹
 And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and yard ;
 A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed ;
 The wounds I must hide that will soon be my dead.²

The day comes to me, but delight brings me nane ;
 The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane
 I wander my lane like a night-troubled ghast,
 And I sigh as my heart it wad burst in my breast.

Oh, had she but been of a lower degree,
 I then might hae hoped she'd hae smiled upon me !
 Oh, how past describing had then been my bliss,
 As now my distraction no words can express !

COCK UP YOUR BE 'VER

Tune—"Cock up your beaver"

THE second verse of this song is Burns's—the first is old

WHEN first my brave Johnnie lad
 Came to this town,
 He had a blue bonnet
 That wanted the crown ;
 But now he has gotten
 A hat and a feather,—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

Cock up your beaver,
 And cock it fu' sprush,
 We'll over the Border
 And gie them a brush ;
 There's somebody there
 We'll teach better behaviour—
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad,
 Cock up your beaver !

BONNY PEG.

THE following lines first appeared in the *Edinburgh Magazine* for 1812

As I came in by our gate end,
 As day was waxin' weary,

¹ Leath.

Oh, wha came tripping down the street,
But bonny Peg, my dearie !

Her air¹ sae sweet, and shape complete,
Wi' gae proportion wanting,
The Queen of Love did never move
Wi' motion mair enchanting.

Wi' link'd hands, we took the sands
Adown yon winding river ;
And, oh ! that hour and broomy bower,
Can I forget it ever ?

THE TITHER MORN.

To a Highland Air

Tith tither morn,
When I forlorn
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my jo¹
Beside me gin the gloaming,
But he sae tig²
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtlingly³ did cheer me,
When I, what reck,
Did least expect
To see my lad sae near me.

His bonnet he,
A thought ajeer,
Cock'd sprush when⁴ his he lasp'd me ;
And I, I wat,
Wi' sunness grat,⁴
While in his grips he press'd me.
Deil tak' the war !
I late and air
Hae wish'd sinse Jock departed ;
But now as glad
I'm wi' my lul
As short syne broken-hearted.

¹ Dear.

² Neat.

³ Lovingly.

⁴ Wept.

Fu' aft at e'en¹
 Wi' dancing keen,
 When a' were blithe and merry,
 I cared na by,
 Sae sad was I
 In absence o' my dearie
 But, praise be blest,
 My mind's at rest,
 I'm happy wi' my Johnny;
 At kirk and fair,
 I'll aye be there,
 And be as canty's² my.

THE DEUK'S DANG O'ER MY DADDIE, O

Tune. "The deuk's dang o'er my daddie"

'Til' burns git out wi' an unco shout,
 The deuk's dang³ o'er my daddie, O!
 'The fiend may care, quo' the ferrie⁴ auld wife,
 He was but a puddin'⁵ body, O!
 He puddles out, and he puddles in,
 And he puddles late and early, O!
 'Thae seven long yeus I hae hen by his side,
 And he is but a fisionle⁶ s' carlie, O!

Oh, haud your tongue, my ferrie auld wife,
 Oh, haud your tongue now, Nansie, O!
 I've seen the day, and sae hae ye,
 Ye wadna been sae dounsie,⁷ O!
 I've seen the day ye butter'd my brose,
 And cuddled⁸ me late and early, O!
 But downa do's⁹ come o'er me now,
 And, oh! I feel it sauly, O!

HAPPY FRIENDSHIP.

CUNNINGHAM gives the following account of this song:—"Burns, on one occasion, was on a visit at a friend's house for two or three days, and during his stay there a convivial party met, at which the bard was requested to favour the company with a poetical effusion. He promptly complied by writing the song in question. The original MS. is now in the possession of Captain

¹ Happy.

² Duck has pushed.

³ Sturdy

⁴ He wandered aim-
lessly about

⁵ Spleen.

⁶ Pettish

⁷ Fanned

⁸ A phrase denoting the
exhaustion of age

Hendries, who commands a Scottish trading vessel, and who is nephew to the gentleman at whose festive board Burns was entertained on the evening alluded to."

HERE round the ingle¹ bleezing,
 What sae happy and sae free,
 Though the northern wind blaws freezing,
 Frier'ship warms bath you and me.

Happy we are a' thegither,
 Happy we'll be yin and a';
 Time shall see us a' the blither
 Ere we rise to gang awa'.

See the miser o'er his treasure
 Gloating wi' a greedy ee!
 Can he feel the glow o' pleasure
 That around us here we see?

Can the peer, in silk an' l' ermine,
 Ga' his conscience half his own;
 His claes² are spun and edged wi' vermin
 Though he stan' afore a throne!

Thus, then, let us a' be tassing³
 All our stoups o' gen'rous flame;
 And, while round the board 'us passing,
 Raise a sang in frier'ship's name

Frier'ship makes us a' mair happy,
 Frier'ship gies us a' delight,
 Frier'ship consecrates the drappie,
 Frier'ship brings us here to-night.

OH, SAW YE MY DEARIE.

Tune—'Pippie M'Nab'

OH, saw ye my dearie, my Pippie M'Nab?
 Oh, saw ye my dearie, my Pippie M'Nab?
 She's down in the yard, she's kissin' the lair,
 She winna come ham⁴ to her an' Jock Rab.

Oh, come thy ways to me, my Pippie M'Nab!
 Oh, come thy ways to me, my Pippie M'Nab!
 Whate'er thou hast done, be it late, be it soon,
 Thou's welcome again to thy an' Jock 'Cab.

¹ Fireside.

² Clothes.

³ Tossing.

What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 What says she, my dearie, my Eppie M'Nab?
 She lets thee to v it, that she has thee forgot,
 And for ever disowns thee, her ain Jock Rab.

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Eppie M'Nab!
 As light as the an, as fause as thou's fair,
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy ain Jock Rab,

THE CARLE OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

Tune—"Kellyburn Braes."

AN improved version of an old song speaking to Cromek about the old songs her husband had altered and improved. Mrs. Burns said:—"Robert gae this ane a terrible brushing."

THERE lived a carle¹ in Kellyburn² braes,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carle gaed³ up the lang glen,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 He met wi' the devil, says, "How do you fen?⁴"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 For, saving your presence, to her ye're a taint;"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"It's neither your stot⁴ nor your staig⁵ I shall crave,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have."
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"Oh! welcome, most kindly," the blithe carle said.
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 "But if ye can match her, ye're waur than ye're ca'd."
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 And, like a poor pedlar, he's caned his pack,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

¹ Man.
² Went.

³ Live.
⁴ Bullock.

⁵ Colt.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door ;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore,
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes ffty, the pick o' his band,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 Turn out on her guard in the clasp of a hand ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The carlin¹ gaed through them like ony wud² bear,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 Whae'er she gat hands on cam near her nae mair ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

A reekit³ wee devil looks over the wa',
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 "Oh, help, master, help ! or she'll run us a',"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 He pitied the man that was tied to a wife ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 He was not in wedlock, thank Heaven, but in hell ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

Then Satan has travell'd again wi' his pack,
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 And to her auld husband he's carried her back ;
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

"I hae been a devil the⁴ fuck¹ o' my life ;
 (Hey, and the rue grows bonny wi' thyme,)
 But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife,"
 And the thyme it is wither'd, and rue is in prime.

YE JACOBITES BY NAME.

Thyme—"Ye Jacobites by Name"

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear ;
 Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;

¹ Woman.

² Wild.

³ Smoked

⁴ Most.

Ye Jacobites by name,
Your faults I will proclaim,
Your doctrines I main blame —
You shall hear

What is right, and what is wrang, by the law, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang, by the law?
What is right, and what is wrang?
A short sword, and a lang,
A weak arm, and a strang
For to draw.

What makes heroic strife famed afar, famed afar?
What makes heroic strife famed afar?
What makes heroic strife?
To whet th' assassin's knife,
Or hunt a parson's life,
Wi' bludie war

Then let your schemes alone, in the state in the state;
Then let your schemes alone, in the state,
Then let your schemes alone,
Adore the rising sun,
And leave a man undone
To his fate

AS I WAS A WANDERING.

Tune — "Run Meudal mo Mhealladh."

As I was a-wandering ae midsummer e'enin',
The papers and youngsters were making then gamin',
Among them I spied my faithless fause lo'er,
Which bled a' the wound o' my dolour again.

Weel, since he has left me, may pleasure gae wi' him;
I may be distress'd, but I wunna cony-lain,
I'll flatter my fan y I may get anither,
My heart it shall never be broken for aye.

I couldna get sleeping till dawn¹ for greeting,²
The tears trickled down like the hail and the rain:
Had I na got greeting, my heart wad hae broken,
For, oh! I've forsaken a tormenting pain!

¹ Dawn

² Weeping.

Although he has left me for greed o' the siller,
 I dinna envy him the gains he can win;
 I rather wad bear a' the lade o' my sorrow
 Than ever hae acted sae faithless to him.

THE SLAVE'S LAMENT

It was in sweet Senegal that my foes did me enthal,
 For the lands of Virginia, O,
 Toun from that lovely shore, and must never see it more,
 And alas I am weary, weary, O!

All on that charming² coast is no bitter snow or frost,
 Like the land of Virginia, O;
 There streams for ever flow, and there flowers for ever blow
 And alas I am weary, weary, O!

The burden I must bear, while the cruel scourge I fear,
 In the lands of Virginia, O,
 And I think on friends most dear, with the bitter, bitter tear,
 And alas I am weary, weary, O!

THE WEARY PUND O' TOW

Tune "The Weary Pund o' Tow."

I thought my wife a stane o' lint¹
 As guid as e'er did grow,
 And a' that she has made o' that
 Is ae poor pund o' tow.²

The weary pund, the weary pund,
 The weary pund o' tow
 I think my wife will end her life
 Before she spin her tow.

There sat a bottle in a bole,
 Beyond the mgle low,³
 And aye she took the tither souk,⁴
 To drouk the stoune⁵ tow

¹ Flax
² Lint in unprepared state

³ Flame of the fire.
⁴ Swig

⁵ Drench the dusty

Quoth I, "For shame, ye dirty dam.
 Gae spin your tap o' tow!"
 She took the rock, and wi' a knock
 She brak it o'er my pow.

At last her feet I sang to see't—
 Gaed foremost o'er the knowe,*
 And or I wad anither jod,
 I'll wallop in a tow.¹

LADY MARY ANN

*From "Craton's Growsg"**

An attempt to imitate the manner of an old ballad,

Oh, Lady Mary Ann
 Looks o'er the castle wa',
 She saw three bonny boys
 Playing at the ba',
 The youngest he was
 The flower amang them a'—
 My bonny laddie's young,
 But he's grown in yet.

O father! O father!
 An ye think it fit,
 We'll send him a year
 To the college yet.
 We'll sew a green ribbon
 Round about his hat,
 And that will let them ken
 He's to marry yet.

Lady Mary¹ Ann
 Was a flower i' the dew;
 Sweet was its smell,
 And bonny was its hue,
 And the langer it blossom'd
 The sweeter it grew;
 For the bly in the bud
 Will be bonnier yet.

¹ Swing in a rope

* The allusion here is the coffin being carried to the churchyard feet foremost.

Young Charlie Cochran
 Was the sprout of an auk;
 Bonny and bloomin'
 And straught was its make:
 The sun took delight
 To shine for its sake,
 And it will be the biag
 O' the forest yet.

The summer is gane
 When the leaves they were green,
 And the days are awa'
 That we hae seen;
 But far better days
 I trust will come agan,
 For my bonny laddie's young,
 But he's growin' yet.

OH, KENMURE'S ON AND AWA'.

Tune—"Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie"

"THIS song," says Cunningham, "refers to the fortunes of the gallant Gordons of Kenmure in the fatal 'Fifteen'. The Viscount left Galloway with two hundred horsemen well armed, he joined the other lowland Jacobites—penetrated to Preston—repulsed, and at last yielded to, the attack of General Carpenter—and perished on the scaffold. He was a good as well as a brave man, and his fate was deeply lamented. The title has since been restored to the Gordon's line."

Oh, Kenmure's on and awa', Willie!
 Oh, Kenmure's on and awa'!
 And Kenmure's lad's the bravest lord
 That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's hand, Willie!
 Success to Kenmure's hand;
 There's no a heart that fears a Whig
 That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie!
 Here's Kenmure's health in wine;
 There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,
 Nor yet o' Gordon's line.

Oh, Kenmure's lads are men, Willie!
 Oh, Kenmure's lads are men;
 Their hearts and swords are metal true—
 And that their foes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, 'Wilke!
 They'll live or die wi' fame,
 But soon wi' sounding victorie
 May Kennure's lord come harp.

Here's him that's far awa', Wilke!
 Here's him that's far awa',
 And here's the flower that I lo'e best—
 The rose that's like the snaw!

MY COLE COLIER LADDIE

7th ed. "The Collier Laddie"

"I do not know," says Burns, "a plainer old song than this," which he modified and altered as follows for the *Museum*:

Och, whare live ye, my bonny lass?
 And tell me what they ca' ye?
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie
 My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
 And I follow the Collier Laddie.

Oh, see you not von hills and dales,
 The sun shines on sae brawlie!
 They a' are mine and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie
 They a' are mine, and they shall be thine,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie.

And ye shall gang in gay attire,
 Weel buskit¹ up sae graudy,
 And an' to wait at every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie
 And an' to wait at every hand,
 Gin ye'll leave your Collier Laddie

Though ye had a' the sun shines on,
 And the earth conceal sae lowly,
 I wad turn my back on von and it a',
 And embrace my Collier Laddie
 I wad turn my back on von and it a',
 And embrace my Collier Laddie.

I can win my five pennies a day,
 And spend a night fu' brawlie;

¹ Dressed

And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,¹
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.
 And mak my bed in the Collier's neuk,
 And lie down wi' my Collier Laddie.

Large for lufe is the bargain for me,
 Though the wee cot-house should hand me;
 And the world before me to win my bread,
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie
 And the world before me to win my bread
 And fair fa' my Collier Laddie.

FAREWELL TO A' OUR SCOTTISH FAME

Tune.—"Such a Parcel of Rogues in a Nation."

"BURNS," says Cunningham, "has expressed sentiments in this song which were once popular in the north." On one occasion he says regarding the Union, "What are all the advantages which my country reaps from the Union that can compensate the annihilation of her independence, and even her very name? Nothing can reconcile me to the terms, *English Ambassador*, '*English Court*,' &c."

FAREWELL to a' our Scottish fame,
 Farewell our ancient glory!
 Farewell even to the Scottish name,
 Sac famed in martial story!
 Now Sark rins o'er the Solway sands,
 And Tweed rins to the ocean,
 To mark where England's provinces stand,
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

What force or guile could not subdue,
 Through many warlike ages,
 Is wrought now by a coward's sin,
 For hutching tutors' wages.
 The English steel we could do with,
 Secure in valour's station,
 But English gold has been our bane,
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation!

Oh, would, ere I had seen the day
 That treason thus could sell us,
 My auld gray head had been in clay
 Wi' Bruce and loyal Wallace!

But pith and power, till my last hour,
 I'll mak this declaration ;
 We're bought and sold for English gold—
 Such a parcel of rogues in a nation.

HERE'S A HEATH TO THEM THAT'S AWAY.

Tune—"Here's a health to them that's aw'."

This song was composed in honour of the leaders of the liberal party in the House of Commons.

Here's a health to them that's aw',
 Here's a health to them that's aw',
 And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,
 May never guid luck be their fa' !
 It's guid to be merry and wise,
 It's guid to be honest and true,
 It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
 And bide by the buff and the blue.*

Here's a health to them that's aw',
 Here's a health to them that's aw',
 Here's a health to Charlie† the chief of the clan
 Although that his band be but sma'.
 May Liberty meet wi' success !
 May Prudence protect her frae evil !
 May tyrants and tyranny tine in the mist,
 And wander their way to the devil !

Here's a health to them that's aw',
 Here's a health to them that's aw' ;
 Here's a health to Tammy,‡ the Norland laddie,
 That lives at the lug o' the law !
 Here's freedom to him that wad reave,
 Here's freedom to him that wad weave !
 There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should be heard
 But they wham the truth wad mair.

Here's a health to them that's aw',
 Here's a health to them that's aw',
 Here's Chieftain M'Leod§ a chieftain worth gowd,
 Though bred among mountains o' snaw !

¹ Indict—impeach

* The colours of the Whig party.

† The Right Hon. Charles James Fox.

‡ Thomas, afterwards Lord, Erskine.

§ M'Leod of Dunvegan, M. P. for Inverness.

Here's a health to them that's awa',
 Here's a health to them that's awa'.
 And wha winna wish gude luck to our can e,
 May never gude luck be their fa'!

SONG.

Tune "I had a horse, I had nae mair."

GRIFFITH JENKINS thought that a Miss Jane Plackstock was the heroine of this song. The poet, in a letter to Emerson, said of it, "For private reasons, I should like to see it in print."

Oh, poortith¹ cauld and restless love,
 Ye wrook my peace between ye;
 Yet poortith a' I could forgive,
 An 'twere na for my Jeanie.

Oh, why should Fate sae pleasure have,
 Fate's dearest bands untwining?
 Or why sae sweet a flower as love
 Depend on Fortune's shining?

This world's wealth when I think on,
 Its pride and a' the lave o't -
 Fie, fie on silly coward man,
 That he should be the slave o't

Her een, ae bonny blue betray
 How she repays my passion,
 But prudence is her o'erword² aye,
 She talls of rank and fashion

Oh, wha can prudence thind³ upon,
 And sae lassie by him?
 Oh, wha can prudence thind³ upon,
 And sae in love as I am?

How blest the humble cottar's fa'e!
 He wouns in simple deane,
 The silly fowles, wealth and state,
 Can never make them caine⁴

¹ Poverty.

² Ke-ferm.

³ D.

⁴ Afrud.

LORD GREGORY.

WRITTEN in imitation of Dr. Walcott's *Peter Finkler* ballad of the same name, of which Burns says, in a letter to Thomson, 'Pislar's, 'Lord Gregory' is beautiful. I have tried to give you a Scots version, which is at your service. Not that I intend to enter the lists with *Peter*—that would be presumption indeed! My song, though much inferior in poetic merit, has, I think, more of the ballad simplicity than it.

Oh, muck, muck is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar,
A wae-fu' wanderer seeks thy tower—
I bid Gregory, ope thy door!

An' wile fiae her f' her', ha',
And a' for loving thee,
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory mind'st thou not the grove,
By bonny Irwin-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin love
I lang, lang had denied?

How often didst thou j ludge and vow
Thou wad for aye be mine,
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And stony is thy breast—
Thou dast of heaven that flashest by
Oh, wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mistering th' mnders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare, and pardon my fuisse I've
His wrangs to Heaven and me.

—

OPEN THE DOOR TO ME, OH!

"Oh, open the door, some pity to show,
Oh, open the door to me, oh!
Though thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true,
Oh, open the door to me, oh!"

"Cauld is the blast upon my pale cheek,
But caulder thy love for me, oh !
The frost that freezes the life at my heart
Is naught to my pains frae thee, oh !

"The wain moon is setting behind the white wave,
And time is setting with me, oh !
False friends, false love, farewell ! for mair
I'll ne'er trouble them nor thee, oh ! "

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
She sees his pale corpse on the plain, oh !
"My true love !" she cried, and sank down by his side,
Never to rise again, oh !

YOUNG JESSIE.

Tune—"Bonny Dundee."

THE heroine of this song was Miss Jane Staig, daughter of the Provost of Dumfries.

TRUE-hearted was he, the sad swain o' the Yarrow,
And fair are the maids on the banks o' the Ayr,
But by the sweet side o' the Nith's winding river
Are lovers as faithful and maidens as fair :
To equal young Jessie seek Scotland all over,
To equal young Jessie you seek it in vain ;
Grace, beauty, and elegance fetter her lover,
And maidenly modesty tyes the chain.

Oh, fresh is the rose in the gay, dewy morning,
And sweet is the lily at evening close ;
But in the fair presence o' lovely young Jessie,
Unseen is the lily, unheeded the rose.
Love sits in her smile, a wizard ensnaring ;
Enthroned in her cen he delivers his law :
And still to her charms she alone is a stranger—
Her modest demeanour's the jewel of a' !

THE POOR AND HONOURABLE SONGER.

Tune—"The Mill, Mill, O' !"

A CORRESPONDENT of Thomson's says, regarding the origin of this song—
"Burns, I have been informed, was one summer evening at the inn at Bross."

hill with a couple of friends, when a poor wayworn soldier passed the window of a sudden, it struck the poet to call him in, and get the story of his adventures, after listening to which, he all at once fell into one of those fits of abstraction not unusual with him. He was lifted to the region where he had his 'garland and singing robes about him,' and the result was the admirable song which he sent you for 'The Mill, Mill, O'!"

WHEN wild war's deadly blast was blawn,
And gentle peace returning,
Wi' mony a sweet babe fatherless,
And mony a widow mourning,
I left the limes and tented field,
Where lang I'd been a lodger,
My humble knapsack a' my wealth,
A poor and honest sodger.

A leal light heart was in my breast,
My hand unstain'd wi' plunder,
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander
I thought upon the banks o' Còil,
I thought upon my Nancy,
I thought upon the witching smile
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reached the bonny glen
Where early life I sported;
I passed the mill, and 'tysting thorn,
Where Nancy aft I courted:
Wha sped I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling?
And turn'd me round to hide the blood
That in my een was swelling

Wi' alter'd voice, quoth I, "Sweet lass,
Sweet as yow hawthorn's blossom,
Oh! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom."
My purse is light, I've far to gae,
And fain wad be thy lodger;
I've served my king and country lang--
Take pity on a sodger."

So wistfully she gaz'd on me,
And lovelier was than ever.
Quo' she, "A sodger an' I lo'e't,
Forget him shall I never:
Our humble cot, and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake it,
That gallant badge--the daisy cockade--
Ye're welcome for the sake o't."

She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
 Syne¹ pale like ony lily;
 She sank within my arms, and cried,
 “Art thou my ain dear Willie?”
 “By Him who made yon sun and sky,
 By whom true love’s regarded,
 I am the man; and thus may still
 True lovers be rewarded¹”

“The wars are o’er, and I’m come hame,
 And find thee still true-hearted;
 Though poor in gear, we’re rich in love,
 And naur, we’ll ne’er be parted.”
 Quo’ she, “My grandsire left me gowd,
 A maiden² plenish’d fairly,
 And come, my faithful sodger lad,
 Thou’rt welcome to it dearly.”

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
 The farmer ploughs the manor,
 But glory is the sodger’s prize,
 The sodger’s wealth is honour:
 The brave poor sodger ne’er despise,
 Nor count him as a stranger,
 Remember, he’s his country’s stay
 In day and hour of danger.

MILG O’ THE MILL

Air—“Hey! Lenny Liss, will you be in a burack?”

Ou, ken ye what Meg o’ the Mill has gotten?
 And ken ye what Meg o’ the Mill has gotten?
 She has gotten a cool¹ wi’ a clunt o’ silver,²
 And broken the heart o’ the bonny miller.

The miller was strappin’, the miller was ruddy,
 A heart like a lord, and a bue like a lady;
 The laird was a widdiefu’, bleat knut;³
 She’s left the gude-fellow and tae’n the chut.

The miller he hecht⁴ her a heart-lead and loving;
 The laird did address her wi’ matter mair moving,
 A fine-pacing horse, wi’ a clea-chain’d bridle,
 A whip by her side, and a bonny side-saddle.

¹ Then
² Fair.

³ Lout
⁴ Plenty of money

⁵ Ill tempered, bleat
 ed dwarf
⁶ Offered.

Oh, wae on the siller, it is sae prevailing;
 And wae on the love that is fix'd on a mailen!
 A tocher's¹ nae word in a true lover's parle,
 But, gie me my love, and a fig for the wail!

SECOND VERSION.

Tune—"Jackie Hume's Lament."

Oh, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?
 A braw new naig² wi' the tail o' a rottan,
 And that's what Meg o' the Mill has gotten.

Oh, ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loe's dearly?
 And ken ye what Meg o' the Mill loe's dearly?
 A cham o' guid stit³ in a morning early,
 And that's what Meg o' the Mill loe's dearly.

Oh, ken he how Meg o' the Mill was married?
 And ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was married?
 The priest he was oster'd, the clerk he was carried,
 And that's how Meg o' the Mill was married.

Oh, ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
 And ken ye how Meg o' the Mill was bedded?
 The groom gat sae fou, he fell twa-fauld beside it,
 And that's how Meg o' the Mill was bedded.

WELCOME TO GENERAL DUMOURIER.

SUGGESTED by the desertion of Dumourier from the army of the French Republic, after he had gained several splendid victories.

YOU'RE welcome to depots, Dumourier;

You're welcome to depots, Dumourier;

How does Dampierre* do?

Ay, and Beurnonville† too?

Why did they not come along with you, Dumourier?

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;

I will fight France with you, Dumourier;

I will fight France with you,

I will take my chance with you;

By my soul, I'll dance a dance with you, Dumourier.

¹ Dowry.

² Horse.

³ Whisky.

* One of Dumourier's generals.

† An emissary of the Convention.

Then let us fight about, Dumourier,
 Then let us fight about, Dumourier,
 Then let us fight about,
 Like freedom's spark is out,
 Then we'll be dunn'd, no doibt, Dumourier

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'er THE MOOR

THE last time I came o'er the moor,
 And left Maria's dwelling,
 What throes, what tortures passing o'er,
 Were in my bosom swelling
 Could I then see my rival's ruin,
 While I'm secret fan wish,
 To feel him in every vein,
 Yet not to speak my anguish

Love's vain + wish, despairing, I
 Fain, fain my crime would atone
 The unwilling groom, the lusting's sh,
 Betray the guilty lover
 I know my doom must be despair,
 Thou wilt nor canst relieve me
 But, O Maria! hear my prayer,
 For pity's sake, forgive me!

The music of thy tongue I heard,
 Nor wist what it enslav'd me,
 I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd
 Till fears no more had serv'd me
 The unvarying, true, though
 The swelling torrent view'd,
 In cruel'ng honors yields at last
 In overwhelming ruin!

I AM WELL, THOUGH I FEEL

Time—Nay, yet to the wood go

Fits in another version full of it. Both of it are supposed to have been the Mrs. Kilduff's. I think the last is the more in that it shows their own state of mind.

I AM WELL, thou stream that wind'g flows
 Around Liza's dwelling!
 O Memory! spare the cruel throes
 Within my bosom swelling

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish;
To feel a fire in every vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen, unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover,
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst, relieve me;
But oh Eliza, hear one prayer---
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while I enslav'd was;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me.
The unwary sailor thus, aghost
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid curling honors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

BLIND HAE I BEEN.

Tune—"Laggan's Coo."

THE heroine of this song was Miss Lesley Baillie, a lady, he told Mrs. D. nor, with whom he was almost in love. He celebrates her charms in another song, "Loony Lecky," p. 377.

BLIND hae I been on you lull,
As the larks before me,
Careless ilk thought and fee,
As the bicker flew o'er me.
Now we langer sport and play,
Mirth or sangcan please me,
Lesley is gae far and coy,
Care and anguish seize me.

Heavy, heavy is the task,
Hopeless love dealing;
'Trembling, I drow upbit but slow,
'Sighing, dumb, deprent;
If she wumma ca'e the thraw,
In my bosom swelling,
Underneath the grass-green sod
Soon maun be my dwelling.

¹ Dare nought but stare

LOGAN BRACK.

• *Tune* "Logan Water."

THE following, from a letter to Thomson, is the poet's account of the origin of this song — "Have you ever, my dear sir, felt your bosom ready to burst with indignation on reading of those mighty villains who divide kingdom against kingdom, desolate provinces, and lay nations waste, out of the wantonness of ambition, or often from still more ignoble passions? In a mood of this kind to-day, I recollected the air of 'Logan Water,' and it occurred to me that its querulous melody probably had its origin from the plaintive indignation of some swelling, suffering heart, fired at the tyrannic strides of some public destroyer, and over-whelmed with private distress, the consequence of a country's ruin. If I have done anything at all like justice to my feelings, the following song, composed in three quarters of a rhomb's measure, in my elbow-chair, ought to have satisfied me."

O LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide
That day I was my Willie's bride;¹
And years *hysync*² hae o'er us run
Like Logan to the summer sun.
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie³ Water, dark and drear,
While my dear Iddie maun face his face,
Be u, far frae me and Logan brack.

Again the merry month o' May
Has made our hills and valleys gay,
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers;
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening's tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, surveys,
While Willie's *ty fiae* Logan brack.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush
Among her nestlings sits the thrush,
Her faithfu' mate wi' shair⁴ betoilt,
Or wi' his song her cares beoilt.
But I, w' my sweet nurshur⁵ here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days
While Willie's *ty fiae* Logan brack.

Oh, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make mony a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on yon hills return:

¹ Since the

² Flooded and rainy

How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days
And Willie hame to Logan Braes!

THERE WAS A LASS, AND SHE WAS FAIR

Tune "Bonny Jean"

"I HAVE just finished the following ballad," says the poet in a letter to Thomson, "and as I do think it is in my best style, I send it to you." The heroine was Miss Jane M'Murdo, the eldest daughter of John M'Murdo, chamberlain to the Duke of Queensberry. He pictures her not in the rank she held, but in the circumstances of a cottage girl.

THERE was a lass, and she was fair:
At kirk and market to be seen,
When a' the fairest maids were met,
The fairest maid was bonny Jean.

And aye she wrought her mammie's wark,
And aye she sang sae merrilie:
The blithest bud upon the bush
Had ne'er a lighter heart than she.

But hawks will rob the tender joys
That bless the little lintwhite's nest:
And frost will blight the fairest flowers,
And love will break the soundest rest.

Young Robie was the bravest lad,
The flower and pride o' a' the glen;
And he had owen, sheep and kye,
And wanton naigies¹ nine or ten.

He gaed wi' Jeanie to the tryste,²
He danced wi' Jeanie on the down;
And, lang ere witless Jeanie wist,
His heart was tint,³ her peace was stown.

As in the bosom o' the stream,
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en.
So trembling, pure, was tender love
Within the breast o' bonny Jean.

And now she warks her mammie's waik.
 And aye she sighs wi' care and pain;
 Yet wist na what her ail might be,
 Or what wad mak her weel again.

But did na Jeanie's heart loup light,
 And did na joy bliak in her ee,
 As Robie tauld a tale o' love
 Ae e'enin' on the hily lea?

The sun was sinking in the west,
 The birds sang sweet in ilka grove;
 His cheek to hers he fondly prest,
 And whisper'd thus his tale o' love;—

“O Jeanie fair, I lo'e thee dear;
 Oh, canst thou think to fancy me?
 Or wilt thou leave thy mammie's cot,
 And learn to tent¹ the farms wi' me?”

“At barn or byre thou shalt na drudge,
 Or naething else to trouble thee;
 But stray among the heather-bells,
 And tent the waving corn wi' me.”

Now what could artless Jeanie do?
 She had nae will to say him nae.
 At length she blush'd a sweet consent,
 And love was aye between them twa.

PHILLIS THE FAIR

Tune—“Robin Adair”

THE heroine of this song was another daughter of M. M'Murdo's, Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo.

WHILE larks with little wing
 Fann'd the pure air,
 Tasting the breathing spring,
 Forth I did fare:
 Gay the sun's golden eye
 Peep'd o'er the mountains high;
 Such thy morn! did I cry,
 Phillis the fair.

In each bird's careless song
 Glad did I share;
 While yon wild flowers among,
 Chance led me there;
 Sweet to the opening day,
 Rosebuds bent the dewy spray;
 Such thy bloom ! did I say,
 Phillis the fan

Down in a shady walk
 Doves cooing were,
 I mark'd the cruel hawk
 Caught in a snare:
 So kind may fortune be,
 Such make his destiny,
 He who would injure thee,
 Phillis the fan.

HAD I A CAVE

Line — ' Robin Adair

THIS song gives expression to the disappointment of a friend of Burns's, Mr Alexander Cunningham who had been cruelly jilted for a wealthier suitor,

HAD I a cave on some wild, distant shore,
 Where the winds howl to the waves' dashing roar,
 There would I weep my woes,
 There seek my lost repose,
 Till grief my eyes should close,
 Never to wake more

Fairest of woman's kind, canst thou declare
 All thy fond pledged vows fleeting as air !
 To thy new joyrigh, hie,
 Laugh o'er thy perjury,
 Thine in thy bosom try
 What peace is there

BY ALLAN SINCE AM I CHANGED TO ROVE.

Theme — "All in Water"

In a letter to Thomson, the poet says — "I walked out yesterday evening with a volume of the *Museum* in my hand, when, turning up 'Allan Water,' the words appeared to me rather unworthy of so fine an air, I sat and raved

under the shule of an old thorn; till I wrote one to suit the measure. I may be wrong, but I think it not in my worst style. Bravo! say I, it is a good song. Autumn is my propitious season. I make more verses in it than all the year else."

By Allan's stream I chanced to rove,
While Phœbus sank beyond Benledi,
The winds were whispering through the grove,
The yellow corn was waving ready;
I listen'd to a lover's sang,
And thought on youthfu' pleasnies many;
And aye the wild wood echoes rang—
Oh, dearly do I love thee, Anne!

Oh, happy be the woodbine bower,
Nae nightly bogle make it eerie,
Nor ever sorrow stain the hour,
The place and time I met my deerie!
Her head upon my throbbing breast,
She, sinking, said, "I'm thine for ever!"
While mony a kiss the seal imprest,
The sacred vow, we ne'er should sever.

The haunt o' Spring's the pansy bae,
The summer joys the flocks to follow;
How cheery, through her shortening day,
Is Autumn in her weeds o' yellow!
But can they melt the glowing heart,
Or chain the soul in speechless pleasure,
Or through each nerve the rapture dart,
Like meeting her, our bosom's treasure?

OH, WHISTLE, AND I'LL COME TO YOU, MY LAD.

Tune. "Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad."

"The old air of 'Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad'" says the poet to Thomson, "I admire very much, and yesterday set the following verses to it —

Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad.
Though father and mither and a' should gae nae
Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad,
But warily tent¹ when you come to com' me,
And come na unless the buck yett² be a free;
Syn' up the black stile, and let mek³ do ye,
And come as ye were na comin' to me.

¹ Carefully heed

² Game

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie;
 But steal me a blink o' your bonny black ee,
 Yet look as ye were na looking at me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whiles ye may lightly¹ my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.

ADOWN WINDING NITH.

Tune—"The Mairking o' Geordie's Byre."

THE Phillis of this song is supposed to have been Miss Philadelphia M'Murdo, the heroine of the lines to "Phillis the Fair," p. 427.

ADOWN winding Nith I did wander,
 To mark the sweet flowers as they spring;
 Adown winding Nith I did wander,
 Of Phillis to muse and to sing.

Awa' wi' your belles and your beauties,
 They never wi' her can compare:
 Whae'er has met wi' my Phillis,
 Has met wi' the queen o' the fair

The daisy amused my fend fancy,
 So artless, so simple, so wild;
 Thou emblem, said I, o' my Phillis,
 For she is Simplicity's child.

The rosebud's the blush o' my charmer,
 Her sweet balmy lip when 'tis prest:
 How fair and how pure is the lily,
 But fairer and purer her breast!

Yon knot of gay flowers in the arbour,
 They ne'er wi' my Phillis can vie:
 Her breath is the breath o' the woodbine,
 Its dew-drop o' diamond her eye.

Her voice is the song of the morning,
 That wakes through the green-spreading glows,
 When Phoebus peeps over the mountains,
 On music, and pleasure, and love.

¹ Disparage

But beauty how frail and how fleeting,
The bloom of a fine summer's day!
While worth in the mind o' my Phillis
Will flourish without a decay.

COME, LET ME TAKE THEE

Air—"Could Kail"

COME, let me take thee to my breast,
And pledge we ne'er shall sunder;
And I shall spurn as vilest dust
The world's wealth and grandeur
And do I hear my Jeanie own
That equal transports move her?
I ask for dearest life alone,
That I may live to love her.

Thus in my arms, wi' a' thy charms,
I clasp my countless treasure.
I'll seek nae mair o' heaven to share
Than sic a moment's pleasure:
And by thy een, sae bonny blue,
I swear I'm thine for ever!
And on thy lips I seal my vow,
And break it shall I never!

BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN.

Tune—"Hey, tuttie taitie"

"THERE is a tradition," says Burns, in a letter to Thomson, "that the old air, 'Hey tuttie taitie,' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my solitary wanderings, has warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence which I have thrown into a kind of Scottish ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WALLACE bled,
Scots, whaun BRUCE's hae, aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to Victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Let him turn and flee !

Wha, for SCOTLAND'S king and law,
 FREEDOM'S sword will strongly draw ;
 Freeman stand, or freeman fall,
 Let him follow me !

By Oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest ven',
 But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 LIBERTY'S in every blow !
 Let us do or die !

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER

Line. — "Fare him, father."

For poe, in sending these verses to The non, says — "I do not give them for any merit they have. I composed them about the 'back o' midnight, and by the light o' a bowl o' punch, which has over et every mortal in company except the Muse."

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie !
 Thou hast left me ever,
 Thou hast left me ever, Jamie !
 Thou hast left me ever.
 Aften hae thou vow'd that death
 Only should us sever ;
 Now thou'st left thy la's for aye
 I'm mair to thee never, Jamie,
 I'll see thee never !

Thou hast ne'er for aken, Jamie !
 Thou hast me for aken,
 Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie !
 Thou hast me forsaken.
 Thou canst love anther jo,
 While my heart is breaking,
 Soon my weary een I'll close --
 Never mair to waken, Jamie,
 Ne'er mair to waken !

FAIR JENNY,

Time-- 'Saw ye my father'

WHERE are the joys I have met in the morning,
That danced to the lark's early song?
Where is the peace that awaited my wandering,
At evening the wild woods among?

No more a-winding the course of yon river,
And marking sweet flowerets so fair,
No more I trace the light footsteps of pleasure,
But sorrow and sad sighing care

Is it that Summer's forsaken our valley,
And grim, sturdy Winter is near?
No, no! the bees humming round the gay roses
Proclaim it the pride of the year.

Fain would I hide what I fear to discover,
Yet long long too well have I known,
All that has caused this woe in my bosom
Is Jenny, fair Jenny alone

Time cannot aid me, my griefs are immortal,
Nor hope dare a comfort bestow.
Come then, enamoured and fond of my anguish,
Enjoyment I'll seek in my woe

DELUDED SWAIN, THE PLEASURE

Time. "The Collier's Bonny Lassie."

DELUDED swain, the pleasure
The fickle fair can give thee
Is but a fairy treasure--
Thy hopes will soon deceive thee,

The billows on the ocean,
The breezes idly roaming,
The clouds' uncertain motion--
They are but types of woman,

Oh! art thou not ashamed
To doat upon a feature?
If man thou wouldst be named,
Despise the silly creature

Go, find an honest fellow ;
 Good claret set before thee :
 Hold on till thou art mellow,
 And then to bed in glory "

MY SPOUSE, NANCY

Tune—"My Jo, Janet."

"HUSBAND, husband, cease your strife,
 Nor longer idly rave, sir ;
 Though I am your wedded wife,
 Yet I am not your slave, sir."

"One of two must still obey,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Is it man, or woman, say,
 My spouse, Nancy ?"

"If 'tis still the lordly word,
 Service and obedience ;
 I'll desert my sovereign lord,
 And so, good-bye, allegiance !"

"Sad will I be, so bereft,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Yet I'll try to make a shift,
 My spouse, Nancy "

"My poor heart then break it must,
 My last hour I'm near it .
 When you lay me in the dust,
 Think, think how you will be at it."

"I will hope and trust in Heaven,
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Strength to bear it will be given,
 My spouse, Nancy."

"Well, sir, from the silent dead,
 Still I'll try to daunt you ;
 Even round your midnight bed
 Horrid sprites sha'll haunt you."

"I'll wed another, like my dear
 Nancy, Nancy ;
 Then all hell will fly for fear,
 My spouse, Nancy."

OH, WERE MY LOVE YON LILAC FAIR.

Tune—"Hughie Graham."

The first two stanzas only¹ of this song are by Burns, the other two are old

OH, were my love yon lilac fair,
Wi' purple blossoms to the spring;
And I a bird to shelter there,
When wearied on my little wing.

How I wad mourn, when it was torn,
By autumn wild, and winter rife!
But I wad sing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd.

Oh, gin my love were yon red rose,
That grows upon the castle wa',
And I mysel a drap o' dew,
Into her bonny breast to fa'!

Oh! there, beyond expression blest,
I'd fast on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her silk-saft faulds to rest,
Till sleigh'd¹ awa' by Phœbus' light!

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.

Tune—"The Lass of Inverness."

THE lovely lass of Inverness
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, "O, lass!
And aye the saut ten blin'-dier ee:
Drumossie Moor—Drumossie day—
A wae fu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethern three.

Their windin'-sheet the blunly clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!

¹ Frightened.

Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bloody man I trow thou be;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair
 That ne'er did wrang to thee, or thee.

A RED, RED ROSE.

Tune—"Graham's Strathspey"

This beautiful song was an improvement of a street ballad.

Oh, my love's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June.
 Oh, my love's like the melody
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
 So deep in love am I,
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt with the sun,
 I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!
 And fare thee weel a while!
 And I will come again, my love,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

A VISION

The following was written amid the ruins of Incheutein Abbey.

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
 Where the waif-slower scents the dewy air,
 Where the howlet moans in her ivy bower,
 And tells the midnight moon her care;

The winds were laid, the air was still,
 The stars they shot along the sky;
 The fox was howling on the hill,
 And the distant-echoing glens reply.

The stream, adown its hazelly path,
Was rushing by the inn'd wa's,
Hasting to join the sweeping Nidd,
Whose distant roaring swells and falls.

The cauld blue North was streaming forth
Her lights, wi' hissin', came din:
Athort the lift they start and shift,
Like Fortune's favours, tuit¹ as win.

By heedless chance I turn'd mine eyes,
And, by the moonbeam, shook to see
A stern and stalwart ghaist arise,
Attired as minstrels wont to be.

Had I a statue been o' stane,
His daring look had daunted me;
And on his bonnet graved was plain
The sacred posy—"Liberty!"

And frae his harp sic strains did flow,
Might roused the slumbering dead to hear;
But, oh! it was a tale of woe,
As ever met a Briton's ear!

He sang wi' joy the former day,
He, weeping, waul'd his latter times;
But what he said it was nae play,—
I winna venture't in my rhymes.

OUT•OVER THE FORTH

Tune—"Charlie Gordon's Welcome Home."

Out over the Forth I look to the north,
But what is the north and its Highlands to me?
The south nor the east gie ease to my breast,
The far foreign land, or the wild-rolling sea.

But I look to the west, when I gae to rest,
That happy my dreams and my slumbers may be;
For far in the west lives he I lo'e best,
The lad that is dear to my baby and me.

¹ Lost.

JEANIE'S BOSOM.

Tune—"Louis, what reck I by thee?"

LOUIS, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean?
Dyvo!,¹ beggar loons to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom.

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me;
King and nations—swith, awa'!
Keif-randies,² I disown ye!

FOR THE SAKE OF SOMEBODY.

Tune—"For the Sake o' Somebody"

My heart is sair—I dare na tell—
My heart is sair for Somebody;
I could wake a winter night
For the sake o' Somebody.
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I could tange the world around,
For the sake o' Somebody!

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love
Oh, sweetly smile on Somebody!
Frae ilka danger keep him free,
And send me safe my Somebody
Oh-hon! for Somebody!
Oh-hey! for Somebody!
I wad do—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody!

1

WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?

Air—"The Sutor's Docht'r."

WILT thou be my dearie?
When sorrow' wrings thy gentle heart.

¹ Bankrupt.

² Thieving-beggars.

Wilt thou let me cheer thee?
 By the treasure of my soul,
 That's the love I bear thee!
 I swear and vow that only thou
 Shall ever be my dearie
 Only thou, I swear and vow,
 Shall ever be my dearie.

Lassie, say, thou lo'es me;
 Or, if thou wilt na be my ain,
 Say na thou'lt refuse me:
 If it winna, canna be,
 Thou for thine may choose me,
 Let me, lassie, quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'est me.
 Lassie, let me quickly die,
 Trusting that thou lo'es me.

LOVELY POLLY STEWART.

Tune—"Ye're welcome, Charlie Stewart"

THE heroine of this song was the daughter of a Mr. William Stewart, a neighbour of the poet's at Ellisland. She married a wealthy gentleman, but through some indiscretion, she descended in the social scale, and according to Mr. Chambers, supported herself by her labours as a laundress in her latter days.

O LOVELY Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so fair as thou art
 The flower it blows, it fades and fa's,
 And art can ne'er renew it,
 But worth and truth eternal youth
 Will gie to Polly Stewart.

May he whose arms shall fauld thy charms
 Possess a leal and true heart
 To him be given to ken, he heaven
 He grasps in Polly Stewart!
 O lovely, Polly Stewart!
 O charming Polly Stewart!
 There's ne'er a flower that blooms in May
 That's half so sweet as thou art.

TO MARY.

Tune—"At Setang Day."

COULD aught of song declare my pains,
 Could artful numbers move thee,

The Muse should tell, in labour'd strains
 O Mary, how I love thee !
 They who but feign a wounded heart
 May teach the lyre to languish,
 But what avails the pride of art,
 When wastes the soul with anguish ?

Then let the sudden bursting sigh
 The heart-felt pang discover ;
 And in the keen, yet tender, eye,
 Oh, read the imploring lover.
 For well I know thy gentle mind
 Disdains art's gay disguising ;
 Beyond what fancy e'er refined,
 The voice of nature prizing.

WAE IS MY HEART.

Tune—“ Wae is my heart ”

WAE is my heart, and the tear's in my ee ;
 Lang, lang, joy's been a stranger to me ;
 Forsaken and friendless, my burden I bear,
 And the sweet voice of pity ne'er sounds in my ear

Lave, thou hast pleasures, and deep hae I loved ;
 Love, thou hast sorrows, and sair hae I proved ;
 But this bruised heart that now bleeds in my breast,
 I can feel by its throbbings will soon be at rest.

Oh, if I were where happy I hae been,
 Down by yon stream and yon bonny caule-green ;
 For there he is wandering, and musing on me
 Wha wad soon dry the tear frae his Phyllis's ee

HERE'S TO THY HEALTH, MY BONNY LASS.

Tune—“ Taggan Bann ”

HERE'S to thy health, my bonny lass,
 Gude night and joy be wi' thee ;
 I'll come nae mair to thy hower-door,
 An' tell thee that I lo'e thee.

Oh, dinna think, my pretty pink,
But I can live without thee;
I vow and swear I dinna care,
How lang ye look about ye.

'Thou'lt aye sae free informing me
Thou hast nae mind to marry;
I'll be as free informing thee
Nae time hae I to tarry.
I ken thy friends try ilka means
'Frae wedlock to delay thee;
Depending on some higher chance—
But Fortune may betray thee.

I ken they scorn my low estate,
But that does never grieve me,
But I'm as free as any he,
Sm' siller will relieve me.
I'll count my health my greatest wealth
Sae lang as I'll enjoy it;
I'll fear nae want, I'll bode nae want,
As lang's I get employment.

But far-off fowls hie feathers fait,
And aye until ye try them;
'Though they seem fair, still have a care,
They may prove want than I am.
But at twal at night, when the moon shines bright,
My dear, I'll come and see thee,
For the man that lo'es his mistress weel,
Nae travel makes him weary.

MY LADY'S GOWN, THERE'S IT LIES UPON'T.

Tune—"Griegg's Pipe."

My lady's gown, there's it lies¹ upon't,
And gowden flowers sae true upon't;
But Jenny's jumps and jukmet,²
My lord thinks mickle man upon't.

My lord a-hunting he is gane,
But hounds or hawks wi' him are nane;
By Colin's cottage lies his gunie,
If Colin's Jenny be at hame.

¹ A triangular piece of cloth inserted at the bottom of a robe

² Stays and bodice

My lady's whitt, my lady's red,
 And kith and kin o' Cassillis' blude ;
 But her ten-pund lands o' tocher guid
 Were a' the charms his lordship lo'ed.

Ont o'er yon muir, out o'er yon moss,
 Where gor-cocks through the heather pass.
 There wons auld Colin's bonny lass,
 A lily in a wilderness.

Sae sweetly move her genty limbs,
 Like music-notes o' lovers' hymns :
 The diamond dew in her een sae blue,
 Where laughing love sae wanton swims.

My lady's dune,¹ my lady's drest,
 The flower and fancy o' the west ;
 But the lassie that a man lo'es best,
 O' her, that's the lass to mak him blest.

ANNA, THY CHARMS.

Tune—"Bonny Mary"

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
 And waste my soul with care ;
 But ah ! how bootless to admire,
 When fated to despair !
 Yet in thy presence, lovely fau,
 To hope may be forgiven ;
 For sure 'twere impious to despair,
 So much in sight of heaven.

JOCKEY'S TA'EN THE PARTING KISS.

Tune,—"Bonny Lassie, tak a Man."

JOCKEY's ta'en the parting kiss,
 O'er the mountain he is gane ;
 And with him is a' my bliss,
 Nought but griefs with me remain.
 Spare my love, ye winds that blaw,
 Plashy sleets and beating rain !
 Spare my love, thou scathery snaw,
 Drifting o'er the frozen plain !

¹ Neat, trim

When the shades of evening creep
 O'er the day's fair gladsome ee,
 Sound and safely may he sleep,
 Sweetly blithe his waukening be
 He will think on her he loves,
 Fondly he'll repeat her name;
 For where'er he distant roves,
 Jockey's heart is still at hame.

OH, LAY THY LOOF IN MINE, LASS

Tune—“The Cordwainers' March”

Oh, lay thy loof¹ in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And swear on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain.

A slave to love's unbounded sway,
 He aft has wrought me meikle wae;
 But now he is my deadly foe.
 Unless, thou be my ain

There's mony a lass has broke my rest,
 That for a blink² I hae lo'ed best,
 But thou art queen within my breast,
 For ever to remain.

Oh, lay thy loof in mine, lass,
 In mine, lass, in mine, lass,
 And weir on thy white hand, lass,
 That thou wilt be my ain

OH, MALLY'S MEEK, MALLY'S SWEET.

CUNNINGHAM says regarding the origin of this song¹—“The poet was one day walking along the High Street of Dumfries, when he met a young woman from the country, who, with her shoes and stockings picked carefully up, and her petticoat shifted,

“Which dr' gently shaw
 Her straight bare legs that gliter were than snaw,
 was proceeding towards the Galloway side of the Nith. This sight, by no means unusual then as now, influenced the Muse of Burns, and the result was this exquisite lyric.”

As I was walking up the street,
 A barefit maid I chanced to meet,

¹ Palm.

² Short space.

But oh, the road was very hard
For that fair maiden's tender feet.

Oh, Mally's meek, Mally's sweet,
Mally's modest and discreet,
Mally's rare, Mally's fair,
Mally's every way complete.

It were mair meet that those fine feet
Were weel laced up in silken shoon,
And 'twere more fit that she should sit
Within yon chariot gilt aboon.

Her yellow hair, beyond compare,
Coinces twinkling down her swan-like neck,
And her two eyes, like stars in skies,
Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck.

THE BANKS OF CREE.

Tune—"The Banks of Cree."

I AM Elizabeth Heron having composed in an entitled "The Banks of Cree," in remembrance of a beautiful and romantic stream of that name, "I have written," says the poet, "the following song to it, as her Ladyship is a particular friend of mine."

HERE is the glen, and here the bower
All underneath the birchen shade,
The village-bell has told the hour--
Oh, what can stay my lovely maid?

'Tis not Maria's whispering call,
'Tis not the balmy-breathing gale,
Mint with some warbler's dying fall
The dewy star of eve to hail.

It is Maria's voice I hear!
So calls the woodlark in the grove,
'Tis little faithful maid to cheer--
At once 'tis music, and 'tis love.

And art thou come? and art thou true?
Oh, welcome, dear, to love and me!
And let us all our vows renew
Along the flowery banks of Cree.

ON THE SEAS AND FAR AWAY.

Tune—"O'er the hills and far away."

How can my poor heart be glad,
 When absent from my sailor lad?
 How can I the thought forego,
 He's on the seas to meet the foe?
 Let me wander, let me rove,
 Still my heart is with my love:
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are with him that's far away.

On the seas and far away,
 On stormy seas and far away;
 Nightly dreams, and thoughts by day,
 Are aye with him that's far away.

When in summer noon I faint,
 As weary flocks around me pant,
 Haply in the scorching sun
 My sailor's thundering at his gun:
 Bullets, spare my only joy!
 Bullets, spare my darling boy!
 Fate, do with me what you may—
 Spare but him that's far away!

At the starless midnight hour,
 When winter rules with boundless power;
 As the storms the forest tear,
 And thunders rend the howling air,
 Listening to the doubling roar,
 Surging on the rocky shore,
 All I can—I weep and pray,
 For his weal that's far away.

Peace, thy olive wand extend,
 And bid wild War his savage end,
 Man with brother man to meet,
 And as a brother kindly greet:
 Then may Heaven with merciful gales
 Fill my sailor's welcome sails,
 To my arms then charge convey—
 My dear lad that's far away.

SHE SAYS SHE LOVES ME BEST OF ALL.

Tune—"Onagh's Waterfall."

SEE p. 203 for an account of Miss Jean Lorimer, the flaxen-haired Chloris of this and other fine songs.

Sae flaxen wate her ringlets,
 Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
 Bewitching, o'er-arching
 'Twa laughing een o' bonny blue.
 Her smiling sae wiling,
 Wad mak a wretch forget his woe;
 What pleasure, what treasure,
 Unto these rosy lips to grow!
 Such was my Chloris' bonny face,
 When first her bonny face I saw;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Like harmony her motion;
 Her pretty ankle is a spy,
 Betraying fair proportion,
 Wad mak a saint forget the sky.
 Sae waming, sae charming,
 Her faultless form and gracefu' air;
 Ilk feature--auld Nature
 Declared that she could do nae mair.
 Hers are the willing chains o' love,
 By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
 And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
 She says she lo'es me best of a'.

Let others love the city
 And gaudy show a sunny noon;
 Gie me the lonely valley,
 The dewy eve, and rising moon;
 Fair beaming and streaming,
 Her silver light the boughs amang;
 While falling, recalling,
 The amorous thrush concludes his sang.
 There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
 By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
 And hear my vows o' truth and love,
 And say thou lo'est me best of a'?

THE LOVER'S MORNING SALUTE TO HIS MISTRESS

Tune—"Dail tak the war."

¹ HAVING been out in the country singing with a friend," (Mr. Corbitt of Kinnis Hall,) says the poet in a letter to Thomson, "I met with a lady, [Mrs. Whelpdale—the Chloris of the preceding and three following songs,] and as usual got into song, and on returning home composed the following."

SLEEP'ST thou, or wakest thou, fairest creature?
 Rosy Morn now lifts his eye,

Numbering ilka bud which nature
 Waters wi' the tears o' joy ;
 Now through the leafy woods,
 And by the reeking floods,
 Wild nature's tenants, freely, gladly, stray ;
 The flintwhite in his bower
 Chants o'er the breathing flower ;
 The laverock to the sky
 Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
 While the sun and thou arise to bless the day.

Phœbus, gilding the brow o' morning,
 Banishes ilk darksome shade,
 Nature gladdening and adorning ;
 Such to me my lovely maid.
 When absent frae my fan,
 The murky shades o' care
 With statless gloom o'ercast my sullen sky,
 But when, in beauty's light,
 She meet^s my ravish'd sight,
 When through my very heart
 Her beaming glories dart—
 'Tis then I wake to life, to light and joy

CHLORIS

THE poet says:—"Having been on a visit the other day to my fair Chloris—that is the poetic name of the lovely goddess of my inspiration—she suggested an idea, which, on my return home, I wrought into the following song:"

My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
 The primrose banks how fair ;
 The balmy gales awake the flowers,
 And wave thy flaxen hair.

The laverock hums the palace-gay,
 And o'er the cottage sing ;
 For nature smiles as sweet, I ween,
 To shepherds as to kings.

Let minstrels sweep the skilfu' string,
 In lordly lighted ha' :
 The shepherd stops his simple reed,
 Blithe, in the broken shaw.¹

¹ Bush wood

SONGS

The princely revel may survey
 Our rustic dance with scorn;
 But are their hearts as light as ours
 Beneath the milk-white thorn?

The shepherd in the flowery glen
 In shepherd's phrase will woo,
 The country tells a finer tale—
 But is his heart as true?

These wild-wood flowers I've pu'd, to deck
 That spotless breast o' thine;
 The country's gems may witness love—
 But 'tisna love like mine.

TO CHLORIS

THE following lines, says the poet, were "written on the blank leaf of a copy of the last edition of my poem, and presented to the lady whom, with the most ardent sentiments of real friendship, I have so often sung under the name of Chloris."

'Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
 Nor thou the gift refuse,
 Nor with unwilling ear attend
 The magnifying Muse.

Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
 Must bid the world adieu,
 (A world 'gainst peace in constant arm,)—
 To join the friendly few;

Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
 (Hill came the tempest's lower;
 And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
 Did up a fairer flower,)

Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
 Still much is left behind;
 Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
 The comforts of the mind!

Thine is the self-approving glow
 On conscious honour's part;
 And—dearest gift of Heaven below—
 Thine friendship's truest heart.

The joys refused of sense and taste,
 With every Muse to rove :
 And doubly were the poet blest,
 These joys could he improve.

AH, CHLORIS !

Tune -- "Major Graham"

AH, Chloris ! since it mayna be
 That thou of love wilt hear,
 If from the lover thou mann flee,
 Yet let the friend be dear.

Although I love my Chloris mair
 Than ever tongue could tell,
 My passion I will ne'er declare,
 I'll say, I wish thee well

Though a' my dailie care thou art,
 And a' my nightlie dream,
 I'll hude the struggle in my heart,
 And say it is esteem

SAW YE MY PHILLY ?

Tune -- "Wha' she cun ben she bobbit"

Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
 Oh, saw ye my dear, my Phely ?
 She's down i' the grove, she's wae a new love
 She wunna come hame to her Willy.

What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 What says she, my dearest, my Phely ?
 She lets thee to wit that she has the forger,
 And for ever disowns thee, her Willy

Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 Oh, had I ne'er seen thee, my Phely !
 As high as the an, and fause as thou's fair--
 Thou's broken the heart o' thy Willy

HOW LONG AND DREARY IS THE NIGHT !

To a Gaelic Air

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie !
 I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary,
 I sleepless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

When I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie ?¹
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie ?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours,
 As ye were wae and weary !
 It wasna sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.
 It wasna sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie.

IMPROVED VERSION.

Tune—"Could Kail in Aberdeen"

How long and dreary is the night,
 When I am frae my dearie !
 I restless lie frae e'en to morn,
 Though I were ne'er sae weary.

For oh ! her lanely nights are lang ;
 And oh, her dreams are eerie ;
 And oh, her widow'd heart is sair,
 That's absent frae her dearie.

When I think on the lightsome days
 I spent wi' thee, my dearie ;
 And now what seas between us rear—
 How can I be but eerie ?

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours !
 The joyless day how dreary !
 It wasna sae ye glinted by,
 When I was wi' my dearie.

¹ Lonely.

LET NOT WOMAN E'ER COMPLAIN

Tune—"Duncan Gray"

"I HAVE been at 'Duncan Gray,'" says the poet to Thomson, "to dress it into English, but all I can do is deplorably stupid For instance:—"

LET not woman e'er complain
Of inconstancy in love;
Let not woman e'er complain
Fickle man is apt to rove:
Look abroad through nature's range,
Nature's mighty law is change,
Ladies, would it not be strange,
Man should then a monster prove?

Mark the winds, and mark the skies,
Ocean's bill, and ocean's flow:
Sun and moon but set to rise,
Round and round the seasons go:
Why then ask of silly man
To oppose great Nature's plan?
We'll be constant while we can—
You can be no more, you know.

THE CHARMING MONTH OF MAY

SPEAKING of the Scottish original which suggested the following, Burns says, in scribbling it to Thomson:—"You may think meanly of this, but if you saw the homestead of the original you would be surprised that I had made so much of it."

It was the charming month of May,
When all the flowers were fresh and gay,
One morning, by the break of day,
The youthful, charming Chloe,
From peaceful slumber she arose,
Girt on her mantle and her hose,
And o'er the flowery mead he goes,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

Lovely was she by the dawn,
Youthful Chloe, charming Chloe.
Tripping o'er the pearly lawn,
The youthful, charming Chloe.

The feather'd people you might see,
Perch'd all around, on every tree,
In notes of sweetest melody,
They hail the charming Chloe;

Till painting gay the eastern skies,
The glorious sun began to rise,
Out-rivall'd by the radiant eyes
Of youthful, charming Chloris.

— — —

LASSIE WI' THE LINT-WHITE LOCKS.

Tune—"Rothermurche's Rant"

"THIS piece," says the poet, "has at least the merit of being a regular pastoral, the vernal morn, the summer noon, the autumnal evening, and the winter night, are regularly rounded."

Now nature crows¹ the flowery lea,
And a' is young and sweet like thee,
Oh! wilt thou share its joy wi' me,
And say thou'lt be my dearie, O?

Lassie wi' the lint-white locks,
Bonny lassie, artless lassie,
Wilt thou wi' me tent² the flocks?
Wilt thou be my dearie, O?

And when the welcome summer-shower
Has cheer'd ilk drooping little flower,
We'll to the breathing woodbine bower
At sultry noon, my dearie, O.

When Cynthia lights, wi' silver ray,
The weary shearer's³ homeward way;
Through yellow waving fields we'll stray,
And talk o' love, my dearie, O.

And when the howling ventry blast
Disturbs my lassie's midnight rest;
Enclasp'd to my faithfu' breast,
I'll comfort thee, my dearie, O.

— — —

¹ PHILLY, HAPPY BE THAT DAY.

Tune—"The Sow's Tail"

ME.

O PHILLY, happy be that day,
When roving through the gather'd hay,

¹ Clothes.

² Tent

³ Reaper's

My youthful heart was stown away,
And by thy charms, my Philly.

SHE

O Willy, aye I bless the grove
Where first I own'd my maiden love,
• Whilst thou didst pledge the Powers above
To be my ain dear Willy.

HE.

As songsters of the early year
Are ilka day mair sweet to hear,
So ilka day to me man dear,
And charming is my Philly.

SHE

As on the brier the budding rose
Still richer breathes and fairer blows,
So in my tender bosom grows
The love I bear my Willy.

HE.

The milder sun and bluer sky
That crown my harvest cares wi' joy,
Were ne'er so welcome to my eye
As is a sight o' Philly.

SHE

The little swallow's wanton wing,
Though wafting o'er the flow'ry spring,
Did ne'er to me a' thing bring
• As meeting o' my Willy.

HE

The bee that through the sunny hour
Sips nectar in the opening flower,
Compared wi' my delight is poor,
Upon the lips o' Philly.

SHE.

The woodbine in the dewy weat
When evening shades in silence meet,
Is nocht sae fragrant or sae sweet
As is a kiss o' Willy.

Let Fortune's wheel at random run,
And fools may tync, and knaves may win;
My thoughts are a' bound up in aye,
And that's my ain dear Philly.

What's a' the joys that gowd can gie?
 I carena weath a single flie;
 The lad I love's the lad for me,
 And that's my ain dear Wify,

CONTENTED WI' LITTLE

Tune—"Lumps o' Pudding"

IN thanking Thom-son for the present of a picture suggested by "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by David Allan, Burns says:—"Ten thousand thanks for your elegant present. I have some thoughts of suggesting to you to prefix a vignette of me to my song, 'Contented wi' little, and cannie wi' mair,' in order that the portrait of my *self*, and the *picture of my mind*, may go down the stream of time together."

CONTENTED wi' little, and cannie¹ wi' mair,
 When'er I forgather² wi' sorrow and care,
 I gie them a skelp,³ as they're creeping along,
 Wi' a cog o' guid swats,⁴ and an auld Scottish sang.

I whiles claw the elbow o' troublesome thought;
 But man is a sodger, and life is a faught;
 My mirth and guid humour are com in my pouch,
 And my freedom's my landship nae monarch dare touch

A' towmond⁵ o' trouble, should that be my fa',
 A right o' guid fellowship sowther⁶ it a':
 When at the blithe end o' our journey at last,
 Wha the deil ever thinks o' the road he has past?

Blind Chance, let her snapper and stoyte⁷ on her way,
 Be't to me, be't frae me, e'en let the jade gae;
 Come ease or come travail, come pleasure or pain,
 My warst word is "Welcome, and welcome again!"

CANST THOU LEAVE ME THUS, MY KATY?

Tune—"Roy's Wife"

THE poet tells us that he composed this song during two or three turis round his room. It was specially addressed to Mrs. Riddell of Woodley Park. Between her and the poet there had been a coldness for nearly two years, a cold-

¹ Happy.
² Meet.
³ Whack.

⁴ Flagon of ale.
⁵ Twelvemonth.
⁶ Soldiers.

⁷ Stagger and tumble.

ness entirely owing to misbehaviour on the part of the poet while under the influence of wine. Mrs. Rydell reciprocated the feeling, and sent him two poetical effusions, of some considerable merit. The poet, with the freedom characteristic of the votaries of the muse, sang of her as his mistress, and she replied in the same vein. Some parties with questionable taste have affected to believe that the poet's songs, and the lady's in return, speak to an attachment other than platonic, but there is no authority for any such supposition.

- Is this thy plighted, fond reward,
Thus cruelly to part, my Katy?
Is this thy faithful swain's regard—
• An aching, broken heart, my Katy?

Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?
Well thou knowest my aching heart
And canst thou leave me thus for pity?

• 'er such
That fickle heart of thine, my Katy?
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear—
But not a love like mine, my Katy!

— — —

WHAT IS THAT AT MY BOWER-DOOR?

Tune—"Lae, an I come neir thee."

The following was suggested by an old song in Ramsay's "Tea-table Miscellany," entitled, "The Auld Man's Address to the Widow."

- WHAT is that at my bower-door?
Oh, wha is it but Findlay?
Then gae ye a gate,¹ ye'se nae be here!
Indeed, ~~quon~~ I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
Oh, come and see, quo' Findlay.
Before the morn ye'll wark mischief—
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

- Gif I rise and let you in,--
Let me in, quo' Findlay;
Ye'll keep me ~~waikin~~ w' your din
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.
- In my bower if ye should stay,--
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;
I fear ye'll bide² till break o' day
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain,—
 I'll remain, quo' Findlay,
 I deead ye'll ken the gate again;—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay,
 What may pass within this bowber,
 Let it pass, quo' Findlay;
 Ye maun conceal till yon last hour;—
 Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

THE CARDIN' O'T

Tune "Salt fish and Dumplings"

I coo¹ a tane o' haslock² woo,
 To mak a coat to Johnny o't;
 For Johnny is my only jo,
 An' lo'e him best of ony yet.

The cardin' o't, the symin' o't,
 The waipin' o't, the wimmin' o't;
 When ilka ell cost me a groat,
 The tailor staw³ the hum' o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,
 And though his brow be beld aboon;
 Yet I hae seen him on a day
 The pride of a' the parishen.

THE PIPER.

There came a piper o' my life,
 I wana what they ca'd him,
 He play'd our cousin Kate a spring
 When hent a body haid him,
 And aye the mair he hotch'd and baw,
 The mair that she forbade him.

JENNY M'CRAW

A FRAGMENT

JENNY M'CRAW, she has ta'en to the heather,
 Say, was it the Covenant carried her thither;

¹ Bought

² House-lock, the wool on the throat—the finest of the fleece

³ Stole

Jenny M'Craw to the mountains is gane,
 Then leagues and their covenants a' she has fa'en;
 My head and my heart now, quo' she, are at rest,
 And as for the lave, let the dail do his best.

THE LAST BRAW BRIDAL.

A FRAGMENT

THE last braw bridal that I was at,
 'Twas on a Hallowmas day,
 And there was outh¹ o' drink and fun,
 And muckle muth and play
 The bells they rang, and the carlines² sang,
 And the dames danced in the ha',
 The bride went to bed wi' the silly bridegroom,
 In the morn³ o' her kimmer, 'a'

LINES ON A MERRY PLOUGHMAN

As I was a wandring ae morning in spring,
 I heard a merry ploughman sae sweetly to sing,
 And as he was singin' thae words he did say,
 There's nae life like the ploughman's in the month o' sweet May.

The laverock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest,
 And mount in the air wi' the dew on her breast;
 And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and sing,
 And at night she'll return to her nest back again

THE WINTER OF LIFE

Tune—"Gill Morn."

BUT lately seen in gladsome green,
 The woods repined the day,
 Through gentle showers the laughing flowers
 In double pride were gay.
 But now our joys are fled
 On winter blasts awa'¹
 Yet maiden May, in rich array
 Again shall bring them a'

¹ Plenty

² Old women

³ Young women

But my white, now,¹ nae bindly thowe²
 Shall melt the snaws of age;
 My trunk of euld, but buss o' bield,³
 Sinks in Time's wintry rage,
 Oh! age has weary days,
 And nights o' sleepless pain!
 Thou golden time o' youthfu' prime,
 Why comest thou not again!

I'LL AYE CA' IN BY YON TOWN.

Tune— 'I'll gae me mair to yon town.'

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonny Jean again.

There's nane sall ken, there's nane sall guess,
 What brings me back the gate again,
 But she, my fairest, faithfu' lass,
 And stowms⁴ we sall meet again.

She'll wander by the aiken tree,
 When trystin'-time draws near again;
 And when her lovely form I see,
 Oh, hault, she's doubly dear again!

I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And by yon garden green, again;
 I'll aye ca' in by yon town,
 And see my bonny Jean again.

THE GOWDEN LOCKS OF ANNA.

Tune— 'Banks o' Banan.'

'A DUMFRIES maiden,' says Cunningham, "with a light foot and a merry eye, was the heroine of this clever song." Burns thought so well of it himself that he recommended it to Thomson. But the latter—aware, perhaps, of the free character of her of the gowden locks, excluded it, though pressed to publish it by the poet. Irritated, perhaps, at Thomson's refusal, he wrote the additional stanza, by way of postscript, in defiance of his collier blooded critic."

YESTERD I had a pint o' wine,
 A² place where body saw na;

¹ Head.
² Thaw

³ My aged trunk with-
 out shelter.

⁴ Secretly.

Vestreen lay on this breast o' mine
 The gowden locks of Anna.
 The hungry Jew in willeiness,
 Rejoicing o'er his manna,
 Was naething to my lunny bliss
 Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monauchs tak the east and west,
 Frae Indus to Savannah !
 Gie me within my straining grasp
 The melting form of Anna
 There I'll despise imperial charms,
 An empress or sultana,
 While dying raptures in her arms
 I give and take with Anna !

Awa', thou flaunting god o' day !
 Awa', thou pale Diana !
 Ilk star gae hude thy twinkling ray,
 When I'm to meet my Anna
 Come, in thy raven plumage, Night !
 Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a',
 And bring an angel pen to write
 My transports wi' my Anna !

OSTERHILL

The kirk and state may join and tell
 'To do such things I maun be -
 The kirk and state may gae to hell,
 And I'll gae to my Anna
 She is the sunshine o' my ee,—
 To live but¹ her I canna,
 Had I on earth but wishes three,
 The first should be my Anna

HAD I THE WYTE

Time — " Had I the wyte ? he bide me

HAD I the wyte,² had I the wyte,
 Had I the wyte ? she bade me ;
 She watch'd me by the hie-gate side
 And up the loan she shaw'd me,

¹ Without² Blame

And when I yadna venture in,
 A coward loon she ca'd me,
 Had kirk and state been in the gate,
 I lighted when she bade me.

Sae craftie she took me bey,¹
 And bade me make nae clatter;
 "For our ramgunshoch, glum² guidman
 Is o'er ayont the water;"
 Where'er shall say I wanted grace,
 When I did kiss and dawt³ her,
 Let him be planted in my place,
 Syne say⁴ I was a fautor.

Could I for shame, could I for shame,
 Could I for shame refused her?
 And wad a manhood been to blame
 "Had I unkindly used her?"
 He claw'd her wi' the rippin'-kame,
 And blae and bludy bruised her;
 When sic a husband was frae hame,
 What wife but wad excused her?

I dighted⁴ aye her een sae blue,
 And bann'd the cruel randy,⁵
 And weel I wat her willing mon'
 Was e'en like suga-candy.
 At gloamin'-shot it was, I trow,
 I lighted on the Monday,
 But I cam through the Tysday's dew,
 To wanton Willie's brandy.

CALEDONIA

Tune—"Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

TIME was once a day—but old Time then was young—
 That brave Caledonia, the chief of her line,
 From some of your northern gleeties spring,
 (Who knows not that brave Caledonia's divine?)
 From Tweed to the Orcades was her domain,
 To hunt, or to pasture, or do what she would:
 Her heavenly relations there fixed her reign,
 And pledged her their godheads to warrant it good.

¹ In
² Rugged, coarse

³ Fondle
⁴ Wiped.

⁵ Scold

A lambkin in peace, but a lion in war,
 The pride of her kindred the herome grew.
 Her grandsire, old () in, triumphantly swore,
 "Whoe'er shall provoke thee th' encounter shall rue!"
 With tillage or pasture at times she would sport,
 To feed her fair flocks by her green rustling corn;
 But chiefly the woods were her favourite resort,
 Her darling amusement the hounds and the horn

Long quiet she reign'd; till thitherward steers
 A flight of bold eagles from Adria's strand
 Repeated, successive, for many long years,
 They darken'd the air, and they plunder'd the land
 Their pounces were murder, and terror their cry,
 They'd conquer'd and ruin'd a world beside;
 She took to her hills, and her arrows let fly—
 The daring invaders they fled or they died.

The fell harpy-raven took wing from the north,
 The scourge of the seas, and the dread of the shore;
 The wild Scandinavian bear issued forth
 To wanton in carnage, and wallow in gore;
 O'er countries and kingdoms their fury prevail'd,
 No arts could appease them, no arms could repel,
 But brave Caledonia in vain they assail'd,
 As Lugs well can witness, and Loncartie tell

The camcleon-savage disturb'd her repose,
 With tumult, disquiet, rebellion, and strife,
 Provoked beyond bearing, at last she arose,
 And robb'd him at once of his hope and his life:
 The Anglian lion, the terror of France,
 Of prowess, ensanguin'd the Tweed's silver flood;
 But, taught by the bright Caledonian lance
 He learned to fear in his own native wood.

Thou bold, independent, unconquer'd, and free,
 Her bright course of glory for ever shall run:
 For brave Caledonia immortal must be:
 I'll prove it from Euclid as clear as the sun:
 Rectangle-triangle, the figure we'll choose,
 The upright is Chance, and old time is the base;
 But brave Caledonia's the hypothenuse;
 Then, ere she'll match them, and match them always,

THE FAREWELL

"Thou—'It was a' for our rightfu' kme."

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We left fair Scotland's strand;

It was a' for our rightfu' king
 We e'er saw Irish land, my dear,
 We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,
 And a' is done in vain;
 My love and native land farewe'll,
 For I maun cross the main, my dear,
 For I maun cross the main.

He turn'd him right and round about,
 Upon the Irish shore;
 And gae his biddle-reins a shake,
 With adieu for evermore, my dear,
 With adieu for evermore.

The sodger hae the wars returns,
 The sailor hae the main;
 But I hae parted frae my love,
 Never to meet again, my dear,
 Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,
 And a' folk bound to sleep;
 I think on him that's far awa'
 The lee-lang night, and weep, my dear,
 The lee-lang night, and weep.

OH, STEER HER UP

Tune—"Oh, steer her up and haud her gaun."

Oh, steer her up and haud her gaun
 Her mither's at the mill, jo;
 And gin she wna tak a man,
 E'en let her tak her will, jo;
 First shore¹ her wi' a kindly kiss,
 And ca' another gill, jo;
 And gin she tak the thing amiss,
 E'en let her flyte² her fill, jo.

Oh, steer her up, and be na blate,³
 And gin she tak it ill, jo,

¹ Try

² Scold.

³ Bashful.

Then lea'e the lassie till her fate,
 And time nae langer spill, jo ;
 Ne'er break your heart for ae rebuke,
 But think upon it still, jo ;
 That gae the lassie winna de't,
 Ye'll lin' anither will, jo.

BONNY PEG-A-RAMSAY.

Tune — "Cauld is the e'emm' blast."

CAULD is the e'emm' blast
 O' Boreas o'er the pool ;
 And dawin' it is dreary
 When buiks are bare at Yule.

Oh, cauld blows the e'emm' blast
 When bitter bites the frost,
 And in the mirk and dreary drift
 The hills and glens are lost

Ne'er sae mucky blew the night
 That drifted o'er the holl,
 But bonny Peg-a-Ramsey
 Gat grist to her mill.

HEE BALOU¹

Tune — "The Highland L."

SPEAKING of this song, Crough says, "The time when the moss-trooper and cattle-drivers on the borders began their nightly depredations was the first Michaelmas moon. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition, and it has been remarked that many of the best families in the north can trace their descent from the daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of dowry to a laird's daughter) of a Michaelmas moon is proverbial, and the aid of Lochiel's Lanthorn (the moon, whose exploits were the most desirable things imaginable. In the 'Hee Balou' we see one of those heroes in the cradle."

HEE Balou,² my sweet wee Donald
 Picture o' the great Clanronald ;

¹ Rebuke

² A cradle-lullaby phrase used by nurses

Brawlie kens our wanton chief
Wha got my young Highlând thief.

Leeze me on thy bonny craigie,
An thou live, thou'lt steal a wife :
Travel the country through and thorough,
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Through the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my baby, may thou furdie :
Herry¹ the louns o' the laigh countrie,
Syne to the Highlands, hame to me

HERT'S HIS HEALTH IN WATER

Tune—"The Job of Journeywork"

ALTHOUGH my back be at the wa',
And though he be the fanton ;
Although my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water !

Oh ! wae gae by his wanton sides,
Sae brawlie's he could flatter ;
Till for his sake I'm slighted sair,
And dree the kintie clatter.²

But thoug' my back be at the wa',
And though he be the fanton ;
But though my back be at the wa',
Yet, here's his health in water !

AMONG THE TREES, WHERE HUMMING BEES

Tune—"The King of France he rode a rae."

AMONG the trees, where humming bees
At buds and flowers were humming, O,
Auld Caledon drew out her drone,
And to her pipe was singing, O ;
'Twas pibroch, sang, strathspey, or reels,
Sne dirl'd them a' fu' clearly, O,
When there cam a yell o' foreign squeels,
That dang her tapsalteerie,³ O.

¹ Prosper
² Plunder

³ And bear the country
walk.

⁴ Topsy-turvy
"

Their capon craws, and queer ha ha's,
 They made our lugs,¹ grow eerie,² O,
 The hungry bike³ did scrape and pike,⁴
 Till we were wae and weary, O;
 But a royal ghaist,⁵ wha ance was cased
 A prisoner aughteen year awa',
 He fired a fiddler in the north
 That dang them tapsalteerie, O.

CASSILLIS' BANKS.

Tune.—Unknown

Now bank and brae are claieth in green,
 And scatter'd cowslips sweetly spring;
 By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream
 The budies flit on wanton wing.
 To Cassillis' banks, when e'enng fa's,
 There, wi' my Mary, let me flee,
 There catch her ilka glance of love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's ee!

The chield wha boasts o' warld's walth
 Is aften laird o' meikle care;
 But Mary, she is a' mine ain—
 Ah! fortune canna gie me ~~more~~!
 Then let me range by Cassillis' banks
 Wa' her, the lassie dear to me,
 And catch her ilka glance o' love,
 The bonny blink o' Mary's ee!



BANNOCKS O' BARLEY

Tune—"The Killogie."

BANNOCKS o' bean-meal,
 Bannocks o' barley,
 Here's to the Highlandmar
 Bannocks o' barley!
 Wha is a bulzie,⁶
 Will first cry a parley?
 Never the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley!

¹ Ears.
² Weary.

³ Baud.
⁴ Pick

⁵ Ghoul.

Bannocks o' bear-mel,
 Bannocks o' barley;
 Here's to the Highlandman's
 Bannocks o' barley!
 Wha, in his wae-days,
 Were loyal to Charlie?
 Wha but the lads wi'
 The bannocks o' barley?

SÆ FAR AWA'.

From "The Keith Maiden Bridge"

Oh, sad and heavy should I part,
 But for her sake sæ far awa'
 Unknowing what my way may thwart,
 My native land, sæ far awa'.
 Thou that of a' things Maker art,
 That form'd this sæ far awa',
 Give body strength, then I'll ne'er start
 At this, my way, sæ far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
 So love to her sæ far awa':
 And nocht can heal my bosom's smart
 While, oh! she is sæ far awa'
 Nane other love, nane other dart,
 I feel but hers, sæ far awa',
 But fairer never touch'd a heart
 Than hers, the fair, sæ far awa'.

HER FLOWING LOCKS

From "Unknown"

Her flowing locks the raven's wing,
 Adown her neck and bosom hung;
 How sweet unto that breast to cling,
 And round that neck entwine her tress!

Her lips are roses wat wi' dew,
 Oh, what a feast her bonny mou'!
 Her cheeks a mair celestial hue,
 A crimson still diviner.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

Tune—"If thou'lt play me fair play."

THIS song is an improvement and expansion of some favorite verses, entitled "The Highland Lad and the Lowland Lassie."

THE bonniest ladd that e'er I saw,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Wore a plaid, and was fu' braw,
 Bonny Highland laddie.
 On his head a bonnet blue,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 His royal heart was firm and true
 Bonny Highland laddie.

Trumpets' sound, and cannons' roar,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie,
 And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,
 Bonny Lowland lassie.
 Glory, honour, now invite,
 Bonny lassie, Lowland lassie.
 For freedom and my king to fight,
 Bonny Lowland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie,
 Ere aught thy manly courage shake,
 Bonny Highland laddie.
 Go! for yourself procure renown,
 Bonny laddie, Highland laddie;
 And for your lawful king his crown,
 Bonny Highland laddie.

THE LASS THAT MADE THE BED TO ME.

Tune—"The Lass that made the bed to me"

THE poet tells us, that "'The bonny lass that made the bed to me' was composed on an amour of Charles II. when skulking in the north, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed *une petite affaire* with a daughter of the house of Port Letham, who was the lass that made the bed to him!"

WHEN January wind was blawing cauld,
 As to the north I took my way,
 The mirksome night did me enfauld,
 I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my good luck a maid I met,
 Just in the middle o' my care ;
 And kindly she did me invite
 To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
 And bade her make a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
 Wi' twa white hands she spread it down,
 She put the cup to her rosy lips.
 And drank, "Young man, now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
 And frae my chamber went wi' speed ;
 But I call'd her quickly back again,
 To lay some mair below my head.

A cod she laid below my head,
 And serv'd me wi' due respect ;
 And, to salute her wi' a kiss,
 I put my arms about her neck.

"Haud off your hands, young man," she says
 "And dinna sae uncivil be ;
 Gif ye ha' ony love for me,
 Oh, wrang na my virginie !"

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
 Her teeth were like the ivorie ;
 Her cheeks like lilies dipp'd in wine,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
 Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see ;
 Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her owre and owre again,
 And aye she wist na' what to say ;
 I laid her between me and the wa'—
 The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow, when we rose,
 I thank'd her for her courtesie ;
 But aye she blush'd, and aye she sigh'd
 And said, "Alas! ye've ruin'd me."

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her eye,
 While the tear stood twinkling in her ee;
 I said, "My lassie, dianna cry,
 For ye aye shall mak the bed to me."

She took her mither's Holland sheets,
 And made them a' in sarks to me.
 Blithe and merry may she be,
 The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonny lass made the bed to me,
 The braw lass made the bed to me;
 I'll ne'er forget, till the day I die,
 The lass that made the bed to me!

THE LASS OF ECCLEFECHAN.

Tune—"Jacky Latin."

GAT ye me, oh, gat ye me,
 Oh, gat ye me wi' naething?
 Rock and reel, and spinnin' wheel,
 A mickle quarter basin.
 Bye attour, my gutcher has¹
 A heigh house and a laigh ane,
 A' forbye my bonny sel,
 The toss of Ecclefechan.

Oh, haud your tongue now, Luckie Laim
 Oh, haud your tongue and jauner,²
 I held the gate till you I met,
 Syne I began to wander;
 I tint³ my whistle and my sang,
 I tint my peace and pleasure;
 But your green graff⁴ now, Luckie Laim
 Wad ant⁵ me to my treasure.

THE COOPER O' CUDDIE.

Tune—"Bob at the Bowster."

The cooper o' Cuddie cam here awa';
 He ca'd the gins⁶ out owre us a'-a-

¹ Besides, my grandsire has

² Complaining.

³ Lost.

⁴ Grave.

⁵ Lead

⁶ Hoops.

And our guidwife has gotten a ca'
That anger'd the silly gudman, O.

We'll hide the cooper bellin'¹ the door,
Behind the door, behind the door,
We'll hide the cooper behind the door
And cover him under a mawn,² O.

He sought them out, he sought them in,
Wi', Deil hae her¹ and, Deil hae him!
But the bodge he was sae doted² and blin',
He wisna where he was gaun, O.

They cooper'd at e'en, they cooper'd at morn,
Till our gudman has gotten the scorn;
On ilka brow she's planted a horn,
And swears that there they shall stan', O.

THE HIGHLAND WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Oh! I am come to the low countrie,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Without a penny in my purse
To buy a meal to me.

It wasna sae in the Highland hills,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Nae woman in the country wide
Sae happy was as me.

For then I had a score o' kye,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Feeding on yon hills so hugh,
And giving milk to me.

And there I had threescore o' yowes,
Och-on, och-on, och-rie!
Skipping on yon bonny knowes,
And casting wpo' to me.

I was the happiest of a' the clan,
Sair, sair may I repine;
For Donald was the brawest man.
And Donald he was mune.

¹ Basket.

² Stupid.

Till Charlie Stuart cam at last,
 Sae far to set us free;
 My Donald's arm was wanted then
 For Scotland and for me.

Their wae fu' fate what need I tell?
 Right to the wrang did yield:
 My Donald and his country fell
 Upon Culloden field.

Och-on, O Donald, oh!
 Och-on, och-on, och-me!
 Nae woman in the wairld wide
 Sae wretched now as me.

THERE WAS A BONNY LASS.

THERE was a bonny lass,
 And a bonny, bonny lass,
 And she lo'ed her bonny laddie dear;
 Till war's loud alarms
 Tore her laddie frae her arms,
 Wi' mony a sigh and a tear.

Over sea, over shore,
 Where the cannons loudly roar,
 He stull was a stranger to fear;
 And nocht could him quair,
 Or his bosom assail,
 But the bonny lass he lo'ed sae dear.

OH, WAT YE WHAT MY MUMMIE DID

OH, wat ye what my mummie did,
 My mummie did, my mummie did,
 Oh, wat ye what my mummie did,
 On Tysday teen to me, jo?
 She laid me in a saft bed,
 A saft bed, a saft bed,
 She laid me in a saft bed,
 And bade guid e'en to me, jo.

And wat ye what the parson did,
 The parson did, the parson did,

And wat ye what the parson did,
 A' for a penny fee, jo?
 He loosed on me a lang man,
 A mickle' man, a strang man,
 He loosed on me a lang man,
 That might hae worried me!¹

And I wus but a young thing,
 A young thing, a young thing,
 And I was but a young thing,
 Wi' nane to pity me, jo.
 I wat the kirk was in the wyte,²
 In the wyte, in the wyte,
 To pit a yeung thing in a fright,
 And loose a man on me, jo.

OH, GUID ALE COMES.

Oh, guid ale comes, and guid ale goes,
 Guid ale gais³ me sell my hose,
 Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon.
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
 They drew a' weel enough;
 I sell'd them a' just ane by ane;
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

Guid ale' hauds me bare and bu-y,
 Gais me moop³ wi' the servant lizzie.⁴
 Stand i' the stool when I hae done;
 Guid ale keeps my heart aboon.

COMING THROUGH THE BRAES O' CUPAR.

DONALD BRODIE met a lass
 Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar;
 Donald, wi' his Highland hand,
 Kissed ilka charm about her.

CHORUS

Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar,
 Coming o'er the braes o' Cupar,
 Highland Donald met a lass,
 And row'd his Highland plaid about her.⁵

¹ Blame.

² Makes

³ Romp

⁴ Wench

Weel I wat she was a quean,
 Wad made a body's mouth to water ;
 Our Mess John, wi' his auld gray pow,¹
 His haly lips wad licket at her.

• Off she started in a fright,
 And through the braces as she could bicker ;²
 • But souple Donald quicker flew,
 And in his arms he lock'd her sicker.³

GUID E'EN TO YOU, KIMMER.

• *Time*—"We're a' noddin "

GUID e'en to you, kimmer,⁴
 And how do ye do ?
 Hiccup, quo' kimmer,
 The better that I'm fou
 We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 We're a' noddin at our house at hame.

Kate sits i' the neuk,⁵
 Suppin' hen broo,⁶
 Deil tak Kate,
 An she be na noddin too !

How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye fare ?
 A pint o' the best o't,
 And twa pints mair.

• How's a' wi' you, kimmer,
 And how do ye thrive ?
 How mony barns hae ye ?
 Quo' kimmer, I hae five.

Are they a' Johnny's ?
 Eh ! atweel, na :
 Twa o' them were gottae
 When Johnny was awa'

Cats like milk,
 And dogs like broo,
 Lads like lasses weel,
 And lasses lads too.
 We're a' noddin, nid, nid, noddin,
 We're a' noddin at our house at hame

¹ Head.
² Run.

³ Sure.
⁴ Lass.

⁵ Corner.
⁶ Broth.

YOUNG JAMIE, PRIDE OF A' THE PLAIN.

Tune—"The Carlin o' the Glen"

YOUNG Jamie, pride of a' the plain,
 Sae gallant and sae gay a swain;
 Through a' our lasses he did love,
 And reign'd resistless king of love;
 But now, wi' sighs and starting tears,
 He strays among the woods and briers;
 On oft the glens and rocky caves,
 His sad complaining dowie raves:

"I wha sae hie did love and love,
 And chang'd with every moon my love,
 I little thought the time was near
 Repentance I could buy sae dear:
 The slighted maids my torments see,
 As I laugh at a' the pangs I dee,¹
 While she, my cruel, scornfu' fan,
 Forbids me e'er to see her man!"

COMING THROUGH THE RYE

Tune—"Comin' through the rye"

COMING through the rye, poor body,
 Comin' through the rye,
 She draiglet² a' her petticoatie,
 Comin' through the rye

O Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Comin' through the rye.

Gin³ a body meet a body
 Comin' through the rye,
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Comin' through the glen:
 Gin a body kiss a body—
 Need the waird ken?

THE CARLES OF DYSART

Tune—"Hey, ca' through"

Up wi' the cales⁴ o' Dysart
 And the lads o' Buckhaven,

¹ Suffer² Soiled³ If⁴ Old men.

And the kimmers¹ o' Laigo,
And the lasses o' I even.

Hey, ca' through, ca'² through,
For we hae muckle ado;
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we hae muckle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

We'll live a' our days,
And them that come behind,
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.

IS THERE, FOR HONEST POVERTY

7000—"For a' that and a' that"

BURNS had too good an idea of his own powers to have been serious in his depreciation of this fine song. He says—"A greit cutie on songs say, that blye and wine are the exclusive themes for song-writing. The following is on neither subject, and is consequently no song, but will be allowed, I think, to be two or three pretty good prose thoughts inverted into rhyme."

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea-stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that!

What though on hamely luc we dine,
Wear hoddin gray, and a' that,
Gie fools then silks, and knaves then wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that!

Ye see yon binkie,* ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stäres, and a' that,

¹ Young women

² Push

* Literally the phrase means a mettlesome fellow; here it must be rendered proud and affected fellow.

Though hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coo^r for a' that :
 For a' that, and a' that,
 His riband, star, and a' that ;
 The man of independent mind, a' that,
 He looks and laughs at a' that !

A king can mak a belted knight,
 A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
 But an honest man's aboon his might
 Guid faith he maunna² fa' that !
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Their dignities, and a' that,
 The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
 Are higher i' looks than a' that.

Then let us pray hat come it may—
 As come it will for a' that—
 That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that ;
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's comin' yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that !

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING YET?

Tune—"Let me in this ae night"

THE following is based on an old ballad of much point and coarseness

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet,
 Or art thou waking, I would wit?
 For love has bound me hand and foot,
 And I would fain be in, jo.

Oh, let me in this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night,
 For pity's sake this ae night,
 Oh, rise and let me in, jo !

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weat,
 Nae star blinks through the driving sleet :
 Tak pity on my weary feet,
 And shield me frae the rain, jo.

The bitter blast that round me blaws,
 Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's :
 The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause
 O' a' my grief and pain, jo.

HER ANSWER.

Oh, tell na me o' wind and rain,
 Upbraid na me wi' could disdain !
 Gae byk the gate ye cam again.
 I winna let ye in, jo.

I tell you now this ae night,
 This ae, ae, ae night ;
 And ance for a', this ae night,
 I winna let ye in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,
 That round the pathless wanderer pours
 Is nocht to what poor she endures
 That's trusted faithless man, jo.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,
 Now trodden like the vilest weed ;
 Let simple maid the lesson read,
 The weird may be her end, jo.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day
 Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;
 Let witless, trusting woman say
 How aft her fate's the same, jo.

THE HERON ELECTION BALLADS.

BALLAD I.

Though written on the spur of the moment, and evidently lightly valued by the poet, the three following election squibs are spirited and characteristic. They were at the instigation and in the interest of Mr. Heron of Kerroughtree, who contested the Stewartry of Kirkcudbright in the liberal interest. The tory candidate was Mr. Gordon of Balmaghie, nephew to Mr. Murray of Broughton, whose influence, together with that of the Earl of Galloway, was exerted to promote his return.

WHOM will you send to London town,
 To Parliament, and s' that ?
 Or wha in a' the country round
 The best deserves to fa' that ?
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Through Galloway and a' that ;
 Where's the laird or belted knight
 That best deserves to fa' that ?

Wha sets Kerroughtree's open yett,¹
 And wha is't never saw that ?
 Wha ever wi' Kerroughtree met,
 And has a doubt of a' that ?

¹ Gate.

For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that,
 The independent patriot,
 The honest man, and a' that.

Though wit and worth in either sex,
 St. Mary's Isle can shaw that,
 Wi' dukes and lords let Selkirk mix,
 And weel does Selkirk fa' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that,
 The independent commoner
 Shall be the man for a' that.

But why shou' we to nobles jouk?¹
 And let's again to the law that;
 For why, a loun may be a goul?²
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 A lord may be a lousy loun
 Wi' ribbon, star, and a' that.

A heedless boy comes o'er the hills
 Wi' uncle's purse and a' that,
 But we'll hae ane frae 'mang oursels,
 A man we ken, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that!
 For we're not to be bought and sold
 Like naigs, and nowt,³ and a' that.

Then let us drink the Stewartry,
 Kerroughtree's laird, and a' that
 Our represent'ative to be,
 For weel he's worthy a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 Here's Heron yet for a' that.
 A House of Commons such as he,
 They wou'd be blest that saw that.

BALLAD II.

“Fy, let us a' to the braid.”
 Fy, let us a' to Kinkaidlight,
 For there will be bickering there;
 For Munay's light horse are to muster,
 And oh, how the heroes will swear!

¹ Tend.

² Fool.

³ Horses and cattle.

And there will be Murray,¹ commander,
 And Gordon,² the battlè to win;
 Like brothers they'll stand by each other,
 Sae hant in alliance and kin.

And there will be Mack-nebbat Johnnie,³
 The tongue o' the tump to them a';
 As he gets na hell for his haddin'
 'The deil gets na justice ava'.

And there will be Kempleton's lunkie,⁴
 A boy na sae black at the bane,
 But, as for his fine nabob fortune,
 We'll e'en let the subject alane.

And there will be Wigton's new sheriff,⁵
 Dame Justice fu' brawlie has spied,
 She's gotten the heit o' a Bushby,
 But, Lord! what's become o' the head?

And there will be Cardoness,⁶ Esquire,
 Sae mighty in Cardoness' eyes,
 A wight that will weather domination,
 For the devil the puce will despise.

And there will be Kenmure,⁷ sae generous!,
 Whose honour is proof to the storm;
 To save them from stark reprobation,
 He lent them his name to the form.

But we winna mention Redeath,⁸
 The body o' the hame escape!
 He'd venture the gallows for a kilt,
 An' 'twere na the lost o' the kilt.

And there is our king's loud-hentenant,
 Sae famed for his grateful return;
 The billic is geing his que'doms,
 To say in St. Stephen's the morn.

And there will be Douglas⁹ loughly,
 New-christning towns far and near;
 Abjuring their democrat deary,
 By kissing the tail o' a peer.

¹ Murray of Broughton.

² Gordon of Padarnajue.

³ Mr. John Bushby, a lawyer, a friend of the poet's.

⁴ William Bushby of Kempleton, mother of the above, who had made a fortune in India, but which was thought by some to have had its beginning in swindling with the failure of the Mr. Bank shortly before he went abroad.

⁵ Mr. Bushby Maitland, son of John, and then recently appointed Sheriff of Ayrshire.

⁶ David Maxwell of Cardoness.

⁷ Mr. Gordon of Kenmure.

⁸ Mr. Lawrie of Redeath.

⁹ Messrs. Douglas of Carlwark gave the name of Castle Douglas to a village which rose in their neighbourhood. This is now a populous town.

And there will be lads o' the gospel,
Muirhead,¹ wha's as guid as he's true;

And there will be Buittle's apostle,²
Wha's mair o' the black than the blue.

And there will be folk frae St. Mary's,
A house o' great ment and wite,

The deil aye but honours them highly, —
The deil aye will gie them his vote!

And there will be wealthy young Richard,³
Dame Fortune should hing by the neck.

For prodigal, thriftless, bestowing,
His ment had won him respect.

And there will be rich brother nabobs,
Though nabol, yet men of the first,⁴

And there will be Collieston's⁵ whiskers,
Aul Quantin,⁶ o' lads not the war-l.

And there will be stamp-office Johnnie,⁷
Tak tent how ye purchase a dram;

And there will be gay Cassencarrie,
And there will be gleg Colonel Tam,⁸

And there will be trusty Kerroughtree,⁹
Whase honour was ever his law;

If the virtues were pack'd in a paucel,
His worth might be sample for a'.

And strong and respectfu's his backing,
The pfaist o' the lairds wi' him stand;

Nae gipsy-like nominal barons,
Whase property's paper, but lands.

And can we forget the auld Major,¹⁰
Wha'll ne'er be forgot in the Greys?

Our flattery we'll keep for some ither,
Him only it's justice to praise.

And there will be maiden Kilkerran,¹¹
And also Barskimming's guid knight,¹²

And there will be roaring Birtwhistle,¹³
Wha luckily roars in the right.

¹ Rev. Mr. Muirhead, minister of Urr.

² Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Dumfries.

³ Richard Oswald of Auchincruive.

⁴ The Messrs. Haunay.

⁵ Mr. Copland of Collieston.

⁶ Quantin M'Adam of Craigengillan.

⁷ Mr. John Syme, distributor of stamps, Dumfries.

⁸ Colonel Goldie of Goldie.

⁹ Mr. Heron of Kerroughtree, the Whig candidate.

¹⁰ Major Heron, brother of the above.

¹¹ Sir Adam Ferguson of Kilkerran.

¹² Sir William Miller of Barskimming, afterwards a Judge, with the title of Lord Glenlee.

¹³ Mr. Birtwhistle of Kirkcudbright.

And there, frae the Niddistyle border,
 Will mingle the Maxwells in droves;
 Tough Johnnies,¹ staunch Goodies,² and Wals,
 That gins for the fishes and leaves,
 And there will be Jock in M'Dowall,³
 Scullduggery, and he will be there;
 And also the wild Scot o' Galloway,
 Sodgering, gunpowder-Blan.⁴
 Then hey the chaste interest o' Broughton,
 And hey for the blessings 'twill bring;
 It may send Balmaghie to the Commair,
 In Solom 'twould make him a King;
 And hey for the sanctified Murray,⁵
 Our Lord wha wi' chapels hies to rest;
 He bounder'd his horse among harts,
 But gied the anelney to the Lord.

JOHN BUSHBY'S LAMENTATION

EPIGRAM.

Mr. Hickey, having carried the election off easily, and hotly contested struggle, the poet used a song of triumph over his defeated foes, in his out-for-reckon castigation in crafty old epigram, Bushby, victoriam in the Earl of Galloway.

'Twas in the seventeen hundred year
 O' Christ, and ninety-five,
 That year I was the wae'est man,
 O' any man alive,
 In March, the threes-and-twenty day,
 The weather clear and bright,
 But oh, I was a wae' man
 Frae to e'en 'till the night,
 Yea! Galloway lang did rule this land,
 Wi' equal might and time,
 And thereto was his kinsman p'nted
 The Murray's, noble name,
 Yea! Galloway lang did rule the land,
 Made us the judge o' steel,
 But now Yea! Galloway's sceptre's broke,
 And like my higgman's knife,
 'Twas by the hark's o' bonny Dee,
 Beside Kirkcubright towers,

¹ Mr. Maxwell of Carrington.² George Maxwell of Carrington.³ Mr. Wellwood Maxwell.⁴ Captain M'Dowall of Loggan.⁵ Mr. Blair of Dunskey.⁶ Mr. Murray of Broughton, who had divorced his wife, and eloped with lady of rank.

The Stewart and the Murray there
Did muster a' then powers

The Murray, on the auld gray yae,¹
Wi' winged spurs did ride,²
That auld gray yae, yea, Nid stide rae,³
He staw² upon Nidside.

As there had been the yae himsel,
Oh, there had been nae play,
But Gathies was to London gane,
And sae the kye might stae

And there was Balmaghie, I ween,
In the front rank he wad shine,
But Balmaghie had better been
Drinking A leira wine

For the Glenkens came to old and
A chief o' daughtie deed,
In case that worth should wanted be,
O' Kenmore we had need

And there, sae grave, Squint Cardness
Look'd on till a' was done,
Sae in the tower o' Cardness,
A howlet sits at noon

And there led the Bushbys a',
My ganesome Billy Will,
And my son Matland, wise as brave,
My footsteps follow'd still.

The Douglas and the Heron's name,
We set nought to their score;
The Douglas and the Heron's name:
Had felt our weight before.

But Douglasses o' weight had we,
A join o' trusty lairds,
For banking cot-houses sae famed,
And christening kail yard.

And by our banners march'd Munro,¹
And Bittle wasna slack;
Whose holy priesthood nane can 'am,²
For wha can dye the black?

THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS.

These "Push about the join"

BURNS signalled his joining the Dumfries Volunteers by the composition of the following patriotic song, which became widely popular. Cunningham says

¹ Mare.

² Stole

that the song and more, 'to stir the mind of the rustic part of the population than all the speeches of Pitt and Dundas, or the chosen five-and forty."

Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?

Then let the lions howl, and snarl,

Thence wooden walls upon our seas,

And volunteers on shore, and

The Nile shall run to Connaught,

The Channel sink in Solway,

Ere we permit a foreign foe

On British ground to rally;

We'll ne'er permit a foreign foe

On British ground to rally.

Oh, let us not, like marling men,

In warring be divided,

Till ship¹ come in an iron lion,

And with a ring¹ decide it

Be Britain still to Britain true,

Among ourselves united,

For never but by British hands

May British wrongs be righted;

For never, &c.

The kettle o' the kirk and tale,

Perhaps a deot may ful m¹,

But dail a foreign tinkler boun

Shall ever ca' a nail in it

Our fathers' bluid the kettle bough¹,

And wha wad dare to spoil it?

By heavens! the scurlogous slo¹,

Shall fuel be to boil it!

By heaven, &c.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,

And the wretch, his true-sworn brother,

Wha would set the mob aboon the throne,

May they be damn'd together!

Wha will not sing "God save the King?"

Shall hang as high's the steeple;

But while we sing "God save the King,"

We'll ne'er forget the People

But while we sing, &c.

OLD WAIOYE WHA'S IN YON TOWN?

Tune. "I'll aye ca' m by yon town."

The heroine of this song was Miss Lucy Johnston, daughter of Wm. Johnston of Hylton. She afterwards married Mr. Oswald of Auchincry. She died, a few years after her marriage of consumption.

Now haply down yon gay green shaw
 She wanders by yon spreading tree
 How blest ye flowers that round her blow,
 Ye catch the glances o' her ee!

Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'e'm' sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'e'm' sun is shining on

How blest ye birds that round her snee,
 And welcome in the blooming year!
 And how welcome be the spring,
 The season to my Lacy dear.

The sun blinks at the on yon town,
 And on yon be my bliss of Aye,
 But my delight in yon town,
 And dearest bliss is Lacy fair.

Without my love, not a' the charms
 O' Paradise could I yield me pry,
 But gie me Lacy in my arms,
 And welcome Iapland's die my sky.

My cave wad be a lover's bower,
 Though rugged wad be the roof,
 And she a lovely little flower,
 That I wad tent and shelter there.

Oh, sweet is he in yon town
 The smiling sun's gane down upon;
 A fairer than's in yon town
 His setting beam ne'er shone upon.

If angry fate is sworn my foe
 And suffering I am doomed to be,
 I couch's pain might else be so,
 But spare me spare me Lacy dear!

For while life's dearest blood is warm
 As thou art by her shall ne'er depart,
 And she as fairest is her form!
 She has the truest, kindest heart.

Oh, wat ye wha's in yon town,
 Ye see the e'e'm' sun upon?
 The fairest dame's in yon town,
 That e'e'm' sun is shining on.

ADDRESSES TO THE WOODLARK.

Lark— "Where'll bonny Ann be," or, "Loch Broch Si-
 Out stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay,
 Not quit for me the trembling spray;

A hapless lover counts thy lay,
Thy soothing, fond complaining.

Again, again that tender part,
That my very catch thy melting art;
For so only that way touch her heart
Wha kills me wi' disclaiming.

Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
Oh, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken.

Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief and dark de pain.
For pity's sake, sweet lady, nae mair!
On my poor heart is broken!

• — — •

ON CHLOE'S BEING ILL.

Lair. — Aye wakar', O'!

This and the four pieces of flower-adaptation of the poet's admiration for the
Jean Lomax, the immortal Chloë, who created the lovely sketch of it
page 20.

CAN I cease to care?
Can I cease to languish,
While my darling lady
Is on the couch of anguish?

Long, long the night
Heavy comes the morning,
While me — all's death
Is on her bed of sorrow.

Every heart is fled,
Every fairer tender,
Slumber even I dread,
Every dream is broken.

Hear me, Powers divine!
Oh, in pity be kind!
Take aught else of mine,
But my Chloë — spare me!

FORLORN, MY LOVE, NO COMFORT NEAR

Lair. — "Let me arch his name!"

FORLORN, my love, no comfort near
Far, far from thee I'm under here;
Far, far from thee the fate severe —
At which I moan & repine, love

Oh, wert thou, love, but near me ;
 But near, near, near me !
 How kindly thou wouldst cheer me,
 And mingle sighs with mine love !

Around me scowls a wintry sky,
 That blasts each bud of hope and joy ;
 And distant, shade, nor home have I,
 Save in those arms of thine, love

Cold, alter'd Friendship's cruel part,
 Has poison'd Fortune's ruthless dart
 Let me not break thy faithful heart,
 And say thine fate is mine, love.

But dreary thou in the moments fleet,
 Oh, let me think we yet shall meet !
 That only ray of solace sweet
 Can on thy Chloë's frame, love,

FRAGMENT--CHLOË'S

Tune—"Caledonia Hunt Delight"

Why, why tell thy lover,
 His he never must enjoy ?
 Why, why misceiv' him,
 And give all his hope—the lie ?

Oh why, white Fancy, raptur'd, slumber,
 Chloë, Chloë, all the theme,
 Why, why wouldst thou, cruel,
 Wake thy lover from his dream ?

MARK YONDER POMP

Tune—"God Save the King"

Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion,
 Round the wealthy, titled bride :
 But when compar'd with real passion,
 Poor's all that princely pride.
 What are the showy treasures ?
 What are the noisy pleasures ?
 The gay gaudy glare of vanity and art ?
 The polish'd jewel's blaze
 May draw the wondering gaze,
 And courtly grandeur bright
 The fancy may delight,
 But never, never can come near the heart.

But did you see my dearest Chloris
 In simplicity's array,
 Lovely as yonder sweet opening flower is,
 Shunning from the gaze of day;
 Oh then, the heart alluring,
 And all resistless charming,
 In Love's delightful fetters she chains the willing soul;
 Ambition would disown
 The world's imperial crown,
 Even Avarice would deny
 His worshipp'd deity,
 And feel through every vein Love's raptures roll.

OH, BONNY WAS YON ROSE BRER

Oh, bonny was yon rosy brer,
 That blooms sae far frae hant o' man;
 And bonny she, and ah, how dear!
 It shaded frae the e'enin's sun
 Yon roscuds in the morning dew,
 How pure aming the leaves sae green;
 But purer was the lover's vow
 They witness'd in their shade yestreen.
 All in its uide and puckly bower,
 That crimson rose, how sweet and fair!
 But love is far a sweeter flower
 And life's thorny path o' care.
 The pathless wild and wimpling burn,
 Wi' Chloris in my arm, be micht,
 And I the world nor wish nor court,
 Its joys and griefs alike to sign.

• CALF DONIA.

From "Humours of Glenties."

"The heroine of this song," says Cunningham, "was Miss Burns, who so charmed the poet by singing it with taste and feeling, that he declared it to be one of his luckiest lyrics."

Thir groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon,
 Where bright-beaming summers exalt their perfume,
 Far dearer to me yon loose glen o' green brookan,¹
 Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yallow broom.
 Far dearer to me the you humble broom bowers,
 Where the blue-bell and cowan hyl lowly coo ne;
 For there, lightly tripping among the wild flowers,
 A-listening the humet, aft wander my Jean.

¹ From

Though rich is the breeze in their gay sunny valleys,
 And could Caledonia's blast on the wave,
 Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace,
 What are they?—The haunt o' the tyrant and slave!

The slave's spicy forests, and gold-bubbling fountains,
 The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain
 He wanders as free as the winds of his mountains,
 Save Love's willing fetters—the chains o' his Jean!

'T WAS NA HER BONNY BLUE EYE

Chorus—'Liddle, liddle, liddle!

'T WAS na her bonny blue ee was my ruin;
 I'm though she be, there was na'er my undoing;
 I was the dear smile—naebody did mind us,
 'T was the bewitching, sweet, stown glance o' kindness

So I do I fear that to hope is deuced nae,
 So I do I fear that despair maun abide me!
 But though full fortune should fate us to sever,
 Queer heart she be in my bosom for ever.

My I'm thine wi' a prison sincerest,
 And thou hast purchas'd me love o' the dearest!
 And thou'rt the angel that never can alter,
 Sooner the sun in his motion would falter.

HOW CRUEL ARE THE PARENTS

Chorus—'I'm Annet on my Jo'

How cruel are the parents
 Who riches only prize,
 And to the wealthy booby
 Poor woman sacrifice!
 Me stown! the hapless daughter
 Has had her choice of woe
 To shun a tyrant father's hate,
 Become a wretched wife.

The evening lark purring,
 The twinkling stars thus the
 To him my prison cell;
 A wretched prison tree;
 Till of escape despairing,
 No shelter can I see,
 She tucks the ruthless falconer,
 And drops beneath his feet!

LASS MAY A BRAV WOOER

• Tune—"The Lother Lassie"

LASS May a brav wooer cam down the lang glen
 And sair wi' his love he did deave me,
 I said there was naething I hated like men,
 • The deuce gae wi'm, to believe, believe me,
 • The deuce gae wi'm, to believe me!

• He spak o' the darts in my bonny black an,
 • And vow'd for my love he was dying,
 I sud he might die when he lik'd for Jean,
 The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,
 The Lord forgie me for lying!

A weel-stock'd maiden¹ himsel for the land -
 And marriage aft-hand, we'e his proffers;
 I never loot on that I cou'd it, or coud,
 But thought I micht hae wau offer, wau offer,
 But thought I micht hae wau offer-

But what wad ye think? in a fortnicht or less -
 The dirl tik his taste to gae near her!
 • He up the lang lein to my black cousin Bess,
 Gie s' ye how, the pal! I could bear her, could bear her,
 Guess ye how, the pal! I could bear her

But a' the next week, as I fiddled wi' care,
 I gaid to the tryst o' Dilgunnock,
 And wha but my fine fickle lover was there!
 • I glower'd² as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,
 I glower'd as I'd seen a warlock

But owie my left shoulther I gie him a blink,
 Last neebors might say I was sney;
 My wadot he caper'd as he'd been in drink,
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie, de u lassie
 And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

I speer'd for my cousin fu' conthly and sweet,
 Gin she had recover'd her heidink
 And how her new shoon fit her auld sh ch't³ feet.
 But, heavens! how he fell a swearin, a weam
 • But, heavens! how he fell a swearin!

He begg'd, for gudsake, I wad be his wive,
 • On else I wad kill him wi' sorrow,
 Swear'en to preserve the poor body his life,
 • I think I mun wed him to-morrow, to-morrow,
 I think I mun wed him to-morrow.

¹ Farm² Stared³ Enamored⁴ Disborted

THIS IS NO MY AIN LASSIE

There "This is no my ain house."

I see a form, I see a face,
Ye weel may wi' the finest place;
It wants to me the witching grace,
The kind love that's in her ee.

Oh, this is no my ain lassie,
Fan though the lassie be;

Oh, weel ken I my ain lassie,
Kind love is in her ee.

She's bonny, blooming, straight, and tall,
And lang has had my heart in thall,
And ay, it charms my very soul,
The kind love that's in her ee.

A thief-sae pawlie¹ is my Jean,
To steal a blink, by a mosen,
But gl'es² a light are lovers' een,
When kind love is in the ee.

It may escape the courtly spuks,
It may escape the learned clerks;
But weel the watching lover marks
The kind love that's in her ee.

NOW SPRING HAS CLAD THE GROVE IN GREEN

The following song was written to soothe the feelings of his friend, Mr. Alexander Cunningham, collector, who, as mentioned at p. 478, had been cruelly injured by a lady to whom he was much attached.

Now spring has clad the grove in green,
And strewn'd the lea wi' flowers;
The sunn'd, waving corn to see
Rejoice in fostering showers;
While a'ka thing in nature join
To throw sorrow to forego,
Oh, why thus all alone am I,
The weary steps of woe?

The trout within yon wimpling burn,
Glides swift, a silver dart,
And, safe beneath the shady thorn,
Lies the angler's art.
My life was ance that careless stream,
That wanton trout was I,
But love, wi' unrelenting beam,
Has scor'd my fountains dry.

¹ Sly

² Quick

The little floweret's peaceful lot,
 In yonder cliff that grows,
 Which, save the linnet's flight, I wot,
 Nae milder visit knows,
 Was mine, till love has o'er me past,
 And blighted a' my bloom,
 And now, beneath the withering blast,
 My youth and joy conume.

The waken'd laverock, warbling, springs,
 And climbs the early slave,
 Winnowing blithe her dewy wings
 In morning's rosy eye,
 As little reckt I sorrow's power,
 Until the drowsy morn
 O' witching love in huckle's hour,
 Made me the ill o' ene.

Oh, had my fate been Greenland snows,
 Or Afric's burning zone,
 We man and mither leaved my foes,
 So Peggy m'er I'd known!
 The wretch whose doom is ' Hope nae mair,
 What tongue his woe can tell!
 Withan wha's bosom, save despair,
 Nae kinder spirit dwell.

THE DEAN OF FACULTY

A BALLAD.

Tune.—“The Dragon of Wanton.”

THE HONOURABLE HENRY FRANK, Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, had incurred the displeasure of his brother advocates by presiding at a popular meeting held in Edinburgh during a period of great national suffering, when the spirit of discontent with the law was that he was pretty freely made to feel. Notwithstanding Frank's great and deserved popularity, this was an offence which could not be forgiven. On the vote being put, Mr. Dundas of Arncliffe, a true Blue Tory, was elected by a large majority. This short note will enable the reader thoroughly to appreciate the following verses.

DIRE was the hate at old Ha'law,
 That Scot to Scot did carry,
 And due the discord Langside saw
 For ha'uteous, hapless May;
 But Scot with Scot ne'er met so hot,
 Or were more in fury seen, sir,
 Than 'twixt Hal and Bob for the famous job—
 Who should be Faculty's Dean, sir.

This Hal for genius, wit, and lore,
 Among the first was number'd;

¹ The Hon. Henry Frank.
² Robert Dundas, Esq., of Arncliffe.

But jious Bob, 'mid lea'ning's store,
 Commandment tenth remember'd,
 Yet simple Bob the victory got,
 And won his heart's desire;
 Which shows that Heaven can hold the pot,
 Though the devil — in the pie.

Squire Hal, besides, had in this case
 Pretensions rather brassy,
 For talents to deserve a place
 Are qualifications saucy;
 So their worships of the Faculty,
 Quite sick of merit's rudeness,
 Chose one who should owe it all, d'ye see,
 To their god's grace and goodness.

As once on P. gal purged was the sight
 Of a son of Cincinnatus,
 So may be, on this P. gal height,
 Bob's purblind mental vision
 Nay, Bobby's mouth may be open'd yet
 Till for eloquence you haul him,
 And swear he has the Angel met
 That met the Ass of Balaam

In your heretic sins may ye live and die,
 Ye heretic eight-and-thirty!
 But accept, ye sublime Majority,
 My congratulations hearty
 With your Honours and a certain King,
 In your servants this is striking—
 The more meanness they bring,
 The more they do to your liking

HEY FOR A LASS W' A TOCHER

Chorus—“Balmamona Oh!”

AWA' wi' your wua'ly raft o' beauty's alarms,
 The slender bit beauty you grasp in your arms;
 Oh, gie me the lass that has acres o' charms,
 Oh, gie me the lass wi' the weel-stockit fairs.

Then hey for a lass w' a tocher,
 Then hey for a lass w' a tocher;
 Then hey for a lass w' a tocher,
 The nice yellow ginneas for me.

Your beauty's a flower in the morning that blows,
 And withers the faster the faster it grows,
 But the capturous charm o' the bonny green knowes
 Ilk spring they're new deckit wi' bonny white 'yowes

And e'en when thy beauty your bosom has blest,
The brightest o' beauty may clay when posset;
But the sweet yellow dailies w' Geordie impet,
The langer ye hae them the mair they're caest.

June "Here's a health to them that's awa'!"

The heroine of this song was the Mrs. Jessie Lewars of whom we have previously spoken as acting the part of nurse to the poet during his illness.

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!

'Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,
And oft as then parting tear - Jessy!

Although thou mann never be mine,

Although even hope is denied,

'Tis sweeter for thee despairing

Than anight in the world beside - Jessy!

I moun through the gay gaudy day,

As hopeful as I muse on thy charms;

But welcome the dream o' sweet slumber,

For then I am lockt in thy arms - Jessy!

I guess by the dear angel smile,

I guess by the love-rolling ee,

But why urge the tender confession,

'Gainst Fortune's fell cruel decree! - Jessy!

HERE'S a health to ane I lo'e dear!

Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear!

'Thou art sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet,

And soft as then parting tear - Jessy!

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

June "The Lass o' Levinge one"

THIS is an eff. tribute of the poet's eternal and affection for Miss Jessie Lewars. Mr. Chambers tells us that it had its origin in a request of the poet's, that if she would please him any more she might wish words for, he would try to produce something which might please her. She accordingly played the air of an old ditty, singing the words, the first verse of which ran thus, -

"The robin cam to the wren's nest,
And keekit in, and lerkat in,
Oh, wad's me on yon mild pow,
Wad ye be in, wad ye be in?" &c.

In a few minutes, the poet wrote out the following lines -

Oft, wert thou in the cauld blast

On yonder lea, on yonder lea,

My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee;
 Or did Misfortune's bitter storm,
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy hudd¹ should be my busby²
 To shure it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sic bleak and bare, sic bleak and bare,
 Thae'd it were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there;
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee coo reign, wi' thee coo reign,
 Thae'd be my queen, thae'd be my queen,
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG

A DEPRESSION of Liberman had been caused a general election, and although irritated with this, the poet wrote the following clever ballad to further the interest of his friend Mr. Heron. The poet imagines a frogger covariant for day to small wares perambulating the country calling the characters of the Tory party. The poor poet was dead before Mr. Heron's return as member for Ulster.

Wha will buy my froggin,
 Fine election ware;
 Brocken trade o' Broughiton,
 A' in high repair
 Buy braw froggin,
 Fine the baw's o' De
 Wha want's froggin
 Let him come to me.

There's a noble earl's
 Fame and high renown,
 For an auld sang -
 It's thought the quids were stown.
 Buy braw froggin, &c.

Here's the worth o' Broochiton
 In a needle's ee;
 Here's a reputation
 T'it² by Balmaghie³
 Buy, braw froggin, &c.

¹ Shelter

2.

² Lost.³ The Earl of Galloway⁴ Mr. Murray of Broughiton.⁵ Gordon of Balmaghie

Here's an honest conscience
 Might a prince adorn,
 I rue the downs o' Thowald--
 'Sae was never born'¹
 'Buy braw troggm, &
 'Gie's the stuff and huing
 O' Cardoness's head,[†]
 Fine for a soldier,
 A' the wale[‡] o' head
 Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here's a little wad et²
 Buntle's, scrap o' truth,
 Pawn'd in a gun-shop,
 Quenching holy dionth,[§]
 'Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here's annual bearing,
 Fine the mause o' Fin,
 The crest, an auld crab-apple,^{||}
 Rotten at the core
 Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here is Satan's picture,
 Like a biz and gleed,[¶]
 Pouncing poor Redcastle ||
 Sprawlin' like a tae¹
 Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here's the font where Douglas
 Stane and mortal nume,
 Lately used o' Gilly
 Christening Murray's crimes,
 Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here's the worth and wisdom
 Collieston[¶] can boast,
 By a thievish rudge
 They had been nearly lost
 Buy braw troggm, &c.

Here is Murray's fragments,
 O' the ten commands;
 'Gifted by Jack Jack,
 To get them all his hands,
 Buy braw troggm, &c.

¹ Chotz.² Mortgage³ K.⁴ L. ul[¶] A sneering allusion to Mr. Bushby.[†] Maxwell of Cardoness.[‡] Rev. George Maxwell, minister of Buntle.[§] An allusion to the Rev. Dr. Murrhead, minister of Ux.^{||} W. S. Leane of Redcastle.[¶] Copland of Collieston.

Saw ye e'er sic troggie?
 If to buy ye're slack,
 Hoonie's¹ turam' chapman—
 He'll buy a' the pack
 Buy haw troggie,
 Frae the banks o' Dee;
 Wha wants troggie
 Let him come to me.

FAIREST MAID ON DEVON BANKS.

From "Rothemurche"

The heroine of this song was sister to the poet's friend, Gavin Hamilton. He had already sung her charms in the "songs," "The Banks of Devon," p. 329.

FAIREST maid on Devon banks,
 Cry til Devon, winding Devon,
 Wilt thou try that frown aside,
 And smile as thou wert wont to do?

Full well thou know'st I love thee, dear,¹
 Couldst thou to mine lend an ear?
 Oh, did not love exclaim, "Forbear
 Not use a faithful lover so."

Then comes, thou faunt of the fair,
 Those wonted smiles, oh, let me share,
 And by thy beautiful self I swear
 No love but thine my heart shall know.

OH, THAT I HAD NE'E'R BEEN MARRIED

The last verse only of this song is Burns's: the first is

OH, that I had ne'er been married,
 I wad never had nae care,
 Now I've gotten wife and bairns,
 And they cry¹ crowdie² ever mair,
 Ane crowdie, twice crowdie,
 Three times crowdie in a day,
 Gin ye crowdie on a man
 Ye'll crowdie a' my meal away.

Wae'n' want and hunger fley³ me,
 Glowing by the hallan cr⁴,
 Sae I fecht them at the door,⁴
 But aye I'm eatie⁴ they come ben.

¹ The Dir-

Guel or porridge

² I night.

³ Afraid

THE RUINED MAID'S LAMENT.

Oh, sneikle do I rue, false love,

Oh, sauly do I rue,

That e'er I heard your flattering tongue
That e'er your face I knew

Oh, I hae tuit¹ my rosy cheeks,

Takewise my waist sae snail²,

And I hae lost my lightsome heart,
That little wist a fa³.

Now I mairn thole² the cornfu¹ sneer,

O' many a saucy queen,

When, gin the truth were a¹ but kint,
Her life's been waur than mine.

Whene'er my father think on me,

He star¹s into the wa¹,

My mother she has ta'en the bed
Wi' thinkin on my fa¹

Whene'er I see my father's foot,

My heart wad burst wi' pain,

Whene'er I meet my mother's ee,
My tears run down like rain.

Alas I see sweet, tree as love

Sae bitter fruit should bear!

Alas! that e'er a bonny face

Should draw a sorry tear!

But Heaven's curse will blist the man

Denies the bar he got,

On leaves the paur! Ds he loved

To wear a ragged coat

KATHERINE JAFFA.

A VERGEMONT SONG.

There lived a fair yonder dale,

And down in yonder glen, O!

And Katherine p¹etty w¹as her name

Weel known to many men, O!

Out came the Lord of Lauderdale¹,

Out frae the south country, O!

All for to court this p¹etty maid,

Her bidegroom for to be, O!

¹ Lost

² Bear

He's tell'd her father and mother bairn
 As I hear sinderly say, O!
 But he hasna tell'd the lass her self
 'Till on her wedding day, (1)
 Then came the Land o' Lochintee
 Out frae the English Border,
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 All mounted in good order.

ROBIN HURE IN HAIRST.

CHORUS

Robin hure in hairst¹
 I shure wi' him,
 Fient a heuk² had I,
 Yet I stick by him

I gried up to Dunse,
 To warp a wab o' plaiden;
 At his dadhie's yell,³
 What met me but Robin?

Was na Robin haurd,
 Though I was a cotter,
 Play'd me sic a truck,
 And are the elter's dochter?⁴

Robin prout ed me
 A' my winter vittle
 Fient haer⁵ had he but thae
 Goose feathers and a vittle

SWEETEST MAY.

SWEETEST May, let love inspire thee;
 Take a heart which he desires thee;
 As thy constant slave regard it;
 For its faith and truth reward it.

Proof o' shot to hirth or mōney,
 Not the wealthy, but the bonny;
 Not high-born, but noble-minded,
 In love's silken band can bind it!

¹ Reap'd in harvest
² Sickle

³ Gate
⁴ Elder's daughter

⁵ Nothing.

HUNTING SONG.

They "I rede you beware at the hunting."

The heather was blooming, the meadows were ma^{de},
Our lads ga^d a-hunting ae day at the dawn,
O'er moors and o'er mosses, and mony a glen,
At length they discover'd a bonny moor-hen

I rede you beware at the hunting, young men;
I rede you beware at the hunting, young men,
Tak some on the wing, and some as they pump;
But cannily steal on a bonny moor-hen

Sweet brushing the dew from the begown heather bells,
Her colours betray'd her on yon mossy fells,
Her plumage outlusted the pride o' the spring,
And oh, as she waltz'd gray on the wing

Auld Phoebus himsel', as he peep'd o'er the hill,
In spite, at her plumage he tried his skill,
He levell'd his rays where she bask'd on the brae--
His rays were out hone, and but mark'd where she lay.

They hunted the valley, they hunted the hill,
The best of our lads w' the best o' then skill,
But still as the fairest she sat in their sight,
Then, whur! she was over a mile at a flight.

OH, AYE MY WIFE SHE DANG ME.

I am "My wife she dang me."

Oh, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me,
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gud faith, she'll soon cangang ye.
On peace and rest my mind was bent,
And fool I was I mairie;
But never honest man's intent
As cursedly narscarned

Some saine comfort still at last,
When a' the days are done, ma^d.
My pain's o' hell on earth are past,
I'm sure o' bliss aboon, man.
Oh, aye my wife she dang me,
And aft my wife did bang me;
If ye gie a woman a' her will,
Gud faith, she'll soon cangang ye.

THE ROSE AND BUTTER.

Oh, gie my love brose, brose,
 Gie my love brose and butter;
 For nae in Carrick or Kyle
 Can plaice a lassie better.

The laverock lo'es the grass,
 The moon-lie lo'es the heather;
 But gie me a braw moonlight,
 To be and my love together.

OH, WHAT IS SHE THAT LOVES ME?

From "The Maids."

Oh, what is he that lo'es me,
 And hies my heart a-keeping?
 Oh, sweet is he that lo'es me,
 As dews o' summer weeping,
 In tear the rosebuds steeping.

Oh, that's the flower o' my heart,
 My lassie ever dearest;
 Oh, that's the queen o' womankind,
 And ne'er a man to peer her.

Thou shalt meet a lassie
 In grace and beauty;
 Thy heart's true winning,

If thou hadst heard her talking,
 And thy attentions plighting,
 That ilk body talking,
 Got her by thee is slighting,
 And thou art all a-fighthing.

If thou hadst met this fair one;
 Whose face her thou hast parted,
 If every other fair one,
 But her, thou hast dejected,
 And thou art broken-hearted.

DAMON AND SYLVIA

Damon—"The fatter thou, as I forlorn"
 Your wandering, all that marks the hill,
 And glance o'er the breeze, see,
 Slide, by a bower, where many a flower
 Sheds fragrance on the day, see.

There Damon lay, with Sylvia gay,
 To love they thought no crime, see,
 The wild-birds sing, the echoes ring
 While Damon's heart beat true, see.

SHELAH O'NEIL

When first I began for to sigh and to woe her,
 Of many fine things I did say a great deal,
 But, above all the rest, that which pleased her the best
 Was, Oh, will you marry me, Shelah O'Neil?
 My point I soon cancelled, for straight we were married,
 'Twas the weight of my burden I soon 'gan to feel—
 For she scolded, she fussed, oh, then I enlisted,
 Left Ireland, and whiskey, and Shelah O'Neil.

Then, tired and dull-hearted, oh, then I decided,
 And fled into regions far distant from home,
 To Frederick's army, where none ever could harm me,
 Save Shelah herself, in the shape of a bomb.
 I fought every battle, where cannons did rattle,
 And I shot shot, and I shot the sharpest steel;
 But in all my war-travel, there never was I,
 And I so jump at the name of cursed Shelah O'Neil.

THERE'S NEWS, LASS!—NEWS

There's news, lass, there's news,
 Good news I have to tell,
 There's a bonfire o' Ireland,
 Come to our town to sell.

SPOURS

The women want a new pair,
 And the men want a new pair,
 And I'll be going to see 'em,
 Until I get a new pair.

Father, quo' she, Mither, quo' she,
Do what you can ;
I'll no gang to my bed
Till I get a man.

I hae as guid a craft-rig¹
As made o' yird and stane,
And waly fa' the ley-clap,²
For I maun till'd again

THERE WAS A WIFE

THERE WAS A WIFE WOND' IN COCKPEN,
Scio gam ;
She hae'd guid ale f' a gentleman
Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scio gam, my deane, rissum

The guidwife's dochter fell in a fever,
Scio gam,
The priest o' the parish fell in anither
Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scio gam, my deane, rissum.

They had the twa i' the bed thegither,
Scio gam,
That the heat o' the tane might cool the tither.
Sing, auld Cowl, lay you down by me,
Scio gam, my deane, rissum.

¹ Croft ridge

² Grass crop





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